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Gen.l Sir John Moore KB.

Engrav'd for the Spirit of foreign Magazine

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SELECT REVIEWS,

AND

SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

BY

E. BRONSON, AND OTHERS.

"THE WHEAT FROM ALL THESE PUBLICATIONS SHOULD, FROM TIME TO TIME, BE WINNOWED, AND THE CHAFF THROWN AWAY."

.....EXTERNO ROBORE CRESCIT.....CLAUD.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:

FROM THE LORENZO PRESS OF E. BRONSON.

PUBLISHED BY

HOPKINS AND EARLE, NO. 170, MARKET STREET. SOLD BY MATHEW CAREY, PHILADELPHIA; COALE AND THOMAS, BALTIMORE; INSKEEP AND BRADFORD, NEW YORK; AND FARRAND, MALLORY, AND CO. BOSTON.

1809.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

ON presenting to the Publick the sixth number of this work, which completes the first volume, the Editors cannot refrain from the expression of their thanks for the patronage which they have received. Although they have never doubted that the compilation, which they projected, would be successful, they were yet not sufficiently sanguine to anticipate, *in the infancy of their establishment*, the acquisition of so many names as appear upon their subscription list. It is, however, at once an incentive to future exertion, and a pledge of future success, which they are too prudent, as well as too grateful, to disregard.

It is the object of the Editors to consult the taste of every reader to as great an extent as the limits of their journal will allow; and they persuade themselves, that, when the *volume* shall have been perused, every one will find, in addition to matter which is generally interesting, an essay or a review more particularly adapted to his own prevailing opinions and taste. Should this be the case, their chief object will have been attained, and their stipulations with the publick fulfilled.

In the present political situation of the European world, it is not easy to obtain the journals of the Continent, and little more of them is known than can be gleaned from British publications, or furnished by individuals among ourselves. The editors have availed themselves of this latter resource, and the sixth number of the journal commences with an interesting article, written for them by an intelligent foreigner, whose means of obtaining

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information are ample, and whose intimacy with the literature and literary characters of Germany and France, renders him a useful assistant.

The Editors have been anxious to listen to publick opinion on the plan and execution of their journal, because they were desirous of conforming to the publick wish. They have no reason to make any alterations, except in the typographical department, in which some trivial changes will, for the purpose of rendering the pages more easily legible, be hereafter found, and which, without dissatisfying any, will, it is hoped, gratify some of their readers.

The Editors have adopted measures to obtain the British journals sooner than they usually reach the United States. The sixth number is enriched with some articles, which, it is believed, are not yet in the possession of others in our country, and although the newest literary intelligence is not always the best entitled to selection, yet, when it has merit, it should be given promptly to publick curiosity.

It is impracticable to answer every sanguine calculation, or to gratify every extravagant desire. Some readers will find the journal too light, and others, too dull; one will read to moralize; and the only object of another will be, to while away a heavy hour. Some will demand more science, and others, more merriment. The journal will be abandoned by some; and new subscribers will be attracted to its pages; but it is confidently believed, that time will prove the expectations of the Editors to have been sufficiently moderate.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 1, 1809.

☞ *THE Editors avail themselves of this opportunity to remove an erroneous impression which has been made by the circumstance of their having employed Messrs. Hopkins and Earle, as booksellers, to manage the sales of the work. The property of the establishment is still exclusively in the original proprietors, by whom, solely, the work is conducted. This explanation, it is hoped, will be satisfactory to those who have thought unfavourably of the editors, in consequence of a supposed transfer of the establishment, so soon after having solicited publick patronage upon their individual responsibility.*

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PROSPECTUS

OF

THE PORT FOLIO,

A MONTHLY MISCELLANY;

DEDICATED, IN CHIEF, TO ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS IN THE POPULAR DEPARTMENTS OF SCIENCE COMBINED WITH OCCASIONAL CRITICISM, CLASSICAL DISQUISITIONS, MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS, RECORDS OF THE PROGRESS OF THE FINE AND THE USEFUL ARTS, WITH ALL THE EXTENSIVE AND VARIEGATED DEPARTMENTS OF POLITE LITERATURE, MERRIMENT, AND WIT.

CONDUCTED

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

ASSISTED BY A CONFEDERACY OF MEN OF LETTERS.

PUBLISHED BY BRADFORD AND INSKEEP, PHILADELPHIA;

AND INSKEEP AND BRADFORD, NEW-YORK.

1809.

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PRINTED BY SMITH AND MAXWELL.

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PROSPECTUS, &c.

"We lay, exulting, as the fruits refine,
"Our annual offering at the public shrine.
"Disdain it not, ye critics, nor decry
"Your country's arts, nor view with adverse eye;
"Indulgent still, the rigid brow unbend,
"And e'en in censure, show that you befriend.
"Prize not the skill of foreign realms alone,
"Nor think it Taste to stigmatize your own;
"But lean with bias to your country's arts,
"And rather wrong your judgment, than your hearts.
"Nor deem in soft, beseeching tone the Muse
"From Kindness courts what Candour might refuse;
"No,—from her soul, though rising to her eye
"What times remote, and realms around supply,
"She hails, with honest pride, her Country's claim,
"And calls on Taste to ratify her Fame."

IN the form of an Advertisement of extensive circulation, the Proprietors, Assistants, and Editor of The Port Folio, have announced that work, as on the point of publication, in a new dress, and upon an improved plan. On the first vernal month, a Phœnix Port Folio rises from the ashes of its predecessor. A light and imperfect sheet is changed into a copious pamphlet, an ample repository for the truths of Science, the blossoms of Genius,* and the fruits of Industry. Rigidly excluding party politics and the intractable topics of Theology, all the Gentlemen, who are interested in the work, are resolved that it shall vindicate

* The bloom of life, the flowers of heaven that blow,
To deck the soul's dark gloomy grave below;
That breathe refining fragrance through the air,
And purify this atmosphere of care.

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the literary reputation of America. A rational hope is cherished that whether the exterior, or the interior of The Port Folio be curiously scanned; it may bear a comparison with any of the foreign Journals. Philosophy and Poetry, the Inventor and the Critic, the Classical Scholar, and the volatile Lounger, within the Literary Circle we have drawn, may meet in that charming concert where all the instruments are in perfect unison.†

As the objects of this liberal undertaking are equally numerous and valuable, so the beneficial results will be manifold. If ably conducted, The Port Folio may contribute to the interest of individuals, to the power of Philadelphia, and the aggrandizement of our empire. The place of publication is unquestionably auspicious to all the projects of Genius, Science, and Art. A magnificent

† The subsequent passage from a fascinating writer is not only eloquent but just. The poetry is an honest tribute to our literary friends. The prose, may be profitably perused by the public.

> O rare assemblage! rich amount of mind!
> Collective light of intellect refined!
> Scarce once an age from Nature's niggard hands
> Bestowed on man, yet such the Muse demands;
> Such, where'er found, let grateful states hold dear,
> Reward them, Wisdom; Wealth and Rank, revere.

Great talents, when directed to improve and adorn society, can never be too highly esteemed, nor too conspicuously distinguished. Men of Genius are seldom mercenary: as the qualities which characterize them, are above all price, so money alone, however necessary to their wants, can never be considered the adequate reward of their exertions.

They require and deserve a nobler recompense: the homage of Widsom and Virtue; the respect of their own times, and the regard of posterity.

There is no other description of persons from which a state can derive so much reputation, at so little expense. They are the pillars of its present dignity, and the foundations of its future fame. The acts of heroes live only in the enterprises of mind, and Cæsar's pen has done more to immortalize him than his sword.

Men of Genius are luminous points on the great disk of society, which shine even after the sun of power and prosperity has withdrawn its beams, and rescue the nations they adorn from total darkness in the long eclipse of time.

Commerce may make a people rich, and Power may render them formidable: in the one case, they excite envy without admiration; in the other, fear without respect. But exploits of intellect only, can secure that genuine estimation, that grateful homage of the heart, which it is almost as honourable to pay as to receive. The powers of Genius consecrate the claims of Greatness, and invest Wealth with Dignity.

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metropolis, continually widening her sphere of splendor, distinguished by the possession of the best libraries in the United States, memorable for the liberality of her institutions, and the grandeur of her views, must be the genuine Alma Mater, the foster nurse of the rising generation of the Genius of America.

Independently of this consideration. Philadelphia is by no means destitute of the votaries both of the graver and the lighter Muse. A very large number of the Gentlemen of the Bar are eminently distinguished for their literary power and their liberal spirit. Most of our accomplished Physicians, while with every healing art they mitigate corporeal pain, can contribute largely to the stock of mental pleasure. The curious eye of many a dignified Clergyman ranges excursively beyond the verge of his Church. Our Merchants and Manufacturers, the adventurous heroes of enterprise, are continually projecting something, which may contribute, either to the benefit of individuals, or the welfare of the community. Our catalogue of scientific scholars is copious; and those pacific and gentle *Friends*, who have given Philadelphia its name, and constitute so important a section of its population and interests, are prompt to aid the labours of those who are zealous to INCREASE THE POWER OF USEFUL INFORMATION.

As it was exemplified, at the *commencement* of the Gentleman's Magazine, and the Monthly Review in England, a Literary Journal, though it may appear uncouth to *the million*, and irksomely task an Editor, yet, at least, it may prove the Herald of Merit, and advance the reputation of others, though it procure but little for itself. If the conductor of such a miscellany be persevering, like Cave, he may possibly, at length, obtain aid like Johnson's, and a patronage, liberal as its plan, and wide as its currency. If such a work cannot *instantly* boast of the inspiration of Genius, or the rewards of Munificence, or the breath of Fame, still the triple force of Enterprise, Assiduity, and Perseverance may, at length, obtain the boon of Fortune and Popularity.

Hitherto the success of The Port Folio has been of no brilliant complexion. Commenced at a sinister epoch, and pushed through all the thorns of perplexity, exposed to the cavils of Party, though pure of any but honest purposes, and neglected, in consequence of the bad health and misfortunes of the Editor, ill supported, and worse paid, still he made it a point of Honour never to abandon it ingloriously. When a crazy vehicle is to be driven over rugged

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roads, and jolted at every turning, Good Nature, perhaps, may commend that Charioteer, who keeps his seat, and holds the reins.

After an irksome experience of many years of solicitude, it was plainly perceived by the Editor that no individual, however endowed with the gifts of Nature, or of Fortune, might presumptuously hope to conduct, without assistance, a work whose essence consists in endless variety. Sorrow may depress, Sickness invade, or Misfortune overwhelm any man. In any of these situations, however enterprising, laborious, and gallant, at other times, he resembles the Knight of ancient Chivalry, under the subduing spell of the Enchanter, and is *compelled* to leave the adventure unfinished. On the other hand, as it has been justly observed, an alliance of men of Genius, Industry, and Property, is a perfect pledge for the merit, the resources, the durability, and fair character of a periodical publication. Such a union, has for more than seventy years maintained with unabating spirit The Monthly Review, which now shines with superior lustre in the metropolis of Britain. Such a union gives all its wisdom and all its wit to the best Critical Journal in Scotland. Such a union began and continued The Gentleman's Magazine. Such a union, and nothing but such a union, stamps value upon The Monthly Magazine of Phillips, and The Athenæum of AIKIN. If Edward CAVE had been the lone Editor of his Magazine, it never would have reached its twelfth number. This inevitable consequence did not escape the sagacity of that prudent Printer. Though conscious of his strength, he was conscious that it was but the vigour of *one*. In a just balance he weighed himself and he weighed others, and then wisely leaned on the SOLID COLUMN OF LITERATURE. He was in confederacy with all the men of letters in the metropolis, and with both Universities; and hence a degree of success, unparalleled in the annals of Learning. During the Augustan age of French Genius, MARMONTEL undertook the management of The *Mercury*,‡ a Miscellany which gain-

‡ As we have remarked, on another occasion, this was a paper, which, under his judicious direction, combined with the powerful aid of a numerous tribe of wits, attained a degree of celebrity, little short of that of the Tatler or Spectator. Indeed, it is believed that there never was a Journal of such variety of contents, and upon a plan so liberal and comprehensive, conducted with more address and ability. The proprietor, who was eminently endowed

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ed the countenance of the Court, and the contributions of the Literati. This ingenious man, perhaps the most accomplished Editor of his time, blessed with all the glorious gifts of Genius, endowed with that happy versatility of talent so indispensable to the character, polished by a liberal intercourse with the Court, the Learned, and the Fair, guided by a mind most powerful and wise, and memorable for his untiring industry, avows, with all the frankness of a Frenchman, that alone he was wholly incompetent to the task.

Beyond all controversy, the basis of our contemplated establishment is the best and broadest, which can be adopted. There never was a periodical work conducted to universal satisfaction by a single mind. Even in England, where readers are numerous and Curiosity keen, and at a period so auspicious to Genius and Learning, as the year 1752, The Rambler itself, supported by the strength of JOHNSON, failed to interest the public curiosity, and

---

with all the talents requisite for a work so arduous, so boundless, and so versatile, had the rare good fortune to form a league with many of the finest scholars of France, and this *combination, which undoubtedly contributed essentially to the success of the work, was never broken by the malignant machinations of the envious or the petty pretensions of the vain.* Nothing can be more charming than his description of the alacrity, with which men of Genius and Learning embarked in his cause, and nothing more conclusive can be offered with respect to the *effects* produced by such an *harmonious concert* of the disciples of Literature. It was a favourite opinion of Pope, Swift, and Arburthnot, that such an alliance among a few men of acknowledged ability, would be potent enough not only to form the taste, but to chastise all the knavery and folly of a nation. We believe implicitly in the truth of this sentiment, and, indeed, it has been remarkably verified both in England and France. The satyrists above alluded to, together with Steele, Addison, and others, repressed the dunces of the age, quelled the spirit of false criticism, formed the taste of the town, excited a general passion for elegant letters, and effected a complete revolution in the national character. A *band* of literary *brothers* of the finest genius and the soundest principles, gloriously accomplished what no single mind could perform, no, not BURKE, nor JOHNSON, nor ADDISON, nor Chancellor BACON himself.

Thus Marmontel and his compeers diffused elegant and instructive literature among the remotest provinces of the French monarchy, soothed trembling Merit with all the blandishments of candid criticism, promoted the interests both of the Fine and the Useful Arts, assisted the cause of science, successfully conducted Thalia and Melpomene to the stage, and above all, NOURSED AND FOSTERED INFANT GENIUS IN THE CRADLE.

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to enhance the bookseller's profits. Men complained, and not without reason, of the unvaried gloom of his thoughts, and the equability of his expression.

But without authorities, and without argument, the Public will soon perceive, with the perspicacity of the Royal Preacher, that A THREE-FOLD CORD IS NOT QUICKLY BROKEN;‡ that He who calls in the aid of an equal understanding, doubles his own, and that He,‖ who profits of a superior understanding, raises his powers to a level with the height of the superior understanding he unites with.

On these principles, an alliance of literary characters has been recently formed in Philadelphia. Gentlemen of various talents, but all to be directed to objects both splendid and useful, have *banded together*, and pledged themselves to support the spirit, and increase the power of The Port Folio. An extensive correspondence will be maintained with Men of Genius and Science throughout the United States. Nor is the Editor unwarranted in asserting that he cherishes no visionary hope of assistance from abroad. If he obtain the aid now contemplated, he has a right to declare that it will be of the first impression.

As it is resolved that no papers shall be admitted into The Port Folio, but those of a Scientific, a Literary, an Amusing, or a Fashionable character, it follows, that, without offence, it may be perused by the most clashing parties. The squabbles in the State, and polemical brawls in the Church will be habitually shunned, by all the prudence of a pacific policy. Hence we may hope for readers among the orthodox high, and the lukewarm low; among the English, Scotch, and Irish; among Whigs and Tories, Sectaries and Churchmen. As we affect neither the stooping gait of plebeians, nor the lofty step of the aristocratical buskin, all may greet us as a party of Gentlemen, studious to please according to the laws of urbanity.

> Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
> That the rude sea grows civil at the song.

‡ We cannot resist the temptation to cite a pertinent passage from one of the wisest of mankind. The opinion of King Solomon is not only perfectly just, but his fortification of it is impregnable: "Two are better than one, BECAUSE THEY HAVE A GOOD REWARD FOR THEIR LABOUR. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but *wo to him, that is alone, when he falleth;* for he hath not another to help him up.—*Ecclesiastes.*

‖ Burke.

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Whatever may be the public reception of our Miscellany, its plan is equally laudable and liberal. Our work is inscribed to the Gentleman, the Scholar, the Philosopher, the Merchant, the Manufacturer, and the Man of the World.

It is proposed to preserve in The Port Folio Sketches of Original Character, Narratives of Memorable Events, and of every thing remarkable, occurring in the vicissitudes of the times. To these crude materials our accomplished associates, disdaining the vulgar track, can give both a body and a soul. They can display not only industry and accuracy, but genius and taste. In a style of elegance, they can show all the adroitness of abridgment, and perfect skill in the classing, grouping, and tinting of objects, which inferior artists might despair even to sketch.

A department of The Port Folio will exhibit *a Gallery of the Portraits of Great Men.* Than Biography, nothing is more fascinating, nothing more instructive, nothing that is perused with greater avidity, or that excites a stronger interest. The lives of the illustrious in our own country, and the mighty mass of foreign Biography, will always furnish excellent entertainment to the most fastidious reader.

Characters, well portrayed, would challenge a fixed attention; and America, as well as Europe, contains a multitude of *originals.*

Remarkable Trials, Law Reports, and Pleadings of a peculiarly entertaining, interesting, and eloquent character, would not only edify the Gentlemen of the Bar, but may be selected with so much taste and judgment as to amuse the mere miscellaneous reader.

The *Epistolary Correspondence* of men of literary eminence may form a very agreeable article.

The *Drama* will, sometimes, attract our attention.

Papers on topics of Moral and Physical Science, Rural Economy, Useful Projects, Miscellaneous Essays, Romantic Adventures, Tours and Travels, Foreign and Domestic Literature, Criticism and Poetry, Levity, Merriment, Wit and Humour, will variegate this Journal.

To please the Ladies, we shall take care to arrange occasionally The Toilet of Fashion.

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A Meteorological Journal, an Agricultural Report, and Notices of Marriages and Deaths, under the heads of Nuptial and Obituary, will be attended to.

To fill this comprehensive outline, many pencils are requisite, and we have engaged the artists. Their subjects are numerous and their colours are brilliant. Genius, like that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, is not a stranger to our Literary Circle. If to that commanding Power, indefatigable Industry be associated, the liberal Public will sufficiently appreciate the labour. We appeal to America.

> For THEE remains to prove what radiant fires
> Gild the clear heaven, WHERE LIBERTY INSPIRES,
> To show what springs of bounty from thy hand,
> As gush'd the rock at Moses' high command,
> O'er Art's impoverish'd plains refreshing flow
> And cheer the fainting tribes of Taste below.

From all the impulses of Gratitude, as well as all the principles of Admiration, the Editor has insisted, with emphasis, on the talents and liberality of his associates in this enterprise. As it has been nobly expressed, on another occasion, Generosity always receives part of its value from the manner in which it is bestowed. The kindness of the Editor's friends has included every circumstance that can gratify Delicacy, or enforce Obligation. They *voluntarily* conferred favours on a man, who has neither alliance, nor interest, who has not merited them by services, nor courted them by officiousness: they have spared him the shame of solicitation, and the anxiety of suspense.

On the stage of critical scrutiny, this is not the Editor's first appearance. On this occasion, though he is not oppressed by morbid terror, he feels all the emotions of an adventurer's solicitude. By the benignity of the Public, he has often been received with a degree of favour, equal to his hopes, and more than his merits. To that Public, in the last resort, must the apostrophe of an author be addressed. In the shape of a *fawning publican*, or a sobbing mendicant, he does not approach his Judges, but he comes forward, with a firm step, in the guise of a Cavalier, and a

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man of letters, anxious to please the Polite and the Learned, the Witty and the Fair.

> And confident of praise, IF PRAISE BE DUE,
> Trusts without fear, to Merit and to YOU.

TERMS.

The price of The Port Folio, though the quantity of matter will be augmented, will continue as usual at Six Dollars per annum; with this deviation from a former rule, that we shall not demand the subscription-money, until the expiration of the year.

The Work will be embellished with elegant engravings.

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PROPOSALS

BY E. BRONSON, AND OTHERS,

FOR PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION, A NEW PERIODICAL WORK

TO BE ENTITLED,

Select Reviews,

AND

SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

IN offering to the Patronage of their countrymen an agreeable and useful compilation, the editors will seize the occasion to say a few words, explanatory of their views.

It is gratifying to remark that the periods of national annals, on which the historian delights to dwell, are those in which the field of literature has attained its highest degree of cultivation; for, it is then that a state has reached a point of glory and splendour, where it may indeed long repose, but which it is never destined to pass. The student loves to linger on those scenes of tranquil refinement, when the profession of arms has yielded to the study of letters, and the rough features of war have been softened by the milder influence of the imagination. It is more pleasant to dwell upon the lessons of Aristotle, than on the conquests of Alexander; upon the eloquence of Pericles, and the history of Thucydides, than on the battles which they fought, or the victories which they gained. The Augustan age of Rome has obscured the conquests of her Scipios, and among her descendants the names of her heroes are forgotten, while the literary splendour of the house of Medici still illumines the world. The martial fame of Essex is heard of no more; but the glory of Spencer and Shakspeare

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is brighter than ever. The ambitious plans of Louis XIV. are remembered as a dream; his Condes and Turennes are forgotten, while his Corneille, his Racine and his Moliere, continue the pride of France. Marlborough and Blenheim are names sounded only at intervals; but those of Dryden, and Addison, and Pope, will be for ever repeated with increasing delight.

It sooths the observing mind to reflect on the gradual and general cultivation of letters, which has marked the progress of the United States, since the adoption of the federal constitution. Our men of learning were then rare; our booksellers few and poor; and our students were contented with the scanty doles of literature which chance or charity threw in their way. The volumes which we imported from Europe were found only in the libraries of a few men of wealth, and but one or two native periodical publications disseminated a few gleams of literature among the middling classes of society. A great alteration has occurred within a short period. The wealth which the troubles in Europe threw upon our shores, secured by the care of an established government, has been fortunately not exclusively confined to the purchase of the luxuries of commerce. A considerable portion of it has been appropriated to the cultivation of letters, and it is now rare to find a village without a circulating library, or a native American who has not been taught to read and to write.

We have not yet, however, attained that extent of population which is sufficient to supply us with our own writers. Our means of subsistence are of such easy acquisition, that the professed literary character, who lives by his pen, is scarcely known. There are, indeed, a few honourable individuals, whose exertions have been chiefly directed to the establishment of periodical journals. But they are unaided by that phalanx of literary combatants, which is indispensable to success, and whatever may have been their patronage from the *purses* of the publick, they have painfully experienced the want of *literary contributions.*

Journals, Magazines, and Reviews, have been established in Europe, and particularly in Great Britain, with the design of presenting a general and condensed view of the state of literature, and of directing the researches of those who have not leisure to be students. They have been conducted by associations of men of genius, who have found in their ranks Addison and Steele, Goldsmith and Johnson, Marmontel and Burke; and under the care of such men, publick journals have deservedly taken a high station in the republick of letters. Their successours are among the first literary characters of the age. They now stand as sentinels at all the avenues to literary fame; and although some of them are faithless to their duty and level their weapons against those who have really the *countersign* of genius, while traitors are permitted to pass unnoticed, it is yet easy to collect from their reports the real state of the field of letters. They abound with the speculations of men of genius, which deserve to be separated from the wretched effusions which disgrace their pages.

The patronage which is afforded to the publick journals of Europe is evident from the numbers which now exist, and are incessantly multiplying. They have increased

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until themselves would almost furnish a library, and until their importation into the United States can be made only by the man of wealth or by publick institutions. In addition to their expense, they have the misfortune of aiding the circulation of many unsound speculations, which corrupt the morals of youth, and many false criticisms which pervert the publick taste, and which can be prevented only by a careful revision and impartial selection by those, who, relying on the patronage of Americans, deem it worthy of their care.

The editors of the present compilation propose to extract from all foreign and American Journals, Magazines, and Reviews, such articles as, in their judgment, merit preservation. They hope, by such means, to present to their countrymen, a mass of sound literature, which, while it will aid the man of science in his researches, and the student in his closet, will enable the desultory reader to place in his parlour window a book that will cheat life of some of its cares. The middling class of society is, at present, almost wholly deprived of this pleasant and instructive kind of reading; for the price of any one foreign journal exceeds the price at which the present compilation will be offered. It is important that this class should possess the means of information; for *their* habits and *their* opinions stamp a permanent and controlling feature on the national character of a state, and eventually direct it to the fever of anarchy, the palsy of despotism, or the cheerful health of civil liberty.

The editors have made arrangements to carry their plan into execution. They ask the patronage of the publick. They promise to repay it by impartiality of selection, by diligence, and by labour, and they now offer the following

CONDITIONS.

I. The work will be handsomely printed at the Lorenzo Press, on superfine woven paper, and published in monthly numbers, each to contain seventy-two closely printed octavo pages, and will be delivered to subscribers in the city on the first day of every month, and forwarded to country subscribers without delay.

II. The price to be five dollars a year, to be paid on the delivery of the sixth number of every year.

III. The numbers will be so arranged as to form two volumes in each year, and a title page and index will be given with each volume.

IV. No subscription to be discontinued except at the end of a volume, and on payment of what may then be due.

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V. Those persons who may procure ten subscribers, and become accountable for the payment, will be entitled to one copy gratis.

The usual allowance will be made to booksellers.

N. B. Booksellers throughout the U. States are invited to communicate to E. Bronson, Philadelphia, *post paid*, the titles of such books as have been lately published by them, and such as they are about to publish, in which case an early opportunity will be taken to insert the best reviews of those works, together with a notice of the persons by whom they are published.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 1808.

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SELECT REVIEWS.

FOR JANUARY, 1809.

FROM AIKIN'S ANNUAL REVIEW.

Struggles through Life; exemplified in the various Travels and Adventures in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, of Lieutenant JOHN HARRIOTT, formerly of Rochefort, in Essex; now Resident Magistrate of the Thames Police. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 375 and 347. London—This work is now in the press of James Humphreys, Philadelphia, and will speedily be published in two vols. 12 mo. price to subscribers $2 bound and lettered.

THERE is anecdote and adventure enough in these volumes to satisfy the keenest avidity; but many of them are related in so rough and vulgar a manner that we cannot venture to recommend them to ladies or gentlemen of very refined sensibilities or very delicate ears. Be it known, however, that ladies and gentlemen who can read Peregrine Pickle and Roderick Random, and who like to hear a sailor tell his story in his own way, may venture to accompany Mr. Harriott in his "Struggles through Life."

Mr. H. "took his first bias for travelling or going to sea, from reading Robinson Crusoe." At the age of thirteen he sailed as a midshipman on board a ship of war for New York, and whilst lying there performed an act of humanity which did credit to his feelings. A poor girl, whose mother kept a tavern at St. John's Newfoundland, had been seduced by an officer, who brought her to England, and then deserted her. She passed over to Ireland, where she had some relations, but determined to return to America, and went in a brig filled with redemptioners; that is to say, persons who redeem the price of their passage by the sale of their services for a certain term of years. This poor girl came to market for sale when Mr. Harriott was there, and relating her unhappy tale, he purchased her of the captain, and sent her in a schooner to Newfoundland, where he afterwards went himself and was welcomed with tears of gratitude by the mother and the daughter.

His captain had now orders to sail for Gibraltar. After a smart engagement he captured a French frigate, and cruised up the Mediterranean. At Leghorn our hero falls in love, and gives a whimsical account of his fair inamorata's prudence in the suppression of her passion.

On his return home, the vessel was wrecked within three miles of the Mewstone Rock, off Plymouth Sound, and as it had caught the plague a twelvemonth before, when cruising in the Levant, it was with great difficulty that any assistance was to be procured.

Mr. Harriott, however, is at last safely landed, and receives a very good offer of business from one of his relations; but the sedentary and monotonous routine of a counting house ill suits his rambling genius. He goes to sea again; is present at the attack of the Havanna, and at the re-taking of Newfoundland from the French. At the ensuing peace he is once more cast adrift on the world; gets employment in sundry merchant ships, but is so disgusted with the service that he retires from it. Having nothing else to do, Mr. Harriott now pays a visit to the savages in North America. He had made a promise of this sort to some Indian chiefs a twelve month before, and now fulfilled it. After a residence of four months among them, kiss-

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ing the squaws and hunting with the sachems, he re-crosses the Atlantick, and enters into the military service of the East India Company. His destination was Masulipatam, where Mr. Harriott received many hospitalities. Indeed, he had made himself so completely master of the new discipline which was then introduced into the army, that although a sailor, he was employed in drilling the adjutants, serjeants, &c. who again drilled the men of their respective companies under his inspection.

After having been thus employed for several months, Mr. Harriott was very unexpectedly appointed judge advocate for the Northern Circars, an office which he has the modesty to acknowledge he was entirely unqualified for. "Having accepted it, however," says he, "I seriously studied its very important duties, and by close attention, I trust that for several years, while I held the appointment, I discharged those duties faithfully and honourably."

Whilst in India, our hero had the misfortune to be so severely wounded in the leg as to render him incapable of future service. Once in three years the rajahs are convened together at some appointed place by one of the Company's civil servants, accompanied by a suitable parade of military, in order to settle the jemibunda, or rent to be paid by them for the tract of land, villages, &c. which they hold of the company as their lord paramount. The jemibunda for the ensuing three years is, probably, but little if at all increased; but the douceur to the chief who fixes it is squeezed to the utmost. The evil consequence of this system falls upon the husbandman, who to support the diminished means of splendour in his Rajah, is compelled to give a half or perhaps two-thirds of his crop instead of one third. The husbandman, unwilling to leave his native fields, submits to this extortion as long as he can. At last necessity drives him from home, and he flies beyond the company's territory. When at Condapillee in Golconda, Mr. Harriott was an eye witness of the difference between the prosperity and population of the country that did not belong to the Company on the western side of the hills on which the fort stood, and the once fertile plains of Golconda to the eastward belonging to the company. After he had been about twelve months in the fort of Condapillee, Mr. Harriott was ordered to join his battalion and march against a rajah who had declined meeting the chief at Rajahmundra, where the jemibunda was to have been settled, and who afterwards refused to pay the rent affixed to the territory he held. The rajah depended too much on the natural strength of his situation, amid hills, bamboo woods and jungles. He fell, and his country was taken possession of, but not before we had lost several officers and many men. It was in this expedition that Mr. Harriott received that wound which made it necessary for him to return to England.

Our adventurer having declined to practise as a lawyer in the courts of Madras, to which he was invited by a friend who was making a fortune in the profession, although as ignorant of it as himself, he took his passage for Bencoolen in a Bombay ship bound to Acheen, in the island of Sumatra. The object of the captain was to trade all along the coasts in the Malay as well as in the English and Dutch ports, and he was very anxious to have the company of Mr. Harriott, as he might considerably promote his interests in a manner which he could explain on the voyage. In crossing the Bay of Bengal several water spouts were seen.

"While we were making remarks upon them, and comparing their different appearances, our attention was suddenly called by a loud hissing noise; and, turning about, we observed the sea on our larboard bow in a strange commotion, bubbling and rising up in hundreds of little sharp pyramidical forms, to various heights, alternately [illegible] and rising within an apparent circle, whose diameter might be about sixty feet.

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"It was soon evident that another water spout was beginning to form, in a critical situation for us, not being half the ship's length off. All was alarm and confusion. Captain P—— was soon upon deck; but neither he nor any other on board knew from experience what was best to be done. It was nearly impossible to withdraw the eye from this object. The sea, within the circle of its influence, boiled up with increasing rage and height, whirling round with great velocity and an indescribable hissing kind of noise. At times, the water was thus raised nearly as high as the fore-yard; then sinking, as from some impediment or obstruction, and again commencing as before.

"We had all heard of firing guns at water spouts, and directions were given accordingly; yet, though we had several loaded, not one was found in condition. They only burned priming. Orders were then given to load a fresh gun: but, excepting the mate, it was difficult to get any one to move, so rivetted and fixed with gaping astonishment were all the Lascars and people on board. While the mate was busy after the carriage gun, Captain P—— and I concluded it would be right to try the effect of making a slight concussion in the air, by getting all the people to exert their lungs by loud cheers. God only knows whether this did really produce any good effect, but we fancied so. I had a lighted match in readiness; and, when the mate had loaded and primed the gun, I fired it, and two or three salutes caused the whole to subside. The ship was not in the least affected the whole time, except by the undulating swell when the water fell down again; yet, from the whirlwind kind of hissing, we were in momentary expectation of seeing the yards and masts torn to atoms and whirled into the air, and doubtful whether the whole of the ship might not soon be engulphed in the vortex."

At Acheen, a roguish adventure is related, which gave our hero a pleasant reception among the Malay chiefs. The captain had hinted at some project which might materially serve his own interests. It was to introduce Mr. Harriott at the court of Acheen as a very great man, and to obtain through his means a remission of port duties, &c.

"To this end, he had Sepoy uniforms made for some of the Lascars belonging to the ship, who were to appear as my body guard as often as required.

"On Captain P——'s going on shore at Acheen, he waited upon the sultan's agent for regulations of the port; acquainting him, a British officer was on board the ship, who, from a strong desire to pay his respects to the Great Sultan of Acheen, before he returned to England, had crossed the bay for such purpose, but would not land until assured of a reception suitable to the dignity of the great monarch he served. This compliment was well suited to the meridian of Acheen.

"By the sultan's orders, a boat, or rather a barge, was sent off to the ship; in which boat were the agent and several officers of his court, who invited me, in the sultan's name, to grace his palace. The ship's guns saluted them as they came on board; saluted me on leaving the ship, attended by my guard; and, on approaching the shore, we were so closely saluted by guns of an enormous calibre, that we would gladly have excused the compliment of being fired at so near our heads. On landing, I was met by an Indian Portuguese, a resident merchant, who spoke English fluently. He was to act as interpreter. Other officers of the court were with him, to receive and attend me to the palace; on entering which, the guns of the place fired another salute, which was repeated by the guns on a battery and by the ship.

"The ceremonies of introduction to princes of the east were grown familiar to me, and I plainly observed that my regimental uniform was a novel attraction to the sultan and all his court. I was most graciously received, and acknowledge I rather exceeded the truth when repeating what Captain P—— had advanced, respecting my desire to see so great a sultan before I left India: and I believe the little that I did say was considerably enlarged upon by the Portuguese merchant, who, I understood afterwards, was as much interested in my favourable reception as Captain P——; for, without permission from the sultan, no ship was allowed to trade, and was frequently refused until considerable presents were made; all which was smothered down, and the permission obtained, through my means."

Within a week Captain P—— was enabled to dispose of such part of his cargo as suited the Malay market (opium and blue long cloths in exchange for gold dust) to great advantage.

The Malays, we know, are a very ferocious people. Their punishments are represented to be of the most sanguinary kind. Mr. H. says that in

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his walks, particularly in the bazar, or market place, he saw many mutilated persons. These he found to be culprits, punished, according to their offences, by the *chopping* off of a hand or foot. Some, whose offences had been repeated, had neither hand nor foot left. The foot is taken off at a single stroke a little above the ankle; a bamboo cane is prepared ready for the occasion, adapted to the size and length of the culprits's leg, the hollow of which cane is nearly filled with heated *dammer*, a resinous substance something like pitch. When the punishment is inflicted, the bleeding stump is thrust into this heated resin within the bamboo, which as it is cooled becomes fixed. Thus, if the victim survives this delicate operation he is provided with an excellent bamboo jury leg to stump about on.

Mr. Harriott proceeded to Bencoolen, where he remained ten months. He did not escape the effects of this unhealthy climate, but was attacked with a raging fever *which he cured by the repeated affusion of cold water during its paroxyisms* (p. 217, vol. 1.) For several years he had been in the habit of having large Cudjaree-pots of water thrown over him in a morning; and during the violence of the hot land winds on the coast of Coromandel, of retiring after dinner to some shady place where a breeze of wind might be caught. There he would sit, with nothing on but a banyan shirt and long drawers, and keep a towel constantly wetted with cold water about his temples for the space of an hour or two. The consequence of this practice, says he, was, that in the evenings, while all were complaining of lassitude and weariness, I felt refreshed and strong. Observing the dreadful fatality of fevers under the care of professional men, Mr. Harriott had determined to be his own physician in case he should be attacked. Immediately on feeling himself unwell he gave his own orders to his servants, and the event justified his practice.

From Sumatra, Mr. Harriott returns to England, stopping in his passage at the Cape, and at St. Helena. He marries; but within the first year his wife dies in child-bed and her babe with her His domestick happiness being thus suddenly uprooted he becomes unsettled; he had taken a little farm in his native village, hoping to pass the remainder of his days in peace and retirement.

The fates, however, had differently ordained it. The wanderer lost all relish for a home which had been bereaved of all its attractions. He travels about his own country for a few months, when, at the invitation of a relation, he commences underwriter at Lloyd's. Here he thinks he might have done well, but mere hazard of money for money did not accord with his feelings. "Although I never feared buffeting real storms and tempests, I soon began to find my pillow was not so easy and pleasant as it had been, owing to imaginary dreams of them." Discovering, then, that he was not intended for a gambler, he quits Lloyd's, marries again, engages largely in farming and in an extensive liquor trade. This second marriage involves our hero in some of the hardest and most serious struggles of his eventful life. Of his wife he speaks in very handsome terms; but her father became a bankrupt for more than sixty thousand pounds a few months after his marriage, and committed a forgery in his name to a very large amount. To save this ungrateful man from an ignominious death, Mr. Harriott sacrifices a large portion of that property which he had laboriously and dangerously earned by the constant sweat of his brow, and at the frequent peril of his life. He quits business, and once again retires to his farm, with which he grows more and more delighted. Though one of the most quiet, this is one of the most interesting periods of Mr. Harriott's life, and it may safely be added, the most useful. We now see

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him in the character of a country magistrate, performing its arduous functions with great activity, and what is more, with great humanity. In his own district we see him promoting various useful institutions, and agreeable associations of the neighbouring gentry. Among the former is to be mentioned a book society; and a weekly market, of which he planned the establishment in a place which at that time was twenty miles distant from any. Among the latter a subscription assembly for the winter season, and other convivial meetings.

Mr. Harriott's residence was on the banks of a navigable river, where he kept a little sailing boat for the amusement of fishing, &c. On these excursions he had frequently noticed a sunken island containing between two and three hundred acres of land, which was covered by the sea at half tide. It happened that when the owner of this island died, his estates were sold, and this among the rest. Mr. Harriott had conceived the possibility of wresting this island from the dominion of the sea. He accordingly purchased it at the auction for 40l. and enjoying at the same time an adventurous and persevering spirit he strenuously set about an embankment. In this speculation he had to adventure the larger part of his entire property. The embankment was begun in July; in the December following, a wall of earth was raised more than two miles and a half in circumference, thirty feet thick at its base, declining at an angle of forty-five degrees, till it was six feet thick at top and eight feet high. The two ends of the wall were about 140 feet apart, separated by a deep ravine through which the tide ebbed and flowed with a current stronger than that under the great arch of London Bridge. The most hazardous part of the undertaking yet remained. The struggle must be strong against a powerful foe and decided in a few hours. Mr. Harriott had in vain persuaded his contractors to use timber in the work, although he offered to supply them with it gratuitously. On Christmas day this ravine was to be filled up with a mound of earth. The exertions of manual labour were vast. The tide rose, but found its passage stopped. The mound kept rising; but at last, for want of timber—*mole ruit suâ!* its own weight broke it down. On the sixth spring tide all this great body of earth was swept away, scarcely a vestige of it was to be seen, and the difficulty of another attempt was much increased from the greater distance it was necessary to go for the earth. The contractors ran away, indebted 125l. to the men to whom they had under-let the work. But all these difficulties only stimulated a courageous spirit. The work was begun again under the direction of Mr. Harriott himself, who contracted with the men on the same terms as before, and as an encouragement to steady exertion promised them the 125l. as a bonus if they succeeded in shutting out the tide.

"The season of the year was much against me. I had to fell my timber in a wood thirteen miles from my island. I cut down trees, from ten to fifteen inches in diameter, making piles of them from twelve to twenty-four feet in length. With an engine, I drove them in two rows, fifteen feet apart, across the ravine, or deep outlet, and as close together in the rows as we could drive them. I secured them together by girders, or beams, across, within five feet of the bottom and three feet of the top, keyed and bolted on the outside. This was my coffre-dam to hold the earth in the centre of my mound, as a strong core, or heart to the whole.

"By the seventeenth of January, all was ready for another sharp contest with the sea, to determine, by force of arms, who should conquer and keep possession of the disputed property. I took the command myself. My troops were all stationed before day break, our enemy then retreating in order to advance again with greater force, (the neap tides being over and the spring tides commencing.)

"The morning was cold and frosty. A dram and three cheers was the signal for attack. Knowing the obstinate perseverance of my foe, and that our contest would be long and strong, I repressed the ardour of my troops a little at the onset. Every

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half hour I suspended the attack; and, from several barrels of strong porter ammunition, which I had provided ready on the spot, and elevated on a small tower made of earth, I issued out half a pint to each man; and to such of them as had not provided better for themselves, my bread, butter, and cheese, were welcome. I served it all out myself, with a cheering kind of language suited to the people; by which, I verily believe what one of my officers, a master carpenter, for the time said, viz. "That I had more work done for a few barrels of porter, with a little management and address, than many men would have obtained for as many hundred pounds."

"The enemy advanced against us, and persevered in the attack for several hours; when, having proved the strength of our works and failed, he retreated. At the severest part of the struggle (high water) I advanced in front, with a waller's tool in one hand and a pot of porter in the other; when repeating the words that are related of king Canute, I said, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no further:" adding, as he began to retire, that, although a conquered foe, I bore him no enmity. We then gave him three lusty cheers, drinking the king's health on such an accession to his majesty's agricultural dominions."

After this noble victory, for which Mr. Harriot most deservedly received the gold medal from the society for the encouragement of arts, &c. he built a farm house, &c. on his island, and began to cultivate the land. This, however, was injudiciously managed, and for the first six or seven years the expenses of farming this island were considerably greater than its profits.

After having been married ten years, Mr. Harriott had the misfortune to lose his second wife who died of a consumption, leaving him three children. Man, however, was not born for solitude, and having experienced much comfort in the married state, our hero determined to find another mother for his children and another wife for himself. The crops upon the island now began to repay the adventurous speculation of enclosing it, by an annual and rapid increase in their value. Every thing appeared prosperous. It was early in the spring of the year 1790 that in the dead of night Mr. Harriott was awakened by the alarm of fire. By great presence of mind, courage, and exertion he saved his wife and children from the flames; but his house, barn, out-houses, &c. were burnt to the ground, and but little of the furniture saved. When it was too late to render any service, people came flocking from the neighbouring town. "I looked around," said the philosopher, for he now deserves the name; "found my family safe; dropped a tear; and thanked God it was no worse." The only part of the premises saved, was an old brick wash-house at the bottom of a yard and part of the stable. The wash-house was now fitted up as a temporary residence; and it was determined to rebuild a cheap substantial dwelling-house as soon as possible. This was completed before the winter, and the crops on the island seemed to promise they would pay the expense. In the January following our calamity, says Mr. Harriott, I would not have sold these expected crops for less than 600l. But adversity rarely comes unattended with *a train* of misfortunes. Within eleven months after this destruction of a considerable part of his property by the flames, he was destined to see the remaining *all* of it swallowed up by the ocean.

"While standing with folded arms on the highest part of the embankment of my island, I looked down on the raging watery element swelling itself to a height that had never been known before, and over-topping my walls as if in search of what I had formerly wrested from its dominion, seeking to revenge itself by the destruction of that property the fire could not reach. I too assuredly saw I was a ruined man, but gave no way to despondency. Hard and unequal were my struggles against two such outrageous elements as seemed combined against me. Though beaten, I was not subdued. My spirit remained unshaken, and in those distressing moments, I resolved to endeavour at recovering the island for those to whom I was indebted, rather than abandon it, without a struggle, to the remorseless rage of the enemy."

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About one-fourth of the embankment had settled down a foot. It was intended to have been raised eighteen inches during the preceding summer had not the expenses of building incurred by the fire made it necessary to defer it. This unfortunate delay occasioned the loss of the island. But the spirit of Mr. Harriott always rises against emergencies with proportionate resistance. It is this which stamps a value upon his book, and makes us forgive its want of refinement. A young man, setting out in life, may here see the advantages which a calm, courageous spirit enjoys over that pusillanimity and confusion which palsy the multitude when their efforts and exertion are most wanted. He may see also the homage which is paid to high honour and integrity.

Instead of desponding, Mr. Harriott, within a few days after the accident, had drained the water by extraordinary exertions four feet below the surface of the land: the tide had flowed over his walls, and by leaving the island full of water gave a fatal proof of their strength. To repair the mischief required a capital of which he was now bereft. He immediately called all his creditors of more than 20l. together, and stated the situation of his affairs, being resolved not to borrow a capital where there was no certainty of payment. "My creditors, instead of distressing, soothed me. They were entirely satisfied with my conduct, and voluntarily proposed to accept ten shillings in the pound." Not content with their own private contributions, they advertised and solicited for subscriptions. The peculiarity of Mr. Harriott's misfortunes attracted the publick attention, and *of course* excited its sympathy. Above 1000l. was subscribed for the relief of an unknown individual, when that individual nobly put a stop to the subscription of his own accord. There is something a thousand times more interesting, more affecting in this patient struggle against adversity, than in all the romantick perils which Mr. Harriott encountered.

From a sense of delicacy, which, if in itself false, yet commands respect, Mr. Harriott, immediately on the destruction of his property, had declined acting as a magistrate. It was a high testimony to the rectitude with which he performed its duties, that he was induced to resume them at the pressing solicitation of his neighbours, and of the lord lieutenant of the county.

The crops upon the island were totally destroyed; and although the land was again recovered from the sea, its vegetative powers were so injured by the salt water, that great time, labour, and expense, would yet be necessary to restore its fertility. His family was too large, and his means too small, to repeat the risk. Feeling it a duty to his children to exert himself to the utmost for their advantage, he now resolved, after much deliberation, to cross the Atlantick, and rear his family in America.

In May 1793 Mr. Harriot embarks with his family for Baltimore, charters two vessels for the sake of obtaining a passage to Rhode Island, where he hires a house for them, while he himself travels through the United States, and into the back settlements, for the purpose of purchasing a tract of land. The account of this long and laborious excursion occupies a considerable portion of the second volume. It will be found of use to those who project an emigration to America. Mr. Harriott has appreciated the American character with great fairness, and estimated deliberately the advantages and disadvantages of different situations. He was disappointed in the sanguine expectations he had formed of establishing his family to advantage; but is not on that account morose and abusive, like Mr. Janson, and some other travellers, whose names we could mention. He had purchased a small farm at Rhode Island; but finding, after all his wanderings, that his projected

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scheme of farming on a large scale would not be advantageous, he once again returns to his native shores.

Being entirely unsettled again, and at a loss what to do, as wild and magnificent a project enters into his brain as ever speculator dreamed of.

"At the time I am speaking of, there were seventeen millions of acres of land to be sold in Georgia; and this in truth was my real grand object. I knew that no foreign government would be permitted to purchase: but a private unsuspected individual might, as a matter of speculation, buy all he was able to agree and pay for; through whose agency it might afterwards be managed. The settling and inhabiting those parts bordering on the river Mississippi, by the influence of any powerful maritime nation, might easily be effected. A rupture with Spain was then expected; who, either by treaty, might have been induced to give up the Floridas for an equivalent, or be compelled so to do. Supposing, then, that Great Britain was again possessed of Florida, as well as Canada, she would have had the two grand navigable inlets and outlets of communication for commerce, with a command of all the rich back territories of North America.

"Kentucky, and most of the western back countries, were then complaining and threatening to withdraw from the union, if the navigation of the Mississippi was not made free for them, and which it was in the power of the United States then to do. Any new settled country, increasing in population to 100,000, has a right to claim being free and independent, and this would not have been long under the influence of the government I had in contemplation.

"Imagination led me to consider my intended purchase as the link of the chain to join the Floridas with Kentucky, and all the rich tract of back country along the Ohio; and, as the western posts were not then given up, and doubts entertained whether they would or not, the connexion with Upper Canada would have been easily accomplished, and the United States insulated."

He immediately set off with his eldest son to the Bahamas, and there collected such preliminary information as rendered it unnecessary to proceed to Georgia. The price of the land was from three pence half-penny to five pence an acre; but there was some difficulty with respect to congress which claimed a right of controlling the sale of this tract, whilst Georgia disallowed it. Matters, however, went on very swimmingly, and our speculator proceeds to Philadelphia. Where he meant to apply for money to make good his purchase, or what authority he derived from this country for his proceedings we are not informed: suffice it to say that when he made application to—— for the advance of money, it was refused; and he was awakened from a dream of ambition to the keenest disappointment.

The world again all before him, chance directed Mr. Harriott to a farm in Long Island. There was a good house on it, and it contained about 140 acres of good land. This estate he purchased for 2,800l ready money, and sent for his wife and family to come over to him. Here they resided for some years; but the impossibility of obtaining sufficient workmen, the expense of labour, the solitude, the difficulty of educating the children, and afterwards of forming connexions for them in business—these and various other circumstances, which are detailed here at length, and which we recommend to the perusal of any who project an emigration to America, induced Mr. Harriott to take a final farewell of this land of promise. He sold his estate for 600l. more than it cost him, and crossed the Atlantick for the fourteenth time.

Returned to England, his spirit of enterprise does not yet flag; but we have no room to detail the minor speculations which the teeming brain of our adventurer projected. One, however, yet remains to be mentioned, because it took effect, because it has acquired a permanency in practice, and because it has been and continues to be of the greatest service to the publick. They who have read Mr. Colquhoun's treatise on the police of the River Thames can alone form an idea of the daring and audacious

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plunder which in open day was systematically committed on the shipping before its establishment. So well known was the ferocity of these river pirates that they who saw them in the very act of committing their depredations were afraid to divulge their knowledge. The impunity with which they plundered, induced others to join in the practice, till, with their numbers, the outrages increased to so great a height as to threaten with very serious consequences the commerce of the Port of London. The present Thames police originated entirely with Mr. Harriott. Impressed with the magnitude of the evil, he chalked out the plan of a River Police and applied to the Lord Mayor, the Duke of Portland and others in the year 1797 for the purpose of having it matured and carried into effect. The estimated expense of this institution, which was to protect the commercial interests of the country, was 14,000l. a year. The magnitude of the sum, trifling as it is in comparison with the benefits proposed and accomplished, might probably deter those who were consulted from encouraging the business. In the year 1798, however, Mr. Harriott was introduced to Mr. Colquhoun, who approved the project and approved the plan. Through his influence and activity, in conjunction with that of Mr. Harriott, the Thames police was in Midsummer 1798 organized and carried into complete execution under their united management. The extensive benefits soon became so conspicuous, that after two years trial of its efficacy, government passed an act making the institution permanent with an allowance of 8000l. a year for its support. This small allowance under good management has sufficed, if not totally to suppress, very much to diminish, smuggling on the river. The office was established in the very centre of the plunderers. From 1200 to 1400 half savage Irish coal-heavers resided in its neighbourhood.

"Previously to the establishment, these men had long been in the constant practice of each man taking his sack, containing two or three bushels of coals, whenever he went on shore from the ship he was unloading. Neither the captain nor owner of the ship or cargo durst resist their taking what they claimed as a perquisite: and most of these men, having followed it as a custom of their predecessors, thought they had a fair title to such coals. When found with a boat ready to sink with their plunder, and made to account before a magistrate how they came by it, they conceived themselves to be the injured party. *Custom* was their invariable plea (and so it was with every other description of working men on the river, when detected in the act of bringing on shore with them from forty pounds to two hundred weight of sugar, coffee, pepper, tea, or other articles) and in vain was it that Mr. Colquhoun and myself laboured hard to convince them of their errour; and, by reprimanding only at first and ordering the coals, &c. to be taken away, endeavoured to correct the evil."

When severer measures were resorted to, from the inefficiency of repeated admonition, relying on their strength of numbers, several hundred of them assembled before the office, and with horrid imprecations threatened vengeance if some individuals then under examination were not discharged. It will not be suspected of Mr. Harriott that he was intimidated into compliance. A riot ensued; the pavement was torn up; and repeated vollies of stones discharged into the room in which Mr. Harriott and Mr. Colquhoun and four or five more gentlemen were assembled. A pistol was discharged, which at the first shot killed one of the ringleaders. They retreated, procured fire arms, wounded one and killed another of the officers belonging to the institution. By firmness and courage, however, the mob was kept at bay till a party of volunteers came and dispersed them. One of the ringleaders was tried and condemned; others fled for a time, but afterwards returned. Mr. Harriott, however, and his very worthy colleague considering the purpose of publick justice to have been answered, declined proceeding against these men, and admonished them to make a grateful use of their forbearance. "I have often since received

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much satisfaction," says Mr. Harriott, "in seeing some of those who might have suffered if tried, now maintaining themselves and families in comfort, and are among the most orderly."

We have now brought these eventful memoirs to a close. After the storms and struggles of an adventurous life, Mr. Harriott expresses in the concluding chapter his grateful satisfaction at having brought his vessel safe into port. "Though somewhat shattered and unfit for sailing far, under a roving commission, the timbers are yet sound and still capable of harbour duty." Two of his children are gone out to India, and three others of the remaining five are so far advanced in life that they must rely on their own exertions. Mr. Harriott has a competency of the good things of this world and is content. Very sincerely do we hope that he may long live to enjoy that honourable repose which he has so dearly earned.

It is incumbent on us to acknowledge that when we had read about a hundred pages of the first volume, we threw it down with something like disgust at the vulgarity of some stories introduced, and the appropriate vulgarity of the manner in which they are related. It was our duty to proceed, however, and we have been gradually and agreeably led into more serious matter related in more serious language. There is a chapter at the close of the first volume (chap. LXVII.) on a subject so odious that if ever this work comes to asecond edition, we strongly recommend it to be expunged. The secondvolume, we have already said, contains a mass of very useful information relative to America; some observations on our own settlements there, and on the Bahamas are also worth attending to.

In all his struggles, Mr. Harriott has behaved like an honest man, and like an honourable one. He was hard tutored in the school of adversity, but she has taught him to appreciate his present possessions. A lesson so valuable can scarcely be learned at too great an expense.

This work has been noticed in several of the British Journals, and in all of them very favourably. We shall, however, merely annex a few extracts from the Literary Panorama for January 1808.

THIS book is the composition of a man of strong natural good sense; of a brave heart, an active disposition, and undaunted perseverance. He seems to be endued with that rare faculty which distinguishes heroes,—a perfect self possession, in the midst of peril. He manfully grapples with labour, and subdues it; he boldly faces danger and overcomes it. His education, confessedly, was not the most refined; but his work is well put together; the style, if not highly polished, is commendable for its uniformity; and though the sentences be not curiously constructed, they convey the author's ideas in intelligible language. We give him credit for a strict regard to truth; and we doubt not but he describes men and things correctly. He thinks for himself and commonly decides well. He may perhaps be deemed, to a certain degree, an egotist; but, how can a man be otherwise, when writing his own life. He is now and then a little jocular; and a pleasant story agreeably relieves the narrative and diversifies the scene. His life has been checkered with abundant variety; he has visited each quarter of the globe, and appears as a sailor, a mercantile man, a soldier, an agriculturist; and even as executing the office of a judge-advocate, and in the remote parts of India performing certain functions of a clergyman. At last we view him as one of the magistrates of the Thames Police, of which he was the original projector; and we heartily wish he may spend the evening of his days in honourable tranquillity,—with just that quantity of busi-

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ness which may employ, without fatiguing him; for we are perfectly convinced that inaction would soon be fatal to him. We well know that he discharges the duties of his situation with great respectability; that his judgment is clear, and his heart incorruptible; that he is prompt to punish guilt, but happy to reform and to reclaim; and is always delighted in an opportunity of showing mercy, when it is compatible with distributive justice.

The chapter entitled "Earthquake off Lisbon," is very interesting. This was in the year 1755. By the way, we are much at a loss for *dates* throughout the book.

Earthquake off Lisbon.

Off Lisbon we had a foul wind, blowing hard all night and the next forenoon, when it suddenly dropped to a calm, leaving a heavy cross popling swell.

The people were all at dinner, when a general alarm spread quickly throughout the ship, above and below, occasioned by a violent tremulous motion of the ship, as if likely to shake to pieces. The guns and carriages actually rattled on the decks; and, in our more deliberate thoughts afterwards, we could compare the agitation of the ship to nothing but that of a vessel driven violently by a very strong current, or tide, over a hard gravelly bottom, which she raked all the way.

The consternation in every countenance was stronger than language can describe, for no one could divine the cause, though all expected immediate destruction. A rumbling noise accompanied the agitation, arising gradually but speedily from the bottom upwards. It lasted between two and three minutes, subsided, and left us as if nothing had happened.

The first thing ordered was to sound the well. All was right there. The next was to try for soundings; but none were found with more than two hundred fathoms. During this, the gunner was called on the quarter deck and examined as to the powder magazine, and when any one was last there. He declared that no person whatever had been there that day. The first lieutenant was ordered to go down with the gunner and examine all below, and I was ordered to attend them. We found every thing as it should be.

In the course of this search, the gunner, who was an old man, swore he knew what it was, and affirmed it to be an earthquake. This account, added to his being an Irishman, made us both laugh heartily at him, although our errand was not of a very laughable nature.

In making his report to the captain, the lieutenant told him what the gunner said of its being an earthquake, which created another laugh on deck. However, the old gunner was called aft, and directed to explain himself. He said he was on board a merchant ship, lying at anchor in the port, at the time of the great earthquake at Lisbon, in 1755; and, from the effect it had on that vessel, he concluded this to have proceeded from a similar cause. There was no denying the justice of this; yet not an officer on board could be persuaded it was probable; and, from arguing upon it, we deemed it impossible, from the immense body and weight of water, more than two hundred fathoms deep, that any thing afloat on the surface could be so violently and strangely affected by the concussion of the earth beneath.

I have noticed the consternation that so strongly and generally affected all on board during the shock; the rumbling noise excepted, all was still as death. But, the instant that orders were given by the captain to sound the well and let the top-sail halyards run, the difference between the British and foreign seamen on board was remarkably conspicuous. The former jumped about as alert as ever, seemingly rejoiced to be recovered from the panick; while the other poor miserable looking dogs of Italians, and other Roman Catholicks, we had shipped up the Mediterranean, were most of them on their knees and some flat on their faces, crossing themselves as true devotees. Many of them were known to have repeatedly committed murder and every species of villany; which sins, having purchased absolution from, they were hardened and wicked enough to boast of.

I remember one fellow in particular, who acknowledged the commission of seven murders, from all which he had been absolved by his priest. This very scoundrel, and others of the same stamp, as soon as they could open their mouths after the general panick ceased, roared out most lustily to Saint Anthony and other saints for help: nor could any thing induce them to move, until the boatswain, out of all patience with the most wicked reprobates we had on board, swore he had a saint would save and cure

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them sooner than Saint Anthony or all the saints in their calendar; this was Saint Rattan, whose aid he and his mates invoked so heartily as to recover them all in a very short time; liberally and literally bestowing crosses for them to carry on their shoulders for some days.

We were far out of sight of land; and, when the wind sprung up again, some hours after we had been so alarmed, it was as foul as before. We therefore steered for the land; and, towards evening of the following day, met a Dutch dogger, the master of which informed us, that, early in the morning, he left the port of Lisbon, where the day before, they experienced a dreadful earthquake, that had done considerable mischief on shore. The particulars he had not heard, being anxious to get away with his vessel, as she was loaded, and the inhabitants too much alarmed to attend to any thing but their own immediate concerns.

On remarking the time when they felt the shock at Lisbon and we felt it at sea, our vain reasonings upon improbabilities and impossibilities were obliged to yield to our old gunner's experience of facts. Wonderful, indeed, must have been the concussion of the earth beneath the immense body of waters, to have caused so powerful an effect on our ship. It served us for much argument, the remainder of our voyage, whether what we experienced ought to be called an earthquake or waterquake; but we were not sufficient philosophers to decide the question.

On a subject so interesting to the philosopher and geologist, Mr. H. should have been much more particular. We should have been glad to have known his distance and direction from the rock of Lisbon *exactly*: with the *precise* rate at which this commotion travelled.

In chapter 26th, the scene India, a humourous story occurs.

Our time passed merrily at Masulipatam, being always invited to the chief's, with whom, if not engaged particularly elsewhere, it was a luxury to sit at a table where the lady governess did the honours of the house with so much vivacity.

A trifling incident that occurs to memory, which then produced a hearty laugh, may possibly create a smile now. The lady had prevailed on her husband to send home for an English footman to wait upon her, which, uncommon as it was and not allowed of, his interest had managed, and George made his appearance while I was there. It was a custom in India, at that time, as soon as dinner was removed, for some of the palanquin boes, or carriers, to bring in a large basin and ewer with water, with which they attended behind every chair; when, each person putting his hands at the back, one of the boes poured water on them from the ewer, while the basin was held underneath by others.

George, who had noticed this mode for a day or two, willing to show his attention by waiting himself upon his mistress, took the ewer from the Palanquin boe, and was continuing to pour the water on his mistress's hands, notwithstanding the lady had called out to him to desist, by speaking in Moors, and, as she thought, to the Moormen, saying, "Bus, bus, ge;" which signifies "Enough, enough, you." But George did not understand the Moorish tongue; and, being doubtful whether it was plain English, he continued pouring; but watching a repetition of what his mistress said. The lady likewise, being at that instant engaged in relating something laughable about men wearing whiskers was not very attentive to the water pouring; but, recollecting herself, she turned her face half round, saying, rather smartly, "Bus, bus, ge, I say." On which, poor George, thinking he could not mistake her meaning, very sheepishly put his chin close to her shoulder, whispering, that "he would, with a great deal of pleasure, if his master were not present." I believe no one heard what he said besides the good lady, and she thought it too good a joke to keep to herself; therefore as soon as she could refrain sufficiently from excess of laughter, she explained the whisper to the great entertainment of the whole company, poor George excepted, who was obliged to retreat.

The second volume is valuable also, for the descriptions it contains of America, and American manners. Mr. H's opinion on the comparative advantage of savage and civilized life, is entitled to peculiar attention; as showing that the same passions domineer over the human heart, in all stages and states of life. He affirms that, not only have the Anglo Americans, by their independence, exchanged real good with imaginary evils, for imaginary good with real evils, but that the Indian tribes are every way the worse for the progress of American power and population.

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There are many shrewd observations in these volumes on men and manners, on the state of Affairs, and on measures taken at home, especially those for defence; nor ought we to overlook the handsome behaviour of the Court of Directors of the East India Company to Mr. H. in granting situations to his two sons. Mr. H. gives us a copy of his parental instructions on parting with his children. We shall not hesitate in pronouncing some parts of it good; but it is extremely defective, in omitting those *religious* motives, which would well have become a *Christian* parent. The steadiness which such motives impart to the personal character, is more to be relied on for real enjoyment through life, than all other. Mr. H. has seen much of the world; has remarked many things useful to know; has served his country honourably, and has now furnished an amusing, interesting, and we doubt not, an ingenuous performance. We recommend it to all who are dissatisfied with Great Britain; and especially to those who are misled into the opinion of considering America as the land of promise. The Utopia of fancy, it may be; but surely, according to Mr. H. not of fact, for which, besides his own conviction, he produces the confessions of Dr. Priestley and Mr. Russell themselves.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Marmion; a Tale of Flodden Field. By Walter Scott, Esq. 4to. pp. 500. Edinburgh and London, 1808.——Philadelphia, republished, Hopkins and Earle, 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 219 and 259—price $2.

THERE is a kind of right of primogeniture among books, as well as among men; and it is difficult for an author, who has obtained great fame by a first publication, not to appear to fall off in a second; especially if his original success could be imputed in any degree, to the novelty of his plan of composition. The publick is always indulgent to untried talents; and is even apt to exaggerate a little the value of what it receives without any previous expectation. But, for this advance of kindness, it usually exacts a most usurious return in the end. When the poor author comes back, he is no longer received as a benefactor, but a debtor. In return for the credit it formerly gave him, the world now conceives that it has a just claim on him for excellence, and becomes impertinently scrupulous as to the quality of the coin in which it is to be paid.

The just amount of this claim plainly cannot be for more than the rate of excellence which he had reached in his former production; but, in estimating this rate, various errours are perpetually committed, which increase the difficulties of the task which is thus imposed on him. In the *first* place, the comparative amount of his past and present merits can only be ascertained by the uncertain standard of his reader's feelings; and these must always be less lively with regard to a second performance; which, with every other excellence of the first, must necessarily want the powerful recommendations of novelty and surprise, and, consequently, fall very far short of the effect produced by their strong cooperation. In the *second* place, it may be observed, in general, that wherever our impression of any work is favourable on the whole, its excellence is constantly exaggerated, in those vague and habitual recollections which form the basis of subsequent comparisons. We readily drop from our memory the dull and bad passages, and carry along with us the remembrance of those only which had afforded us delight. Thus, when we take the merit of any favourite poem as a standard of comparison for some later production of the same author, we never take its true average merit, which is the only fair standard, but the

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merit of its most striking and memorable passages, which naturally stand forward in our recollection, and pass upon our hasty retrospect as just and characteristick specimens of the whole work; and this high and exaggerated standard we rigorously apply to the first, and perhaps the least interesting parts of the second performance. Finally, it deserves to be noticed, that where a first work, containing considerable blemishes, has been favourably received, the publick always expects this indulgence to be repaid by an improvement that ought not to be always expected. If a second performance appear, therefore, with the same faults, they will no longer meet with the same toleration. Murmurs will be heard about indolence, presumption, and abuse of good nature; while the criticks, and those who had gently hinted at the necessity of correction, will be more out of humour than the rest at this apparent neglect of their admonitions.

For these, and for other reasons, we are inclined to suspect, that the success of the work now before us will be less brilliant than that of the author's former publication, though we are ourselves of opinion, that its intrinsick merits are nearly, if not altogether, equal; and that, if it had had the fortune to be the elder born, it would have inherited as fair a portion of renown as has fallen to the lot of its predecessor. It is a good deal longer, indeed, and somewhat more ambitious; and it is rather clearer that it has greater faults, than that it has greater beauties; though, for our own parts, we are inclined to believe in both propositions. It has more tedious and flat passages, and more ostentation of historical and antiquarian lore; but it has also greater richness and variety, both of character and incident; and if it has less sweetness and pathos in the softer passages, it has certainly more vehemence and force of colouring in the loftier and busier representations of action and emotion. The place of the prologuizing minstrel is but ill supplied, indeed, by the epistolary dissertations which are prefixed to each book of the present poem; and the ballad pieces and mere episodes which it contains, have less finish and poetical beauty; but there is more airiness and spirit in the lighter delineations; and the story, if not more skilfully conducted, is at least better complicated, and extended through a wider field of adventure. The characteristicks of both, however, are evidently the same;—a broken narrative—a redundancy of minute description—bursts of unequal and energetick poetry—and a general tone of spirit and animation, unchecked by timidity or affectation, and unchastised by any great delicacy of taste, or elegance of fancy.

But though we think this last romance of Mr. Scott's about as good as the former, and allow that it affords great indications of poetical talent, we must remind our readers, that we never entertained much partiality for this sort of composition, and ventured on a former occasion to express our regret, that an author endowed with such talents should consume them in imitations of obsolete extravagance, and in the representation of manners and sentiments in which none of his readers can be supposed to take much interest, except the few who can judge of their exactness. To write a modern romance of chivalry, seems to be much such a fantasy as to build a modern abbey, or an English pagoda. For once, however, it may be excused as a pretty caprice of genius; but a second production of the same sort is entitled to less indulgence, and imposes a sort of duty to drive the author from so idle a task, by a fair exposition of the faults which are in a manner inseparable from its execution. To enable our readers to judge fairly of the present performance, we shall first present them with a brief abstract of the story; and then endeavour to point out what seems to be exceptionable, and what is praiseworthy, in the execution.

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Lord Marmion, the fictitious hero of the poem, was an English knight of great rank, fortune, and prowess, in the reign of Henry VIII, and had some years before the opening of the narrative, seduced and carried off from her convent, Constance de Beverley, a professed nun of good family, whom he had afterwards retained about his person in the disguise of a page. At the end of three years, however, he falls in love with the fair face or the broad lands of Clara de Clare, a damsel of great merit, whose affections, however, were previously engaged to Ralph de Wilton, a valiant knight in her neighbourhood. Marmion can think of no better way of disposing of this rival, than to employ Constance to put a parcel of forged letters, importing treasonable practices, into his portfolio, and thereafter to arraign him of those offences before their jealous sovereign. The forged papers give credit to this accusation; and the matter is referred to the judgment of God by a single combat between the two parties. In this contest the treacherous Marmion is victorious; and the true De Wilton, who is supposed to die of his wounds, assumes the dress of a palmer, and wanders from shrine to shrine, brooding over his unmerited disgrace and his natural purposes of revenge. Constance, in the mean while, who had lent herself to this scheme for promoting the marriage of Marmion, only to make herself mistress of a secret which gave her power over his life, now resolves to gratify her own jealousy and envy by the destruction of the rival who had supplanted her in the heart of her seducer. She therefore engages a wicked monk in a plot to murder the lady Clare; but before she can carry it into execution she is delivered up by Marmion, now satiated with her beauty, and wearied out with her murmurs, to the spiritual superiours from whom she had fled, and by whom this new crime of projected murder is speedily detected. The lady Clare, in the mean time, full of sorrow for De Wilton and of horrour at his conqueror, had retired into the convent of Whitby, with the intention of taking the veil; and lord Marmion, bearing down remorse with pride and ambition, was proceeding on an embassy from his sovereign to the court of James IV, of Scotland, to inquire into the cause of the great levy of troops which that prince was making, and the destination of the vast army which he had assembled in the neighbourhood of his capital.

Such is the situation of matters at the commencement of the poem, which opens with the arrival of Lord Marmion and his train at the castle of Norham upon the Tweed, the last English post upon his road, where he takes up his quarters in a fine summer evening, in the year of our Lord 1513. The whole first canto is taken up with the description of his train, and his reception and entertainment in the castle; every minute particular of which, from the letting down the drawbridge and bringing in the venison pasties for supper, down to the presentation of the stirrup cup at parting in the morning, is recorded with the most anxious and scrupulous exactness. While at table, he asks his host to provide him a guide to the Scottish court; and after some consultation, a holy palmer is introduced for this purpose, who afterwards turns out to be his injured rival De Wilton, although so much disguised by his dress, beard, and misery, as not to be recognised by his oppressor. This is the only incident in the first canto that can be said to bear at all upon the business of the poem. It ends with the departure of the embassy on the following morning under the guidance of the mysterious palmer.

In the second Canto, we entirely drop Lord Marmion and his retinue, in order to attend to the voyage of Clara, and the fate of Constance. This poor lady had been detected in her plot against her rival in the monastery

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of Holy Isle; and a chapter of the adjoining superiours had been summoned, to pass sentence on her for this crime, and for the breach of her monastick vows. The canto begins with a picture of the voyage of the abbess of Whitby, to assist at this tragical convocation. There is then a description of the Abbey at Holy Isle, and an abstract of the legends connected with the history of its saints, and with those of the rival foundation of Whitby. Then comes the condemnation of Constance, and her auxiliar monk. The judges assemble in a low, dark vault, paved with tombstones, and lighted with an iron chandelier, where two deep niches already appear in the massive walls, with stones and mortar laid, ready to immure the convicted delinquents The monk howls and shrieks with unmanly and unheeded agonies of terrour; but Constance maintains a lofty and heroick resolution. She discloses the whole perfidy of Marmion, in his accusation of De Wilton, and his baseness to herself. She expresses little penitence for her own conspiracy against the blameless lady Clare; but after arraigning her judges of bigotted cruelty, and prophesying the speedy downfall of their power, she receives * sentence from the stern blind abbot of Lindisfarn, and is left to expiate her offences in the gloomy sepulchre to which she is committed.

In the third Canto, we return again to Lord Marmion and the Palmer, who guides him in silence across the Border, and to the village of Gifford, in East Lothian, where the train halts for the night at a country inn. Here the ghastly visage, and keen, steady eye of the Palmer disturbs the soul of Marmion, and awes the whole band into silence. Marmion tries to relieve this, by calling on one of his squires for a song; but is still further annoyed, when he pitches upon a favourite air of Constance, and sings about the vengeance that is reserved for those who are perfidious in love. The host then tells a long story of a rencontre which took place in the neighbourhood, between king Alexander the III, and a spirit in the shape of Edward the I. of England, in which the Scottish monarch discomfited his unearthly antagonist, and forced him to reveal the fortune that awaited him in the war in which he was engaged with the Danes. He concludes with saying, that any knight who will repair at midnight to the same spot, and blow his bugle of defiance, will still be encountered by an aerial representation of his greatest enemy; and, if victorious, may learn from him the destiny of his future life. Marmion is unable to sleep after hearing all these stories; and rising in the night, mounts his charger, and gallops to the appointed ground, where he is encountered by the figure of De Wilton, and unhorsed in the first shock. His foe, however, spares his life, and disappears; and the astonished champion returns sullenly to his train. The reader will probably guess, what is afterwards related at length, that this unexpected opponent was no other than the real De Wilton himself, who had heard Marmion ride out, and, suspecting his purpose, had put off his palmer's dress, and borrowing the arms and the steed of one of his sleeping attendants, had followed and answered his challenge.

The Fourth Canto pursues the march of Marmion to the Scotish court. In his way, he meets the chief herald, or Lyon King at Arms of Scotland, who had been despatched to attend him, and who conducts him to a castle

* We were a little surprised at the words of this sentence, 'Sinful sister, part in peace;" which sounds more like a merciful dismissal than a condemnation. On looking into the notes, we find Mr. Scott has adopted this *formula* from what we humbly conceive to be a *mistranslation* of the Latin *vade in pacem*, which does not signify, *part in peace*, but, "go *into* peace," or into eternal rest; a pretty intelligible *mittimus* to another world.

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a few miles from Edinburgh, where he is to reside for a day or two, till the king is at leisure to receive him. Here the Lord Lyon tells a strange story, of a vision which had recently appeared to his sovereign at Linlithgow, warning him not to persist in his warlike resolutions; which Marmion repays, by recounting his night adventure at Gifford. At last they take the way to Edinburgh, and the Canto ends with a spirited description of the appearance of that city and the adjoining landscape, as it appears on gaining the summit of the hills that rise above it on the south, and of the great army that then lay encamped between the bottom of these hills and the walls.

The fifth Canto begins with a more exact and detailed description of the different bands and sorts of forces through which Marmion passed in his way to the city. In the evening he is conducted to the court, which, as well as the person of the Scottish monarch, is described with great spirit and vivacity. He is then told, that his sovereign's aggressions on the Border have been such as to leave little hope of accommodation; but that he is to take up his residence in Lord Angus's castle of Tantallon till the return of the herald who had been sent to complain of these injuries, and to denounce desperate hostility, if they were not instantly repaired. We now learn, too, that the Lady Abbess of Whitby, returning by sea with the Lady Clare, from the condemnation of poor Constance, had been captured by a Scottish privateer, and brought to Edinburgh, to await the disposal of the sovereign. These unfortunate persons are now put under the charge of Lord Marmion, and directed to remain with him at Tantallon, and to be conducted by him to their respective homes, upon his final return to England. The Abbess, who had received from the dying Constance the written proofs of the perfidy of Marmion and the innocence of De Wilton, is fearful that these documents may fall into the hands of that unprincipled warriour, and, in her distress, applies to the palmer, to whom she narrates the whole story, and puts the papers into his hands, that they may be presented to Cardinal Wolsey or the King, and Clara be delivered from the suit of so unworthy an admirer. The conference of these holy persons, which takes place in a gallery looking down on the street, is suddenly broken off by a strange apparition of figures like heralds and pursuivants, who glide through the air, and, taking their station at the market-cross, summon the Scottish king and most of his nobles, together with Marmion and De Wilton, to appear before the throne of their sovereign within forty days. The palmer protests and appeals against this citation. The train afterwards proceeds to Tantallon, the Abbess being dropped at a convent in the way; and Marmion growing impatient at the delay of the Scottish herald, and learning that James had advanced into Northumberland at the head of a great army, and that Lord Surrey had marched to oppose him, resolves to join the latter army without further delay, and to stay no longer in the castle of Lord Angus, whose demeanour he observed had recently become very cold and disrespectful.

In the beginning of the last Canto, which is by far the busiest, we learn, that De Wilton, who had obtained the proofs of his innocence from the Abbess, had told his story to Lord Angus, who had agreed to restore him to the rank of knighthood, and, for that purpose, had sought out a suit of old armour, with which he proposed to invest him, and send him forth armed to the English host. Over this armour, as it lay in the castle yard, to be watched by the knightly candidate, the Lady Clare first stumbles, and then moralizes; when, behold, De Wilton himself stands before her, and, in a few words, recounts his disastrous story, and clears his injured

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fame. Clara assists in accoutring him as a knight; and forth he rides in the morning on an old steed of the earl's. Marmion, in the mean time, gets his band set in order, and presents himself to take leave of his host, who refuses to shake hands with him at parting, and some high words pass between them. However, he goes on, accompanied by Clara, in very bad humour; and, by the way, learns the particulars of the extraordinary conversion of the palmer into a knight, and calling to mind the whole particulars of his deportment, becomes satisfied that this mysterious personage is no other than his ancient and still dreaded rival. The sight of the two armies, however, soon drives all other thoughts from his mind. He leaves the Lady Clare on an eminence in the rear, and gallops to Lord Surrey, who instantly assigns him a station in the van, where he is received with shouts of joy and exultation. The battle is very finely described. It is represented as seen from the eminence where Clara was left; and the indistinctness of the picture, and the anxiety and uncertainty which results from that indistinctness, add prodigiously to the interest and grandeur of the representation. His two squires bear back Marmion mortally wounded, to the spot where Clara is waiting. In his last moments he learns the fate of Constance, and bursts out into an agony of rage and remorse, which is diverted, however, by the nearer roar of the battle; and he expires in a chivalrous exclamation of encouragement to the English warriours. The poet now hurries to a conclusion; the disastrous issue of Flodden Field is shortly, but powerfully represented; and the reader is told, in a few words, of the restoration of De Wilton to his honours, and of his happy marriage with Clara, which closes the story.

Now, upon this narrative, we are led to observe, in the first place, that it forms a very scanty and narrow foundation for a poem of such length as is now before us. There is scarcely matter enough in the main story for a ballad of ordinary dimensions; and the present work is not so properly diversified with episodes and descriptions, as made up and composed of them. No long poem, however, can maintain its interest without a connected narrative. It should be a grand historical picture, in which all the personages are concerned in one great transaction, and not a mere gallery of detached groupes and portraits. When we accompany the poet in his career of adventure, it is not enough that he points out to us, as we go along, the beauties of the landscape, and the costume of the inhabitants. The people must do something after they are described; and they must do it in concert, or in opposition to each other; while the landscape, with its castles and woods and defiles, must serve merely as the scene of their exploits, and the field of their conspiracies and contentions. There is too little connected incident in Marmion, and a great deal too much gratuitous description.

In the second place, we object to the whole plan and conception of the fable, as turning mainly upon incidents unsuitable for poetical narrative, and brought out in the denouement in a very obscure, laborious, and imperfect manner. The events of an epic narrative should all be of a broad, clear, and palpable description; and the difficulties and embarrassments of the characters, of a nature to be easily comprehended and entered into by readers of all descriptions. Now, the leading incidents in this poem are of a very narrow and peculiar character, and are woven together into a petty intricacy and entanglement which puzzles the reader instead of interesting him, and fatigues instead of exciting his curiosity. The unaccountable conduct of Constance, in first ruining De Wilton in order to forward Marmion's suit with Clara, and then trying to poison

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Clara, because Marmion's suit seemed likely to succeed with her—but, above all, the paltry device of the forged letters, and the sealed packet given up by Constance at her condemnation, and handed over by the Abbess to De Wilton and Lord Angus, are incidents not only unworthy of the dignity of poetry, but really incapable of being made subservient to its legitimate purposes. They are particularly unsuitable, too, to the age and character of the personages to whom they relate; and, instead of forming the instruments of knightly vengeance and redress, remind us of the machinery of a bad German novel, or of the disclosures which might be expected on the trial of a pettifogging attorney. The obscurity and intricacy which they communicate to the whole story, must be very painfully felt by every reader who tries to comprehend it; and is prodigiously increased by the very clumsy and inartificial manner in which the denouement is ultimately brought about by the author. Three several attempts are made by three several persons to beat into the head of the reader the evidence of De Wilton's innocence, and of Marmion's guilt; first, by Constance in her dying speech and confession; secondly, by the Abbess in her conference with De Wilton; and, lastly, by this injured innocent himself, on disclosing himself to Clara in the castle of Lord Angus. After all, the precise nature of the plot and the detection is very imperfectly explained, and, we will venture to say, is not fully understood by one half of those who have fairly read through every word of the quarto now before us. We would object, on the same grounds, to the whole scenery of Constance's condemnation. The subterranean chamber, with its low arches, massive walls, and silent monks with smoky torches,—its old chandelier in an iron chain,—the stern abbots and haughty prioresses, with their flowing black dresses, and book of statutes laid on an iron table, are all images borrowed from the novels of Mrs. Ratcliffe and her imitators. The publick, we believe, has now supped full of this sort of horrours; or, if any effect is still to be produced by their exhibition, it may certainly be produced at too cheap a rate, to be worthy the ambition of a poet of original imagination.

In the third place, we object to the extreme and monstrous improbability of almost all the incidents which go to the composition of this fable. We know very well, that poetry does not describe what is ordinary; but the marvellous, in which it is privileged to indulge, is the marvellous of performance, and not of accident. One extraordinary rencontre or opportune coincidence may be permitted, perhaps, to bring the parties together, and wind up matters for the catastrophe; but a writer who gets through the whole business of his poem, by a series of lucky hits and incalculable chances, certainly manages matters in a very economical way for his judgment and invention, and will probably be found to have consulted his own ease, rather than the delight of his readers. Now, the whole story of Marmion seems to us to turn upon a tissue of such incredible accidents. In the first place, it was totally beyond all calculation, that Marmion and De Wilton should meet, by pure chance, at Norham, on the only night which either of them could spend in that fortress. In the next place, it is almost totally incredible that the former should not recognise his ancient rival and antagonist, merely because he had assumed a palmer's habit, and lost a little flesh and colour in his travels. He appears unhooded, and walks and speaks before him; and, as near as we can guess, it could not be more than a year since they had entered the lists against each other. Constance, at her death, says she had lived but three years with Marmion; and, it was not till he was tired of her, that he aspired to Clara, or laid plots against De Wilton. It is equally inconceivable that De Wilton should

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have taken upon himself the friendly office of a guide to his arch enemy, and discharge it quietly and faithfully, without seeking, or apparently thinking of any opportunity of disclosure or revenge. So far from meditating any thing of the sort, he makes two several efforts to leave him, when it appears that his services are no longer indispensable. If his accidental meeting, and continued association with Marmion be altogether unnatural, it must appear still more extraordinary, that he should afterwards meet with the Lady Clare, his adored mistress, and the Abbess of Whitby, who had in her pocket the written proofs of his innocence, in consequence of an occurrence equally accidental. These two ladies, the only two persons in the universe whom it was of any consequence to him to meet, are captured in their voyage from Holy Isle, and brought to Edinburgh, by the luckiest accident in the world, the very day that De Wilton and Marmion make their entry into it. Nay, the king, without knowing that they are at all of his acquaintance, happens to appoint them lodgings in the same staircase, and to make them travel under his escort! We pass the night combat at Gifford, in which Marmion knows his opponent by moonlight, though he never could guess at him in sunshine; and all the inconsistencies of his dilatory wooing of Lady Clare. Those, and all the prodigies and miracles of the story, we can excuse, as within the privilege of poetry; but, the lucky chances we have already specified, are rather too much for our patience. A poet, we think, should never let his heroes contract such great debts to fortune; especially when a little exertion of his own might make them independent of her bounty. De Wilton might have been made to seek and watch his adversary, from some moody feeling of patient revenge; and it certainly would not have been difficult to discover motives which might have induced both Clara and the Abbess to follow and relieve him, without dragging them into his presence by the clumsy hands of a cruiser from Dunbar.

In the *fourth* place, we think we have reason to complain of Mr. Scott for having made his figuring characters so entirely worthless, as to excite but little of our sympathy, and at the same time keeping his virtuous personages so completely in the back ground, that we are scarcely at all acquainted with them when the work is brought to a conclusion. Marmion is not only a villain, but a mean and sordid villain; and represented as such, without any visible motive, and at the evident expense of characteristick truth and consistency. His elopement with Constance, and his subsequent desertion of her, are knightly vices enough, we suppose; but then he would surely have been more interesting and natural, if he had deserted her for a brighter beauty, and not merely for a richer bride. This was very well for Mr. Thomas Inkle, the young merchant of London; but for the valiant, haughty and liberal Lord Marmion of Fontenaye and Lutterward, we do think it was quite unsuitable Thus, too, it was very chivalrous and orderly perhaps, for him to hate De Wilton, and to seek to supplant him in his lady's love; but, to slip a bundle of forged letters into his bureau, was cowardly as well as malignant. Now, Marmion is not represented as a coward, nor as at all afraid of De Wilton; on the contrary, and it is certainly the most absurd part of the story, he fights him fairly and valiantly after all, and overcomes him by mere force of arms, as he might have done at the beginning, without having recourse to devices so unsuitable to his general character and habits of acting. By the way, we have great doubts whether a *convicted* traitor, like De Wilton, whose guilt was established by written evidence under his own hand, was ever allowed to enter the lists, as a knight, against his accuser. At all events,

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we are positive, that an accuser, who was as ready and willing to fight as Marmion, could never have condescended to forge in support of his accusation; and that the author has greatly diminished our interest in the story, as well as needlessly violated the truth of character, by loading his hero with the guilt of this most revolting and improbable proceeding. The crimes of Constance are multiplied in like manner to such a degree, as both to destroy our interest in her fate, and to violate all probability. Her elopement was enough to bring on her doom; and we should have felt more for it; if it had appeared a little more unmerited. She is utterly debased, when she becomes the instrument of Marmion's murderous perfidy, and the assassin of her unwilling rival.

De Wilton, again, is too much depressed throughout the poem. It is rather dangerous for a poet to choose a hero who has been beaten in fair battle. The readers of romance do not like an unsuccessful warriour; but to be beaten in a judicial combat, and to have his arms reversed and tied on the gallows, is an adventure which can only be expiated by signal prowess and exemplary revenge, achieved against great odds, in full view of the reader. The unfortunate De Wilton, however, carries this stain upon him from one end of the poem to the other. He wanders up and down, a dishonoured fugitive, in the disguise of a palmer, through the five first books; and though he is knighted and mounted again in the last, yet we see nothing of his performances; nor is the author merciful enough to afford him one opportunity of redeeming his credit by an exploit of gallantry or skill. For the poor lady Clare, she is a personage of still greater insipidity and insignificance. The author seems to have formed her upon the principle of Mr. Pope's maxim, that women have no characters at all. We find her every where, where she has no business to be; neither saying nor doing any thing of the least consequence, but whimpering and sobbing over the matrimony in her prayer book, like a great miss from a boarding school; and all this is the more inexcusable, as she is altogether a supernumerary person in the play, who should atone for her intrusion by some brilliancy or novelty of deportment. Matters would have gone on just as well, although she had been left behind at Whitby till after the battle of Flodden; and she is daggled about in the train, first of the Abbess and then of Lord Marmion, for no purpose, that we can see, but to afford the author an opportunity for two or three pages of indifferent description.

Finally, we must object, both on critical and on national grounds, to the discrepancy between the title and the substance of the poem, and the neglect of Scottish feelings and Scottish character that is manifested throughout. Marmion is no more a tale of Flodden Field, than of Bosworth Field, or any other field in history. The story is quite independent of the national feuds of the sister kingdoms; and the battle of Flodden has no other connexion with it, than from being the conflict in which the hero loses his life. Flodden, however, is mentioned; and the preparations for Flodden, and the consequences of it, are repeatedly alluded to in the course of the composition. Yet we nowhere find any adequate expressions of those melancholy and patriotick sentiments which are still all over Scotland the accompaniment of those allusions and recollections. No picture is drawn of the national feelings before or after that fatal encounter; and the day that broke for ever the pride and the splendour of his country, is only commemorated by a Scottish poet as the period when an English warriour was beaten to the ground. There is scarcely one trait of true Scottish nationality or patriotism introduced into the whole poem; and Mr. Scott's only

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expression of admiration or love for the beautiful country to which he belongs, is put, if we rightly remember, into the mouth of one of his southern favourites. Independently of this, we think that too little pains is taken to distinguish the Scottish character and manners from the English, or to give expression to the general feeling of rivalry and mutual jealousy which at that time existed between the two countries.

If there be any truth in what we have now said, it is evident that the merit of this poem cannot consist in the story. And yet it has very great merit, and various kinds of merit, both in the picturesque representation of visible objects, in the delineation of manners and characters, and in the description of great and striking events. After having detained the reader so long with our own dull remarks, it will be refreshing to him to peruse a few specimens of Mr. Scott's more enlivening strains. The opening stanzas of the whole poem contain a good picture.

" Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone:
The battled towers, the Donjon keep,
The loop-hole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.
The warriours on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seemed forms of giant height:
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flashed back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.
St. George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray
Less bright, and less, was flung;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the Donjon tower,
So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search,
The castle gates were barr'd;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The warder kept his guard,
Low humming as he paced along,
Some ancient Border gathering song." p. 23, 24.

The first presentment of the mysterious Palmer is also laudable.

" The summoned Palmer came in place;
His sable cowl o'erhung his face;
In his black mantle was he clad,
With Peter's keys, in cloth of red,
On his broad shoulders wrought;
The scallop shell his cap did deck;
The crucifix around his neck
Was from Loretto brought;
His sandals were with travel tore,
Staff, budget, bottle, scrip, he wore;
The faded palm branch in his hand,
Showed pilgrim from the Holy Land.
When as the palmer came in hall,
Nor lord, nor knight, was there more tall,
Or had a statelier step withal,
Or looked more high and keen;
For no saluting did he wait,
But strode across the hall of state,
And fronted Marmion where he sate,
As he his peer had been.

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But his gaunt frame was worn with toil;
His cheek was sunk, alas the while!
And when he struggled at a smile,
His eye looked haggard wild." p. 49—51.

The voyage of the Lady Abbess and her nuns presents a picture in a very different style of colouring, but of at least equal merit.

" 'Twas sweet to see these holy maids,
Like birds escaped to green wood shades,
Their first flight from the cage,
How timid, and how curious too;
For all to them was strange and new,
And all the common sights they view,
Their wonderment engage.
One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail,
With many a benedicite;
One at the rippling surge grew pale,
And would for terrour pray;
Then shrieked, because the sea dog, nigh,
His round black head, and sparkling eye,
Reared o'er the foaming spray;
And one would still adjust her veil
Disordered by the summer gale,
Perchance lest some more worldly eye
Her dedicated charms might spy;
Perchance, because such action graced
Her fair-turned arm and slender waist.
Light was each simple bosom there," &c. p. 78, 79.

" And now the vessel skirts the strand
Of mountainous Northumberland;
Towns, towers, and halls successive rise,
And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.
Monk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay,
And Tynemouth's priory and bay;
They marked, amid her trees, the hall
Of lofty Seaton Delaval;
They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods,
Rush to the sea through sounding woods;
They past the tower of Widderington,
Mother of many a valiant son;
At Coquet's-isle their beads they tell,
To the good Saint who owned the cell;
Then did the Alne attention claim,
And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name;
And next, they cross themselves, to hear
The whitening breakers sound so near,
Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar,
On Dunstanborough's caverned shore;
Thy tower, proud Bamborough, marked they there,
King Ida's castle, huge and square,
From its tall rock look grimly down,
And on the swelling ocean frown;
Then from the coast they bore away,
And reached the Holy Island's bay." p. 84—86.

The picture of Constance before her judges, though more laboured, is not, to our taste, so pleasing; though it has beauty of a kind fully as popular.

" When thus her face was given to view,
(Although so pallid was her hue,
It did a ghastly contrast bear,
To those bright ringlets glistering fair)
Her look composed, and steady eye,
Bespoke a matchless constancy;

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And there she stood so calm and pale,
That, but her breathing did not fail,
And motion slight of eye and head,
And of her bosom, warranted,
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
You might have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life, was there;
So still she was, so pale, so fair." p. 100.

" Twice she essayed, and twice, in vain:
Her accents might no utterance gain;
Nought but imperfect murmurs slip
From her convulsed and quivering lip,
'Twixt each attempt all was so still,
You seemed to hear a distant rill;—
'Twas ocean's swells and falls;
For though this vault of sin and fear
Was to the sounding surge so near,
A tempest there you scarce could hear,
So massive were the walls.
At length, an effort sent apart
The blood that curdled to her heart,
And light came to her eye,
And colour dawned upon her cheek,
A hectick and a fluttered streak,
Like that left on the Cheviot peak,
By autumn's stormy sky;
And when her silence broke at length,
Still as she spoke she gathered strength,
And arm'd herself to bear.
It was a fearful sight to see
Such high resolve and constancy,
In form so soft and fair." p. 104, 105.

The sound of the knell that was rung for the parting soul of this victim of seduction, is described with great force and solemnity.

" Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung;
To Warckworth cell the echoes rolled,
His beads the wakeful hermit told,
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said;
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind;
Then couched him down beside the hind,
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that sound so dull and stern." p. 112, 113.

The following introduction to the squire's song is sweet and tender.

" A deep and mellow voice he had,
The air he chose was wild and sad;
Such have I heard, in Scottish land,
Rise from the busy harvest band,
When falls before the mountaineer,
On lowland plains, the ripened ear.
Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,
Now a wild chorus swells the song:
Oft have I listened and stood still,
As it came softened up the hill,
And deemed it the lament of men
Who languished for their native glen;
And thought how sad would be such sound.
On Susquehanna's swampy ground,

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Kentucky's wood-encumbered brake,
Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,
Where heart-sick exiles, in the strain,
Recalled fair Scotland's hills again!" p. 140, 141.

The view of the camp and city from the top of Blackford Hill, is very striking; but we cannot make room for the whole of it.

"Marmion might hear the mingled hum
Of myriads up the mountain come;
The horses' tramp, and tinkling clank,
Where chiefs reviewed their vassal rank
And charger's shrilling neigh;
And see the shifting line's advance,
While frequent flashed, from shield and lance,
The sun's reflected ray.
"Thin curling in the morning air,
The wreaths of failing smoke declare,
To embers now the brands decayed,
Where the night watch their fires had made,
They saw, slow rolling on the plain
Full many a baggage cart and wain,
And dire artillery's clumsy car,
By sluggish oxen tugged to war." p. 215.
"Still on the spot Lord Marmion stayed,
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed.
When sated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendour red;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud
Like that which streaks a thunder cloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantick town!
But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kissed,
It gleemed a purple amethyst.
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
Here Preston-Bay, and Berwick-Law;
And broad between them rolled,
The gallant Frith the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.
Fitz-Eustace's heart felt closely pent;
As if to give his rapture vent,
The spur he to his charger lent,
And raised his bridle hand,
And, making demi-volte in air,
Cried, "Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land!" p. 218—220.

The picture of the court, and the person of the prince, is very spirited and lively.

"The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay,
Cast on the court a dancing ray;
Here to the harp did minstrels sing;
There ladies touched a softer string;

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With long-eared cap and motley vest,
The licensed fool retailed his jest;
His magick tricks the juggler plied;
At dice and draughts the gallants vied;
While some, in close recess apart
Courted the ladies of their heart,
Nor courted them in vain;
For often, in the parting hour,
Victorious love asserts his power
O'er coldness and disdain;
And flinty is her heart, can view
To battle march a lover true,—
Can hear, perchance, his last adieu,
Nor own her share of pain.
Through this mixed crowd of glee and game,
The king to greet Lord Marmion came,
While, reverend, all made room.
An easy task it was, I trow,
King James's manly form to know,
Although, his courtesy to show,
He doffed, to Marmion bending low,
His broidered cap and plume.
For royal were his garb and mein,
His cloak of crimson velvet piled,
Trimmed with the fur of martin wild;
His vest, of changeful satin sheen,
The dazzled eye beguiled;
His gorgeous collar hung adown,
Bearing the badge of Scotland's crown,
The Thistle brave, of old renown;
His trusty blade, Toledo right,
Descended from a baldrick bright;
White were his buskins, on the heel
His spurs inlaid of gold and steel;
His bonnet, all of crimson fair,
Was buttoned with a ruby rare:
And Marmion deemed he ne'er had seen,
A prince of such a noble mien.
The monarch's form was middle size;
For feat of strength, or exercise,
Shaped in proportion fair;
And hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the darkest dye,
His short curled beard and hair.
Light was his footstep in the dance,
And firm his stirrup in the lists;
And, oh! he had that merry glance,
That seldom lady's heart resists.
Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue;
Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain!
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain." p. 251—254.

The description of Lady Heron, the favourite of this amorous monarch, and the very lively and characteristick ballad she sings, afford so pleasing a proof of Mr. Scott's talents for lighter composition, that we insert the whole of it, at the risk of extending this article to a length which our severer readers may think insufferable.

'Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er
The strings her fingers flew;
And as she touched, and turned them all,
Ever her bosom's rise and fall
Was plainer given to view;

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For, all for heat, was laid aside
Her wimple, and her hood untied.
And first she pitched her voice to sing,
Then glanced her dark eye on the king,
And then around the silent ring;
And laughed, and blushed, and oft did say
Her pretty oath, by yea, and nay,
She could not, would not, durst not play!
At length, upon the harp, with glee,
Mingled with arch simplicity,
A soft, yet lively, air she rung
While thus the wily lady sung.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broad sword, he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine:
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung!
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!—
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.

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So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

The monarch o'er the siren hung,
And beat the measure as she sung;
And, pressing closer, and more near,
He whispered praises in her ear.
In loud applause the courtiers vied;
And ladies winked, and spoke aside.

The witching dame to Marmion threw
A glance, where seemed to reign
The pride that claims applauses due,
And of her royal conquest, too,
A real or a feigned disdain." p. 257—261.

The description of the battle, and of the death of Marmion, in the sixth Canto, are, in our opinion, by far the finest passages in the poem. But before closing our extracts with a part of that admirable description, we must treat our readers with the following fine sketch of an ancient Scottish baron, Douglas Earl of Angus, in his old age.

" His giant form, like ruined tower,
Though fallen its muscles' brawny vaunt,
Huge boned, and tall, and grim, and gaunt,
Seemed o'er the gaudy scene to lower;
His locks and beard in silver grew;
His eyebrows kept their sable hue." p. 263, 264.

" O'er his huge form, and visage pale,
He wore a cap and shirt of mail,
And lean'd his large and wrinkled hand
Upon the huge and sweeping brand,
Which wont, of yore, in battle-fray,
His foeman's limbs to shred away,
As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.
He seemed, as from the tombs around
Rising at judgment day,
Some giant Douglas may be found
In all his old array;
So pale his face, so huge his limb,
So old his arms, his looks so grim." p. 333.

We shall begin our extracts from the Flodden scenes, with the following moving picture of the passage of the English host through the deep vale of the Till, and of the fatal inactivity of the Scottish army.

" High sight it is, and haughty, while
They dive into the deep defile;
Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,
Beneath the castle's airy wall.
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,
Troop after troop is disappearing;
Troop after troop their banners rearing,
Upon the eastern bank you see.
Still pouring down the rocky den,
Where flows the sullen Till,
And rising from the dim-wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,
In slow succession still,
And bending o'er the Gothick arch,
And pressing on, in ceaseless march
To gain th' opposing hill.

" And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile?

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What checks the fiery soul of James?
Why sits that champion of the dames
Inactive on his steed,
And sees, between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
His host Lord Surrey lead?
What vails the vain knight-errant's brand!—
O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!
Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!
O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight,
And cry—"Saint Andrew and our right!"
Another sight had seen that morn,
From fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannock bourne!"— p. 345–7.

The battle itself, as we have already intimated, is described as it appeared to the two squires of Lord Marmion, who were left on an eminence in the rear, as the guard of Lady Clare: and certainly, of all the poetical battles which have been fought, from the days of Homer to those of Mr. Southey, there is none, in our opinion, at all comparable, for interest and animation, for breadth of drawing, and magnificence of effect, with this of Mr. Scott's. The Scottish army set fire to its camp on the brow of the hill, and rushed down to the attack, under cover of the smoke of the conflagration.

"Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain throne
King James did rushing come.—
Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.—
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air.
Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;
But nought distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.
Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,

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And Edmond Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight;
Although against them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Highlandman,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntley, and with Home.

Far on the left unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broad-sword plied:
'Twas vain.—But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky:
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry;
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered mid the foes." p. 354—357.

The two squires now successively desert their fair charge to fly to the relief of their lord; and Clara is left alone on the hill a prey to terrour and anxiety.

" With that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand;
His arms were smeared with blood, and sand.
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion? . . .
Young Blount his armour did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
Said, " By Saint George, he's gone!"
That spear-wound has our master sped;
And see the deep cut on his head!
Good night to Marmion."—
" Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:
He opes his eyes," said Eustace; " peace!"—

" When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around gan Marmion wildly stare:—
Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon,—charge again!
Cry—" Marmion to the rescue!"—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!—
Yet my last thought is England's:—fly.
To Dacre bear my signet-ring;
Tell him his squadrons up to bring;
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie:

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Tunstall lies dead upon the field;
His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
Edmund is down;—my life is reft;—
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
With Chester charge and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.—
Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."—
They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured,—"Is there none,
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst!"—
O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew,
For, oozing from the mountain's side,
Where raged the war, a dark red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn!—behold her mark
A little fountain-cell,
Where water clear, as diamond-spark,
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,
"*Drink. weary. pilgrim. drink. and. pray.*
For. the. kind. soul. of. Sybel. Grey.
Who. built. this. cross. and. well."
She filled the helm, and back she hied, &c." p. 359—363.
"'Is it the hand of Clare," he said,
'Or injured Constance, bathes my head!"
Then, as remembrance rose,—
'Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"—
"Alas!" she said, "the while,—
O think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She died at Holy Isle."—
Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound;
Though in the action burst the tide,
In torrents from his wounded side,
"Then it was truth!" he said: "I knew
That the dark presage must be true.—
I would the fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!

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For wasting fire and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be!——this dizzy trance!—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!—
A sinful heart makes feeble hand."— p. 364, 365.

Clara and a charitable priest now try in vain to sooth his last remorseless agonies: he hears a lady's voice singing reproachful stanzas in his ear, and is deaf to the consolations or hopes of religion. All at once

"The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
And—STANLEY! was the cry;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!—
"Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"....
Were the last words of Marmion." p. 366.

The lady is now hurried away by the priest; and the close of the day is thus described, with undiminished vigour and spirit.

"But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in vollies hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men deal the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;—
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well,
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field; as snow,
When streams are swoln, and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail." p. 368—370.

The powerful poetry of these passages can receive no illustration from any praises or observations of ours. It is superiour, in our apprehension,

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to all that this author has hitherto produced; and, with a few faults of diction, equal to any thing that has *ever* been written upon similar subjects. Though we have extended our extracts to a very unusual length, in order to do justice to these fine conceptions, we have been obliged to leave out a great deal, which serves, in the original, to give beauty and effect to what we have actually cited. From the moment the author gets in sight of Flodden Field, indeed, to the end of the poem, there is no tame writing, and no intervention of ordinary passages. He does not once flag or grow tedious; and neither stops to describe dresses and ceremonies, nor to commemorate the harsh names of feudal barons from the Border. There is a flight of five or six hundred lines, in short, in which he never stoops his wing, nor wavers in his course; but carries the reader forward with a more rapid, sustained, and lofty movement, than any epic bard that we can at present remember.

From the contemplation of such distinguished excellence, it is painful to be obliged to turn to the defects and deformities which occur in the same composition. But this, though a less pleasing, is a still more indispensable part of our duty; and one, from the resolute discharge of which, much more beneficial consequences may be expected. In the work which contains the fine passages we have just quoted, and many of nearly equal beauty, there is such a proportion of tedious, hasty, and injudicious composition, as makes it questionable with us, whether it is entitled to go down to posterity, as a work of classical merit, or whether the author will retain, with another generation, that high reputation which his genius certainly might make coeval with the language. These are the authors, after all, whose faults it is of most consequence to point out; and criticism performs her best and boldest office, not when she tramples down the weed, or tears up the bramble—but when she strips the strangling ivy from the oak, or cuts out the canker from the rose. The faults of the fable we have already noticed at sufficient length. Those of the execution we shall now endeavour to enumerate with greater brevity.

And, in the *first* place, we must beg leave to protest, in the name of a very numerous class of readers, against the insufferable number, and length, and minuteness of those descriptions of ancient dresses and manners, and buildings, and ceremonies, and local superstitions, with which the whole poem is overrun, which render so many notes necessary, and are, after all, but imperfectly understood by those to whom chivalrous antiquity has not hitherto been an object of peculiar attention. We object to these, and to all such details, because they are, for the most part, without dignity or interest in themselves; because, in a modern author, they are evidently unnatural; and because they must always be strange, and, in a good degree, obscure and unintelligible to ordinary readers.

When a great personage is to be introduced, it is right, perhaps, to give the reader some notion of his external appearance; and when a memorable event is to be narrated, it is natural to help the imagination by some picturesque representation of the scenes with which it is connected. Yet, even upon such occasions, it can seldom be advisable to present the reader with a full inventory of the hero's dress, from his shoebuckle to the plume in his cap, or to enumerate all the drawbridges, portcullisses, and diamond cut stones in the castle. Mr. Scott, however, not only draws out almost all his pictures in these full dimensions, but frequently introduces those pieces of Flemish or Chinese painting to represent persons who are of no consequence, or places and events which are of no importance to the story. It would be endless to go through the poem for examples of this excess of

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minute description; we shall merely glance at the first canto as a specimen. We pass the long description of Lord Marmion himself, with his mail of Milan steel; the blue ribands on his horse's mane; and his blue velvet housings. We pass also the two gallant squires who ride behind him. But our patience is really exhausted, when we are forced to attend to the black stockings and blue jerkins of the inferiour persons in the train, and to the whole process of turning out the guard with advanced arms on entering the castle.

" Four men-at-arms came *at their backs*,
With halberd, bill, and battle-axe:
They bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong,
And led his sumpter mules along,
And ambling palfrey, *when at need*
Him listed ease his battle-steed.
The last, and trustiest of the four,
On high his forky pennon bore;
Like swallow's tail in shape and hue,
Flutter'd the streamer glossy blue,
Where, blazoned fable, as before,
The towering falcon seemed to soar.
Last, twenty yeomen, two and two,
In hosen black, and jerkins blue,
With falcon's broider'd on each breast,
Attended on their lord's behest.

'Tis meet that I should tell you now,
How fairly armed, and ordered how,
The soldiers of the guard,
With musket, pike, and morion,
To welcome noble Marmion,
Stood in the castle yard;
Minstrels and trumpeters were there,
The gunner held his *linstock yare*,
For welcome-shot prepared—

The guards their morrice pikes advance
The trumpets flourished brave,
The cannon from the ramparts glanced,
And thundering welcome gave.

Two pursuivants, whom tabards deck,
With silver scutcheon round their neck,
Stood on the steps of stone,
By which you reach the Donjon gate,
And there, with herald pomp and state,
They hailed Lord Marmion,
And he, their courtesy to requite,
Gave them a chain of twelve marks weight,
All as he lighted down." p. 29—32.

Sir Hugh the Heron then orders supper—

" Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoisie,
Bring pasties of the doe."

—And after the repast is concluded, they have some mulled wine, and drink good night very ceremoniously.

" Lord Marmion drank a fair good rest,
The Captain pledged his noble guest,
The cup went round among the rest."

In the morning, again, we are informed that they had prayers, and that knight and squire

———" broke their fast
On rich substantial repast."
" Then came the stirrup-cup in course," &c. &c.

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And thus a whole canto is filled up with the account of a visit and a supper, which led to no consequences whatever, and are not attended with any circumstances which must not have occurred at every visit and supper among persons of the same rank at that period. Now, we are really at a loss to know, why the mere circumstance of a moderate antiquity should be supposed so far to ennoble those details, as to entitle them to a place in poetry, which certainly never could be claimed for a description of more modern adventures. Nobody, we believe, would be bold enough to introduce into a serious poem a description of the hussar boots and gold epaulets of a commander in chief, and much less to particularize the liveries and canes of his servants, or the order and array of a grand dinner, given even to the cabinet ministers. Yet these things are, in their own nature, fully as picturesque, and as interesting, as the ribands at the mane of Lord Marmion's horse, or his supper and breakfast at the castle of Norham. We are glad, indeed, to find these little details in *old* books, whether in prose or verse; because they are there authentick and valuable documents of the usages and modes of life of our ancestors; and we are thankful when we light upon this sort of information in an ancient romance, which commonly contains matter much more tedious. Even there, however, we smile at the simplicity which could mistake such naked enumerations for poetical description; and reckon them as nearly on a level, in point of taste, with the theological disputations that are sometimes introduced in the same meritorious compositions. In a *modern* romance, however, these details being no longer authentick, are of no value in point of information; and as the author has no claim to indulgence on the ground of simplicity, the smile which his predecessors excited is in some danger of being turned into a yawn. If he wishes sincerely to follow their example, he should describe the manners of his own time, and not of theirs. They painted from observation, and not from study; and the familiarity and *naïveté* of their delineations, transcribed with a slovenly and hasty hand from what they saw daily before them, is as remote as possible from the elaborate pictures extracted by a modern imitator from black-letter books, and coloured, not from the life, but from learned theories, or at best from mouldy, monkish illuminations, and mutilated fragments of painted glass.

But the times of chivalry, it may be said, were more picturesque than the present times. They are better adapted to poetry; and every thing that is associated with them has a certain hold on the imagination, and partakes of the interest of the period. We do not mean utterly to deny this; nor can we stop, at present, to assign exact limits to our assent: but this we will venture to observe, in general, that if it be true that the interest which we take in the contemplation of the chivalrous era, arises from the dangers and virtues by which it was distinguished, from the constant hazards in which its warriours passed their days, and the mild and generous valour with which they met those hazards, joined to the singular contrast which it presented between the ceremonious polish and gallantry of the nobles, and the brutish ignorance of the body of the people;—if these are, as we conceive they are, the sources of the charm which still operates in behalf of the days of knightly adventure, then it should follow, that nothing should interest us, by association with that age, but what serves naturally to bring before us those hazards and that valour, and gallantry, and aristocratical superiority. Any description, or any imitation of the exploits in which those qualities were signalized, will do this most effectually. Battles, tournaments, penances, deliverance of damsels, instalments

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of knights, &c.—and, intermixed with these, we must admit some description of arms, armorial bearings, castles, battlements, and chapels: but the least and lowest of the whole certainly is the description of servants' liveries, and of the peaceful operations of eating, drinking, and ordinary salutation. These have no sensible connexion with the qualities or peculiarities which have conferred certain poetical privileges on the manners of chivalry. They do not enter either necessarily or naturally into our conception of what is interesting in those manners; and, though protected, by their strangeness, from the ridicule which would infallibly attach to their modern equivalents, are substantially as unpoetick, and as little entitled to indulgence from impartial criticism.

We would extend this censure to a larger proportion of the work before us than we now choose to mention—certainly to all the stupid monkish legends about St. Hilda and St. Cuthbert, to the ludicrous description of Lord Gifford's habiliments of divination; and to all the various scraps and fragments of antiquarian history and baronial biography, which are scattered profusely through the whole narrative. These we conceive to be put in purely for the sake of displaying the erudition of the author; and poetry which has no other recommendation but that the substance of it has been gleaned from rare or obscure books, has, in our estimation, the least of all possible recommendations. Mr. Scott's great talents, and the novelty of the style in which his romances are written, have made even these defects acceptable to a considerable part of his readers. His genius, seconded by the omnipotence of fashion, has brought chivalry again into temporary favour; but he ought to know, that this is a taste too evidently unnatural to be long prevalent in the modern world. Fine ladies and gentlemen now talk, indeed, of donjons, keeps, tabards, scutcheons, tressures, caps of maintenance, portcullisses, wimples, and we know not what besides; just as they did in the days of Dr. Darwin's popularity, of gnomes, sylphs, oxygen, gossamer, polygynia, and polyandria. That fashion, however, passed rapidly away; and if it be now evident to all the world, that Dr. Darwin obstructed the extension of his fame, and hastened the extinction of his brilliant reputation, by the pedantry and ostentatious learning of his poems, Mr. Scott should take care that a different sort of pedantry does not produce the same effects. The world will never be long pleased with what it does not readily understand; and the poetry which is destined for immortality, should treat only of feelings and events which can be conceived and entered into by readers of all descriptions.

There are many blemishes, both of taste and of diction, which we had marked for reprehension, but now think it unnecessary to specify; and which, with some of those we have mentioned, we are willing to ascribe to the haste in which much of the poem seems evidently to have been composed. Mr. Scott knows too well what is due to the publick, to make any boast of the rapidity with which his works are written; but the dates and the extent of his successive publications show sufficiently how short a time could be devoted to each; and explain, though they do not apologize for, the many imperfections with which they have been suffered to appear. He who writes for immortality should not be sparing of time; and if it be true, that in every thing which has a principle of life, the period of gestation and growth bears some proportion to that of the whole future existence, the author now before us should tremble when he looks back on the miracles of his own facility.

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We have dwelt longer on the beauties and defects of this poem, than, we are afraid, will be agreeable either to the partial or the indifferent; not only because we look upon it as a misapplication, in some degree, of very extraordinary talents, but because we cannot help considering it as the foundation of a new school, which may hereafter occasion no little annoyance both to us and to the publick. Mr. Scott has hitherto filled the whole stage himself; and the very splendour of his success has probably operated, as yet, rather to deter, than to encourage, the herd of rivals and imitators: but if, by the help of the good parts of his poem, he succeeds in suborning the verdict of the publick in favour of the bad parts also, and establishes an indiscriminate taste for chivalrous legends and romances in irregular rhyme, he may depend upon having as many copyists as Mrs. Radcliffe or Schiller, and upon becoming the founder of a new schism in the catholick poetical church, for which, in spite of all our exertions, there will probably be no cure, but in the extravagance of the last and lowest of its followers. It is for this reason that we conceive it to be our duty to make one strong effort to bring back the great apostle of the heresy to the wholesome creed of his instructors, and to stop the insurrection before it becomes desperate and senseless, by persuading the leader to return to his duty and allegiance. We admire Mr. Scott's genius as much as any of those who may be misled by its perversion; and, like the curate and the barber in Don Quixote, lament the day when a gentleman of such endowments was corrupted by the wicked tales of knight errantry and enchantment.

We have left ourselves no room to say any thing of the epistolary effusions which are prefixed to each of the cantos. They certainly are not among the happiest productions of Mr. Scott's muse. They want interest in the subjects, and finish in the execution. There is too much of them about the personal and private feelings and affairs of the author; and too much of the remainder about the most trite common places of politicks and poetry. There is a good deal of spirit, however, and a good deal of nature intermingled. There is a fine description of St. Mary's loch, in that prefixed to the second canto; and a very pleasing representation of the author's early tastes and prejudices, in that prefixed to the third. The last, which is about Christmas, is the worst.

The following is extracted from a review of the same poem, in the Literary Panorama.

The Marmion of Mr. Scott, is founded on border manners; but is particularly attached to events which preceded the battle of Flodden Field. By this historical *datum* Mr. S. has fixed a period of which the customs and practices are within our ken, and of which our historians have left us accounts. His hero, however, is the creature of his own conception, and so are most of his principal characters. He therefore has had full scope for his imagination, and his poem may be considered as deriving every advantage, from liberty of thought, sentiment, and action. Marmion is an English warriour, valiant, heroick, sagacious; but his sagacity is capable of degenerating into craft, and his valour is shaken by conscious guilt. His honour is stained by his having carried off a nun from her convent; who long follows him as his page, yet whom he abandons, through mercenary motives, and offers himself as a suitor to another lady whose lands attract his cupidity. This lady is preengaged; and Marmion, to wreak his vengeance on her knight, and accomplish his purposes, proclaims him a traitor to the king, succeeds in proving his treason by a *forged* let-

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ter, artfully conveyed into a packet addressed to him; meets him in single combat; overpowers him; and by the laws of duel, claims the lady who was the prize of the combat, with the lands of his worsted adversary. Marmion is sent by king Henry of England to demand of the Scottish king James, the reason of his hostile preparations; but, when arrived on the borders, wanting a guide into Scotland, he is furnished with one, who proves to be his former antagonist, in the disguise of a palmer or visiter of holy places. In the course of the poem this knight-palmer overcomes Marmion, at midnight, in the character of an Elfin warriour. The forged letters are also intrusted him under his disguise; he is dubbed again, and performs wonders in the battle of Flodden. In that battle Marmion falls, and is brought a little way out of the conflict, to die at the feet of the lady whose hand he had solicited, from motives of convenience.

The episodes in the main action, are—the punishment of the nun whom Marmion had seduced, by her being immured, according to the sentence of her superiours; and to the laws provided for that transgression,—an intrigue of king James with the wife of an English governour, who is at his court, as a pledge for her husband,—and an unaccountable curiosity in Marmion to vanquish an Elfin knight, at midnight, in order to pry into future or distant events. *This* incident must not be examined too strictly, as to its probability; for we believe that few persons charged with a publick character from sovereign to sovereign, would quit the line of duty for the indulgence of this inquisitive disposition, founded on no higher authority than the chatter of a host, at an inn. The description of the herald sent by king James to meet Marmion, and that of the Scottish camp, previous to its moving southwards, may also be considered as episodes; and together with some excellent specimens of song writing, contribute to diversify the poem. The least pleasing parts, as they stand, are the Introductions prefixed to each canto. Each being half as long, nearly, as the canto itself, and consisting wholly of modern ideas, it has the effect of confusing the mind; it produces too forcible a revulsion, from what is ancient to what is modern; as the canto recalls the imagination from what is modern to what is ancient. We had occasion to mention this inadvertence when reporting on Mr. Sotheby's Saul; but Mr. Scott has far exceeded Mr. Sotheby in this inconvenience.

The poet has disposed of his characters with the most laudable attention to morals. Marmion perishes in fight: his paramour, Constance de Beverley, is immured, and dies miserably. King James, losing time and opportunity by dalliance, loses the battle, and his life. The Palmer Wilton, in recompense for the disgrace he had undeservedly incurred, regains his estates and honours, together with his troth-plight, Clara, who gives proofs of unchangeable constancy in her affection for him, notwithstanding she is, for a time, in the power of Marmion, his rival. The versification of this poem has been solicitously constructed. It is varied to relieve the ear, and is generally harmonious and forcible. The conduct of the story is regular; and in short, the author has felt throughout the whole, that he had a character to lose; and was determined that it should not be lost, for want of circumspection. If Marmion had been published *before* the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," it might, perhaps, have taken the place of that poem in the opinion of the publick. As it is, we apprehend that there may be readers who will discern in this poem more art than in the former; and will imagine that what it gains in dignity, it loses in ease. It is less sprightly, and less fanciful, but it is more heroick, and more stately.

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We confess, that we regret the dreadful death of Constance, whose attachment merits a better return from Marmion, even while we acknowledge that her transgressions deserve adequate punishment. In quitting her convent she sinned against duty and decorum, against modesty and sanctity; but, it does not appear, whether her seclusion was forced or voluntary. We cannot help wishing that some of the darker shades of her guilt had been softened, and that a less terrible fate might have been allotted to her with justice.

A hero who is all perfection,

> A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw,

will never be imagined or adopted by a poet of genius; but the disparagements of that character, which is to raise our sympathy, should be rather defects than crimes. That conduct, which demands the axe of the executioner, is too lightly punished by undistinguished sufferings; the common fate of all, or of many, is no just retribution for uncommon guilt. That criminals of the deepest die have exhibited striking marks of heroism, we allow; but that it would be judicious to select such a one for the hero of a dignified poem, we deny. We feel more resentment and indignation against *forgery* and the evils it induces, than compassion for the pravity by which it has been committed. Open enmity may become an honest and a respectable foe; but the dark arts of insidious malevolence, are shocking to upright minds. The balance of opinion ceases to vibrate, which vibration marks our tremulous sympathy, when guilt not incident to general nature, is thrown into the scale of a character, whatever be its merits. We, therefore, could have wished the English knight had exhibited failings not so abhorrent to virtue, and that his excellences had been counterbalanced by weakness rather than wickedness.

Mr. Scott professes,

> Not to rhyme to that dull elf,
> Who cannot image to himself,
> That all through Flodden's dismal night,
> Wilton was foremost in the fight;
> That when brave Surrey's steed was slain,
> 'Twas Wilton mounted him again;
> 'Twas Wilton's brand that deepest hew'd,
> Amid the spearmen's stubborn wood:
> Un-named by Hollinshed or Hall,
> He was the living soul of all—

Yet we cannot help thinking, that, as he was to be the prosperous character of the piece, Wilton might have met the eye more prominently; his previous history might have been more developed, and his *original* connexion with Clara, which, no doubt, had, according to rule, something extraordinary for its basis, might have increased our interest for him, and for her too. We know too little of his real history, to judge of his merits. We might have learned his character more fully from admissions of Marmion himself, or even from the Abbess, by a few additional stanzas, with scarcely any perceptible digression. To point out specks in a work of merit is invidious; yet, when a few strokes with the pen may amend them, it is due to justice. The speech of the host, in which he describes the appearance of the "wizard strange," is sufficiently learned for Mr. Scott himself, and therefore too learned for this character. His mention of "Pharaoh's *Magi*,"—his allusion to the wizard's zone,

> Of *virgin* parchment thin,
> Or, as some tell, of dead man's skin,

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> Bore many a planetary sign,
> *Combust, and retrograde, and trine,*

sounds to us rather above mine host's degree of knowledge. Also, if king James assisted in a dancing party with his spurs on

> (White were his buskins; on the heel
> His spurs inlaid of gold and steel)

we remit him for his reprimand to the boor of Russia, Peter I. who boxed the ears of one of his courtiers in the royal ball room, before all the company, for a like offence against gallantry. Neither can we approve of connecting the late bombardment of Copenhagen with visions foreshowing the invasion of Scotland by Edward I. The interval is too vast, without one connecting link; and the idea it raises in the mind is *modern*—therefore exceptionable.

> A royal city, tower, and spire,
> Reddened the midnight sky with fire;
> And shouting crews her navy bore
> Triumphant to the victor shore.

FROM AIKIN'S ANNUAL REVIEW.

The Life of George Morland; with Remarks on his Works. By G. Dawe. 8vo. pp. 238.

THIS is the third life of Morland which has come before us. In our last volume we announced a pompous quarto by Mr. Blagdon, who made a miserable hodge-podge from magazines and newspapers. In the preceding volume (Vol. IV. p. 504.) we noticed at considerable length a biography of Morland, by Mr. Collins, who challenged our confidence, by asserting that he had been twenty years in habits of intimacy, not only with the artist himself, but with his family and connexions. If credit is due to Mr. Dawe, however, Collins must have been wilfully or ignorantly guilty of many misrepresentations; for several of the anecdotes he tells of Morland, are here flatly contradicted. Mr. Dawe's claim to credit is this: his father was articled to the father of Morland, became intimate with the son from his childhood, and kept up a familiar intercourse with him during the greater part of his life. Some letters from the artist testify to this intimacy. From his father principally, and from other friends of Morland, including his own brother, the present writer has collected his materials. He has made a very entertaining and instructive volume. We shall correct those errours into which Mr. Collins has led us, and subjoin a few anecdotes illustrative of poor Morland's character.

Morland was apprenticed to his father, who was a painter in crayons. George gave very early indications of genius. He used to draw objects on the floor, and when his father stooped to pick up the scissars or the crayons, the laugh was very fairly against him. These, and a thousand other monkey tricks, made George the favourite child. His father saw the germs of future excellence in his own favourite art; but he was probably alarmed at a vivacity of disposition which might prove incompatible with the necessary application to attain it; and adopted a mode of education which was very likely to disgust the boy with his profession, and which certainly hurried him into those excesses which overwhelmed him with disgrace and ruin. In endeavouring to preserve the morals of young Morland from contamination, a system of restriction and seclusion was adopted both by father and mother, so severe that he was never permitted to associate with other children, or to engage in their customary amusements.

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He was kept in perfect solitude, and till the age of eighteen, was never permitted to spend an evening abroad, except at the house of Mr. P. Dawe, the father of our biographer. To this system of restraint his parents added deception. Instead of exciting in him an aversion to immorality, by inspiring him with the love of virtue, they endeavoured to reconcile him to confinement, and deter him from the vices of the town by exaggerated accounts, and bug-bear stories concerning its dangers. These tales could not long be implicitly believed. About his nineteenth year, he began to evade all restraint, and fell into those very errours, from which his parents had endeavoured to deter him by ill-judged means. Like a loose, high-mettled steed, he is now seen "fetching mad bounds." It is now that he gave play to all those passions which eventually impaired his intellects, and destroyed his constitution. So much for his *moral* education. As to his *professional*, that also he received from his father. Perhaps it may be thought that with so marked a genius, but little application or instruction would be required. But genius, as it is called, is not instinct. The well-bred pointer will stand, the very first time he snuffs the scent of game, and all that he is afterwards taught is subordinate to that quality, which he already possesses in perfection. But what native genius ever stamped perfection on an untutored artist?

"At the age of fourteen, he was articled to his father for seven years, during which his application was incessant. His days were devoted to painting, his summer evenings to reading, and those of winter to drawing by lamplight. It was during this happy period of uninterrupted study, as yet undisturbed by the passions and cares of life, that he gained nearly his whole knowledge, acquired correctness of eye, with obedience of hand, and those principles which laid the foundation of his future excellence. This, therefore, was not, as has been imagined, a natural endowment; nor is it necessary to recur to occult and inexplicable causes, in order to account for that ability which was the result of long and persevering application, united to a quick conception, a retentive memory, and activity of mind; assisted also by considerable means for study, and directed by a parent who had some knowledge of the art. From an over anxious regard to his morals, he was not permitted to study at the academy. He, nevertheless, once, about his twentieth year, unknown to his father, showed some of his drawings to the keeper, and obtained permission to draw as a candidate for becoming a student; yet, whatever some of his biographers have advanced to the contrary, he drew there only three nights; though he occasionally attended the lectures.

"He paid some attention to the anatomy of the human figure, and executed many drawings, both of the skeleton and muscles. He also drew from small casts of several antique statues. Some of these productions, including the only one he ever made at the academy, which was from the statue of Meleager, are in the possession of the writer of these memoirs.

"The anatomy of the horse he studied from the excellent work of Stubbs, whose prints he copied in Indian ink, and wrote the names of the bones and muscles on his drawings. He likewise made clay models from Gainsborough's horse, and other casts of a similar kind. What he knew of perspective was acquired from the Jesuit's treatise on that subject."

If one considers the total seclusion from society in which this youth was brought up, "no competitor to emulate, no companion to cheer him in the toilsome path of study," it will be acknowledged, that his love of the art he pursued was almost unquenchable. In the extract above given it is said that Morland never drew at the academy more than three nights. Mr. Collins, on the contrary, states that in very early life he became acquainted with some loose and vulgar students at the academy, and that these fellow students, in their way to and from Somerset House, enticed him to frequent a gin shop near Exeter-change. Mr. Collins also tells us, that Morland, while in his father's house, used to supply his extravagances by the sale of his paintings, which he used to lower from his window, in a

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drawer suspended by a string to his companions in the street. This story, however, is wholly unfounded; for Morland had no companions.

So just was the eye of our young artist, and so remarkable the facility of execution, that he began his chalk drawings from plaster casts, without previous sketching, and seldom had occasion to make alterations. During his residence with his father, he painted little from nature; but from a daily practice of copying the best masters, he acquired the power of imitating them. Mr. Dawe says he was so complete a master in the executive part of his art, that it might be called his native language, in which he could express whatever he conceived. That Morland, however, did not always rely upon the accuracy of his conceptions, is evident from several anecdotes which occur in this volume.

"When surrounded by companions, that would have entirely impeded the progress of other men, he might be said to be in an academy, in the midst of models. He would get one to stand for a hand, another for a head, an attitude, or a figure, according as their countenance or character suited; or to put on any dress he might want to copy; and the pictures which he painted about this time, contain the portraits of his companions, as well as of the children in the neighbourhood where he lived. Morland's wife and sisters were almost his only female models: hence arose his want of variety in this respect.

"When painting his juvenile subjects, he would invite the children of the neighbourhood to play about in his room, and made sketches of them whenever any interesting situations occurred; justly observing, that to take them thus, in their unconscious moments, is the best mode of studying their peculiar attitudes, and to catch a thousand various graces, of which it is impossible to conceive a perfect idea in any other way. Grown persons may be placed in appropriate postures; but with children this is not practicable. The writer has in his possession one of Morland's sketch books, containing several of these studies from children. They are touched with wonted spirit, and form a sort of middle style, between his laboured minuteness while with his father, and the looseness of his latter drawings.

"He copied as much as possible immediately from nature. When he painted the Cherry Girl, he had an ass and panniers into his parlour; and while employed on stable scenes, he often scattered straw about his room. If he wished to introduce a red cloak, or any other garment of that sort, he would place a person at the window to watch till some one passed that appeared likely to suit his purpose; on which he sent for the passenger to come in, while he made a sketch, and mixed his tints, and he seldom failed to reward the person thus called upon liberally. What he could not copy immediately from nature, was supplied by a retentive memory, and acute observation of the scenes in which he mingled."

Morland never let slip an opportunity which he could turn to his professional advantage. Just as he was about to begin his four pictures of the Deserter, a serjeant, drummer, and soldier, on their way to Dover in pursuit of deserters, came in for a billet. Morland seeing that these men would answer his purpose, treated them plentifully, while he was making inquiries on the different modes of recruiting, with every particular attendant on the trial of deserters by court-martial, and on their punishment. He then took them to his house, where he gave them plenty of ale, wine, and tobacco, and caroused with them all night, employing himself busily in sketching and noting down whatever was likely to serve his purpose.

The Dutch and Flemish artists were those from whom Morland principally copied whilst at his father's house. He was however, by no means neglectful of modern masters of the British school. Of Gainsborough's celebrated picture of Pigs, he took many copies, as well as of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Garrick between tragedy and comedy. He likewise copied Fuseli's Night-mare, and in later life made an excellent burlesque of it.

Whilst confined to the roof of his father, almost the only recreation which Morland enjoyed, was a Sunday walk with Mr. Philip Dawe. On these occasions he fully enjoyed his short-lived liberty. These were the

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sweetest days of his life, and he often surveyed them in retrospect, says his biographer, with melancholy pleasure. Free from restraint, he was wild, and bounded like the roebuck. His appetites were easily satisfied; he was gay and independent, and withal so frugal, that a pennyworth of gin-er-bread would suffice him a whole day, through a walk of twenty miles, during which few things escaped his observation, and nothing that he observed was forgotten. He never drew upon the spot; but so strong and accurate was his memory concerning objects which related to his art, that he would delineate them almost to identity, after an interval of some months.

Immediately after Morland became his own master, he launched into that vortex from which his parents had so sedulously endeavoured to withhold him. In his intercourse with the world, not immediately finding those dangers with which he had been threatened, he concluded they had no existence, and the more he could throw off his juvenile fears, the more he thought himself a man. Unrestrained by timidity or by virtue, he frequented the lowest haunts of vice at all hours of the night, and without any associate; fearlessly getting into scrapes, and dexterously getting out of them. He had at this time several advantageous proposals; but his aversion to all regular application made him reject them, observing on one of these occasions, that the slavery of one apprenticeship was quite sufficient for a man's life. Several of his mad frolicks are related in these memoirs, to which we must refer those who desire to read them.

Morland's first employer was an Irishman in Drury-lane, who kept him constantly at his easel, by being constantly at his elbow. His meals were carried up to him by the shop boy; and when his dinner was brought, which generally consisted of sixpennyworth of meat from a cook's shop, and a pint of beer, he would sometimes venture to ask if he might have a pennyworth of pudding. If he asked for five shillings, the Hibernian would reply, "d'ye think I'm made of money?" and gave him half a crown. Morland, however, painted pictures enough for this man to fill a room, and the price of admittance to it was half a crown.

From this state of bondage he was released by an invitation of Mrs. Hill, a lady of fortune then at Margate, to paint portraits there for the season. Morland stole away from his employer, went to Margate, and was introduced to the first connexions there. He fell in love with Mrs. Hill's maid, whom he was on the brink of marrying, and went to France with his patroness. In a very lively and characteristick letter written from St. Omers, he mentions the pressing invitations he has to stay and paint portraits; intimates his intention of going to Lisle; afterwards of *paying a visit to London*, and lastly, of returning to take up his residence in a country which had so many charms for him as France. Morland could not long exist, however, without his customary companions. He went no further than St. Omers, where he staid only a few days, and returned to spend the winter at Margate. At length he came back to London, without any fixed abode or employment. He was now rising so much in repute, however, that the prints engraved from his pictures had an unparalleled sale, both at home and abroad. In France so great was the demand for them, that they were frequently reengraved there, and he received advantageous proposals either to go thither and paint, or send over his pictures.

The two great cronies of Morland, after his marriage with Mr. Ward's sister, and when he resided at Camden Town, were a young man of genteel manners, named Irwin, and one Brooks, a shoe-maker, brought up in the lowest scenes of dissipation. Irwin often obtained him money on

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account, from his brother, who was a man of fortune; and it became a frequent practice with Morland to procure money in advance for his pictures, which were then laid aside, as no principle of honesty could induce him to work for money which he had already spent. Morland would never offer his own works for sale, and would rather take a fourth of their value than submit to that necessity. Irwin used to sell his pictures for him, and receive a large share of the produce. Like several of Morland's companions, this young man sunk under his debaucheries. There was scarcely any kind of depravity with which Brooks was unacquainted. He used to assist Morland in escaping from his creditors; accompanied him in his country excursions; and was generally intrusted with the place of his retreat Morland introduced most of his companions into his pictures. In that of the "Sportsman's Return," Brooks is represented leaning out of his stall. Morland's easel was always surrounded with his low-lived associates of horse-dealers, boxers, butchers, shoe-makers, &c. He had a wooden frame placed across his room, similar to that in a police office, with a bar that lifted up, allowing those to pass with whom he had business. In this manner he painted some of his best pictures, while his companions were carousing on gin and red herrings around him. He is said to have been eager of money: possibly; for duns and necessity follow close upon the heels of profusion. Two or three anecdotes, however, are recorded of his generosity. It is impossible, for any one to be more careless of money than Morland. He was in the constant habit of giving bills of credit; and when they became due, he rarely had the cash ready to discharge them; although in the zenith of fame and power, he would earn from seventy to a hundred guineas a week. In order to have a note of twenty pounds renewed for a fortnight he has been known to give a painting that has been immediately sold in his presence for ten guineas.

Serjeant Cockell had been very friendly to Morland, and offered his professional assistance, should he ever want it. The serjeant was in possession of one of his pictures which, by some accident, had been injured. It was with difficulty that Morland was prevailed on to go to his house and retouch it, nor would he go till he had stipulated with Mr. Wedd, that he should not be obliged to receive any money. Morland went, finished the picture, and Mr. Cockell presented him with a purse of guineas. This no persuasion could induce him to accept, but so much did he mistrust his resolution, that he whispered his friend Mr. Wedd not to leave him, lest in his absence he should be overcome by the temptation. There is something very honourable to Morland's feelings in this anecdote. Mr. Dawe, who has no partialities for the subject of his biography, puts an unworthy construction upon it, without the slightest probability or shadow of reason. Morland clearly felt himself to be unfit company for gentlemen. He could not submit to the decent restraints of civilized and polished society, and latterly seems to have felt quite abashed in the presence of a gentleman. Various kinds of wine and refreshments were placed for him upon the sideboard, which Morland would not taste while either serjeant Cockell or his lady was present; but whenever they happened to leave the room, he would ask his brother, who was with him, to make haste and give him some burgundy and cake. If ladies were present he could not utter a word, while his extreme confusion, and the awkwardness of his behaviour, were truly ludicrous. On the death of his father, Morland was advised to claim the dormant title of baronet, which had been conferred on one of his lineal ancestors by Charles II. finding, however, that there was no emolument attached to it, but on the contrary that much expense would

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attend the process of assuming it, he relinquished the distinction, observing that plain George Morland would always sell his pictures, and there was more honour in being a fine painter than a titled gentleman; that he would have born the disgrace of a title, had there been any income to accompany it; but as matters stood, he swore he would wear none of the fooleries of his ancestors.

Morland cannot be said to have had any domestick *habits*, and his irregularities are sufficiently known. He took his meals whenever he was hungry—beef steaks and onions, with purl and gin for breakfast at 7 o'clock in the morning. He would dine at eleven or twelve, or three or four o'clock as it happened: cooked his own food, eat off a chair by the side of his easel, while in the same apartment were to be seen dogs of various kinds, pidgeons flying, and pigs running about. The person of Morland is thus described. "His forehead was high, with the frontal veins singularly apparent, when under the influence of passion or intense thought; his eyes were dark hazel, full, and somewhat piercing; his nose was rather aquiline, and his mouth intelligent, producing altogether a penetrating and expressive countenance. The portrait prefixed to this work is esteemed an excellent likeness at the time it was painted." He had some knowledge of musick, a good bass voice, an excellent ear, practised a little on the piano forte and hautboy, and could play in concert on the violin.

A few of the concluding pages of this work are devoted to a critique on the works of Morland. The judgment here pronounced by a brother artist, is a severe one. Professional men are the best qualified to appreciate its justness. When young, Morland paid some attention to the anatomy of the human figure, and executed many drawings, both of the skeleton and muscles; he also drew from small casts of several antique statues. In copying the Dutch and Flemish masters, his earliest productions were hard, formal, and laboured. He nevertheless was not inattentive to the higher principles of composition, colouring and chiaroscuro; and he determined when very young, to throw off that style of high finishing and minute imitation, in which his father so sedulously instructed him. When asked whether he did not think the correct manner of his early studies extremely improving, he would laughingly reply, "what, making leaves like silver pennies?" In correcting this fault, he ran into the opposite extreme. He found what effect might be produced by a few strokes of the brush; and the adoption of a more careless manner at once suited his taste and indulged his indolence. He was fearful of becoming a mannerist. With other artists he never held any intercourse, nor had he prints of any kind in his possession, and he has often declared that he would not go across the way to see the finest assemblage of paintings that ever was exhibited. He was once induced, however, to make a journey with Mr. Ward, on purpose to view lord Bute's collection; but having sauntered through one of the rooms, he refused to see any more, declaring that he was averse to contemplate any man's works, lest he should become an imitator.

After making some general remarks on the works of Morland, Mr. Dawe has given us some curious particulars as to his mode of painting. Despatch was his principal object. He never made a complete sketch for the plan of his pictures, and if he made any at all, it was the slightest possible. He introduced the objects as he procured the models, and as they first happened to be placed, without any previous plan for their arrangement.

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"He generally began upon the canvass with the chalk or brush at once, sometimes even without knowing what he was going to paint, inventing as he proceeded; and he would paint a picture in the time that many would spend in seeking for a subject. Having sketched his composition in a loose manner, if any thing displeased him he altered it, and began immediately to paint. Toward the close of the day, when he could no longer see to finish, he would frequently plan or even lay in two or three small subjects. A large painting he would dead colour in a few hours; but from not making sketches for his pictures, they themselves were often nothing more than sketches.

"It is a great reproach to a painter for an observer to be able to foretell what kind of picture he will produce from a given subject. Though Morland was not exempt from this defect, it was often impossible for even those who saw the beginning of his pictures to predict what they would be when finished; because in the course of the work, he altered repeatedly, and was eager to avail himself of whatever accident might suggest.

"When he found his knowledge deficient he had recourse to nature, and never gave himself any trouble which he could avoid. If perplexed about the legs of a horse, he would copy them from life, but would draw the legs only. As he never copied more than was absolutely necessary, he seldom drew enough, and his animals are often incorrect and ill put together; for never having pursued any regular course of study, after he left his father, he was unable to draw from principle. Hence arose that inequality observable in his pictures, in which we sometimes meet with parts that are transcripts of nature, tacked to others that would disgrace a novice in the art, notwithstanding the skill he possessed in adapting those which he drew.

"He was extremely dexterous in avoiding fore-shortening, and similar difficulties, and when they were unavoidnble, in hiding them by shade, or other expedients. If he felt himself embarrassed in drawing a figure, he would throw over it a carter's frock, and as often as he could he concealed the extremities. The landscape of his back grounds he also drew from nature, and the trees and ponds can still be pointed out, in the fields about Camden Town which he introduced in the pictures he executed while he resided there. When he painted his picture of Bird-nesting he went to Caen Wood, and made a drawing of the trees, and the rest of the landscape.

"Latterly, to save trouble, he in general contented himself with making only a hasty sketch, and mixing his tints from nature, after which he painted much from memory. This method, owing to the way in which it was conducted, led to that slight and slovenly style which disgraced too many of his performances. Instead of drawing his forms correctly, and copying all the breaks, ond other incidental varieties from nature, he drew every thing in a loose manner, and depended on accidents of the brush to vary the surface and contour."

Morland had the discernment to perceive, that it is not labour but touch, that gives the appearance of finish. But instead of laying a foundation by correctness of drawing, his biograghcr says that he substituted touch for truth, and in his latter works, made his execution stand for every thing else. It was one of his principles that a portion of pure red should be introduced somewhere in a picture. Accordingly, we never see a landscape of his without a red coat, cloak, or cap, accompanied with a blue jacket or petticoat; he also remarked, that there should be a touch of vermillion in the lips, though they should not be painted entirely with it.

"His gipsies are admirable, since in them vulgarity of character is appropriate.

"He often associated with them, and accompanied by Brooks, has lived with them for several days together, adopting their mode of life, and sleeping with them in barns at night. He excels likewise in bailiffs, butchers, ostlers, post-boys, rusticks, and, in short, in all those classes of society where we look for any thing rather than refinement.

"In conversation pieces, and other tranquil scenes, the attitudes of his figures are well conceived. It is the state that succeeds exertion in which Morland excels; such as the Labourer's Luncheon, the Return from Market, the Weary Travellers, the Tired Cart Horse, Baiting the Horses, Watering Cattle, and a multitude of similar subjects. His various Stable Scenes, Publick-house doors, and Gipsies Reposing, are also of this description. A few exceptions, indeed, he has afforded, as his Mail

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Coach in a storm,* and his sketch of Rubbing Down the Post Horse. In such instances the positions are sometimes well imagined, but he was unable to give action to the parts.

"He therefore in general chose quiescent attitudes for his horses and other animals. He felt his deficiency in anatomical knowledge, and was careful not to expose it by unsuccessful attempts to represent actions in which he could not place his model. He succeeded best in those animals that required least correctness of drawing, such as pigs, guinea-pigs, sheep, asses, and rabbits; in these, indeed, he is often extremely happy; for no artist ever painted such subjects with greater feeling. He avoided the delicate proportions of the horse, by selecting such as were old, rough, and clumsy. A white horse was a favourite object with him, as it must be with every painter, from its affording a mass of light, with a most desirable opportunity for the display of colouring, owing to the variety of yellow and other tints with which it is diversified. Indeed, an old white horse of this description is one of the most picturesque objects to be met with in rustick scenery."

It would be committing an unreasonable trespass to proceed further in these extracts. Mr. Dawe has examined Morland's style of painting with a critical and professional eye, and it is not without confidence that we refer such of our readers to his volume, as may be disposed to pursue the subject further. They will find it very amusing, and well written.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK—EXTRACT.

Sermons on several subjects; by the late Rev. W. Paley, D. D. Sub-Dean of Lincoln, Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Rector of Bishop-Wearmouth. 8vo. 535 pp. Sunderland; printed. 1806——Philadelphia, republished, Hopkins and Earle, 1 vol. 8vo. —price $ 1. 87 1-2.

PREFIXED to this volume is an extract from the will of the excellent author, in the following words:

"If my life had been continued, it was my intention to print at Sunderland a collection of Sermons—five hundred copies, to be distributed gratis in the parish—to deliver them to Mr. Stephenson, to print and distribute one copy in a family—first to those who frequent church, then to farmers' families in the country, then to such poorer families as have a person who can read, or are likely to read them. I would not have the said Sermons printed for sale."

Having received a copy some time ago, by favour of a very kind friend, and finding, on examination, that the discourses are truly worthy of the character and talents of the author, we applied to the person to whom we were indebted, for leave to give a publick account of them. By some accident, this letter received no answer, and we remained in suspense, between our unwillingness to withhold from our readers the excellent instruction we might thus give them, and the point of honour, with respect to the executors of the author; who, for some reason, not easily to be guessed, forbid them to be printed for sale. At length, seeing them advertised as published, our scruples were at an end; but now again a doubt seems to be thrown upon the publication.† Finally, however, we adhere to our last resolution; for published they must be at some time or other, and nothing but good can be produced by encouraging the ardour of the publick to hasten that event. If this be in the smallest degree contrary to the wish of the friend who sent them, the fault must rest with him, for leaving our

* A print which was highly admired by Girtin, who having been requested to make a companion to it, after studying it for some time, threw down his pencil, exclaiming—That he could not do any thing like it.

† We are told that it has been stopped by the executors. In compliance with the duty of that office they are doubtlessly obliged to do so; but it is a misfortune to the publick that such was the determination of the author.

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question unanswered; but in the effect we must cordially rejoice; for to have been enjoined silence, on such a subject, would have been very painful.

We have very carefully read the discourses, and are clearly of opinion that they are, on the whole, not inferiour in value and importance to any prior work of the learned and acute author. The style, it is true, has not received all the polish which he was capable of bestowing on it, and this, perhaps, was the principal reason why he determined to restrict the distribution of the volume. It has, indeed, a plainness, apparently studied, to assist the comprehension of the class in which he intended the volume to be published. There is merit, however, far above that of style, which some of these discourses possess in the highest degree, that of elucidating difficult points in a manner, clear, original and convincing. The talent to perform this was possessed by Dr. Paley, in so very eminent a way, that no person who knows his other works will be surprised at the fact; yet, even they who estimate his powers at the highest, would not, perhaps, have expected so much light, as he has been enabled to throw upon that most important as well as difficult subject, the ordinary operations of the Holy Spirit. This doctrine being so momentous to every Christian, and so decisive, when rightly understood, against the vain pretensions of enthusiasts, shall take the lead in our account of the volume. After we have merely premised that the whole number of sermons is thirty five, and that they are all instructive, and not only pious, but calculated to inspire the zeal and fervour of true piety.

In giving unqualified praise to these discourses we have gratified our own feelings, and, since the writer is no more, we cannot be suspected of a wish to flatter. With respect to the works of authors of established fame, it has been well observed by a foreign critick, that reviewers are placed in a kind of dilemma. If they give only praise, they are thought to flatter, or to be influenced by mere regard to a name; if they censure, they are often accused of envy.

"Nam cum nil nisi laudandum in libro repererit, in adulationis levitatisque suspicionem incurrat: cum vero reprehendenda quædam notaverit, invidiæ obtrectationisque crimen suscipiat." But, with the same elegant writer,* we can say: "Nos hunc scrupulum ipsi nobis antea exemimus, quam ad censuras scribendas accederemus; statuentes nobis hanc legem, ut in omnibus judiciis sententiisque nostris *unam veritatem coleremus*, eamque sanctam inviolatamque servaremus, et in neutram partem ab ea discederemus."

ORIGINAL AMERICAN REVIEW.

American Ornithology; or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States, illustrated with plates, engraved and coloured from original Drawings taken from nature. By Alexander Wilson. Imperial quarto, pp. 160. vol. i. price 12 dollars. Philadelphia, published by Bradford and Inskeep.

UNDER a plain, unassuming title-page, we have been surprised with the appearance and contents of the first volume of a new work, which, if continued through the succeeding volumes in the same style of elegance, and with equal fidelity to nature, will not only do honour to the individual and the country that gave it birth, but may serve as a model to the Ornithologists of Europe, where it is not likely soon to be surpassed. The advantages

* Wyttenbach, in the Bibliotheca Critica, vol. i. part 4.

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of correct, well coloured engravings, in books of this kind, are so many, and their effects so great, that they seem almost indispensable. In a few moments they speak more to the understanding, through the medium of the eye, than could be conveyed in a volume by words; and the impressions are not only received with more pleasure, but rendered much more lasting. When to these are added interesting details of the objects themselves, in language at once familiar and elegant, the labours of the writer are entitled to the good wishes, at least, of every man of taste, and friend to literature. The present work, of which we propose to give some account, has every claim to the above merits. The engravings are not only executed with the superiour skill and precision of the two distinguished artists, whose names they bear (Messrs. Lawson and Murray) but are coloured in such a manner as to have all the effect of rich paintings in water colours; while in the descriptive part the author has shown himself fully competent to, and familiar with, his subject.

The motives and designs of the writer are thus avowed in the Introduction. To the arguments he urges on behalf of his subject we cheerfully yield our assent.

"As to the nature of the work, it is intended to comprehend a description, and representation of every species of our native birds, from the shores of St. Laurence, to the mouths of the Mississippi, and from the Atlantick ocean to the interiour of Louisiana. These will be engraved in a style superiour to any thing of the kind hitherto published and coloured from nature, with the most scrupulous adherence to the true tints of the original.

"The bare account of scientifick names, colour of bills, claws, feathers, &c. would form but a dry detail; neither in a publication of the present kind, where every species is faithfully figured and coloured, is a long and minute description of the form, and feathers, absolutely necessary—This would, in the opinion of some, be like introducing a gentleman to company, with "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. ———, has on a blue coat—white pantaloons—hussar boots," *&c. &c.* while a single glance of the eye over the person himself told us all this before the orator had time to open his mouth; so infinitely more rapidly do ideas reach us through the medium of the eye, than by that of the ear. But as time may prey on the best of colours, what is necessary in this respect will by no means be omitted, that the figures and descriptions may mutually corroborate each other. It is also my design to enter more largely than usual into the manners and disposition of each respective species; to become, as it were, their faithful biographer, and to delineate their various peculiarities, in character, song, building, economy, &c. as far as my own observations have extended, or the kindness of others may furnish me with materials.

The Ornithology of the United States exhibits a rich display of the most splendid colours, from the green, silky, gold-be-spangled down of the minute Humming Bird, scarce three inches in extent, to the black, coppery wings of the gloomy Condor, of sixteen feet, who sometimes visits our northern regions—a numerous and powerful band of songsters, that for sweetness, variety, and melody, are surpassed by no country on earth—an everchanging scene of migration from torrid to temperate, and from northern to southern regions, in quest of suitable seasons, food, and climate; and such an amazing diversity in habit, economy, form, disposition and faculties, so uniformly hereditary in each species, and so completely adequate to their peculiar wants and convenience, as to overwhelm us with astonishment at the power, wisdom and beneficence of the Creator!

"In proportion as we become acquainted with these particulars, our visits to, and residence in the country, become more and more agreeable. Formerly, on such occasions, we found ourselves in solitude, or, with respect to the feathered tribes, as it were in a strange country, where the manners, language and faces of all were either totally overlooked, or utterly unknown to us. Now, we find ourselves among interesting and well known neighbours and acquaintances; and, in the notes of every songster, recognise with satisfaction, the voice of an old friend and companion. A study thus tending to multiply our enjoyments at so cheap a rate, and to lead us, by such pleasing gradations, to the contemplation and worship of the *Great First Cause*, the Father and Preserver of all, can neither be idle nor useless, but is worthy of rational beings, and doubtless agreeable to the Deity.

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The descriptive part of the book commences with the history of the *Blue Jay*, a well known American Species. The figure of this bird, given in the plate, is truly elegant, and seems a perfect copy from Nature. Its peculiarities are detailed with a great deal of minuteness. Noisy restlessness, depredations in the corn fields, and among the nests of other smaller birds, appear the most prominent features of its character.

"Of all birds he is the most bitter enemy to the owl. No sooner has he discovered the retreat of one of these than he summons the whole feathered fraternity to his assistance, who surround the glimmering *solitaire*, and attack him from all sides, raising such a shout as may be heard, in a still day, more than half a mile off. When in my hunting excursions I have passed near this scene of tumult, I have imagined to myself that I heard the insulting party venting their respective charges with all the virulency of a Billingsgate mob; the owl, meanwhile, returning every compliment with a broad goggling stare. The war becomes louder and louder, and the owl at length forced to betake himself to flight, is followed by his whole train of persecutors, until driven beyond the boundaries of their jurisdiction.

"But the blue jay himself is not guiltless of similar depredations with the owl, and becomes in his turn the very tyrant he detested, when he sneaks through the woods, as he frequently does, and among the thickets and hedge rows, plundering every nest he can find of its eggs, tearing up the callow young by piecemeal, and spreading alarm and sorrow around him. The cries of the distressed parents soon bring together a number of interested spectators (for birds in such circumstances seem truly to sympathize with each other) and he is sometimes attacked with such spirit as to be under the necessity of making a speedy retreat.

He will sometimes assault small birds, with the intention of killing and devouring them; an instance of which I myself once witnessed, over a piece of woods near the borders of Schuylkill; where I saw him engaged for more than five minutes pursuing what I took to be a species of Motacilla (M. Maculosa, Yellow Rump) wheeling, darting and doubling in the air, and at last, to my great satisfaction, got disappointed, in the escape of his intended prey. In times of great extremity when his hoard or magazine is frozen up, buried in snow, or perhaps exhausted, he becomes very voracious, and will make a meal of whatever carrion or other animal substance comes in the way, and has been found regaling himself on the bowels of a robin (Turdus migratorius) in less than five minutes after it was shot."

These traits are somewhat softened by the following, which are evidently drawn from nature.

"There are, however, individual exceptions to this general character for plunder and outrage, a proneness for which is probably often occasioned by the wants and irritations of necessity. A Blue Jay, which I have kept for some time, and with whom I am on terms of familiarity, is in reality a very notable example of mildness of disposition and sociability of manners. An accident in the woods first put me in possession of this bird, while in full plumage, and in high health and spirits. I carried him home with me, and put him into a cage already occupied by a Golden-winged Wood-pecker (Picus Auratus) where he was saluted with such rudeness, and received such a drubbing from the lord of the manor, for entering his premises, that, to save his life, I was obliged to take him out again. I then put him into another cage, where the only tenant was a female Oriolus Spurius (bastard Baltimore.) She also put on airs of alarm, as if she considered herself endangered and insulted by the intrusion; the jay meanwhile sat mute and motionless on the bottom of the cage, either dubious of his own situation, or willing to allow time for the fears of his neighbour to subside. Accordingly in a few minutes, after displaying various threatening gestures (like some of those Indians we read of in their first interviews with the whites) she began to make her approaches, but with great circumspection, and readiness for retreat. Seeing, however, the jay begin to pick up some crumbs of broken chesnuts, in a humble and peaceable way, she also descended, and began to do the same; but at the slightest motion of her new guest, wheeled round and put herself on the defensive. All this ceremonious jealousy vanished before evening; and they now roost together, feed, and play together, in perfect harmony and good humour. When the jay goes to drink, his messmate very impudently jumps into the saucer to wash herself, throwing the water in showers over her companion, who bears it all patiently; venturing now and then to take a sip between every splash, without betraying the smallest token of irritation. On the contrary, he seems to

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take pleasure in his little fellow-prisoner, allowing her to pick (which she does very gently) about his whiskers, and to clean his claws from the minute fragments of chesnuts which happen to adhere to them. This attachment on the one part, and mild condescension on the other, may, perhaps, be partly the effect of mutual misfortunes, which are found not only to knit mankind, but many species of inferiour animals, more closely together, and shows that the disposition of the blue jay may be humanized, and rendered susceptible of affectionate impressions, even for those birds which in a state of nature he would have no hesitation in making a meal of.

The Baltimore Bird (Oriolus Baltimorus) or Hanging Bird, is particularly described. The extent of its range, the singular formation of its nest, and the errours of European writers respecting its manners, are fully discussed. The author has also here, as well as elsewhere, given us a specimen of his poetical talents, which we could have wished had been still more numerously interspersed. The circumstances of building and incubation are thus delineated.

High on yon poplar clad in glossiest green,
The orange, black-capped Baltimore is seen,
The broad extended boughs still please him best,
Beneath their bending skirts he hangs his nest;
There his sweet mate, secure from every harm
Broods o'er her spotted store and wraps them warm;
Lists to the noontide hum of busy bees,
Her partner's mellow song, the brook, the breeze;
These day by day the lonely hours deceive,
From dewy morn to slow descending eve.
Two weeks elapsed, behold a helpless crew!
Claim all her care and her affection too;
On wings of love th' assiduous nurses fly,
Flowers, leaves, and boughs abundant food supply;
Glad chants their guardian as abroad he goes,
And waving breezes rock them to repose.

The Wood Thrush is represented as a "sweet and solitary songster." His character is thus described on his first arrival in spring.

"With the dawn of the succeeding morning, mounting to the top of some tall tree that rises from a low, thick shaded part of the woods, he pipes his few but clear and musical notes in a kind of ecstacy; the prelude, or symphony to which, strongly resembles the double-tonguing of a German flute, and sometimes the tinkling of a small bell; the whole song consists of five or six parts, the last note of each of which is in such a tone as to leave the conclusion evidently suspended. The finale is finely managed, and with such charming effect as to sooth and tranquillize the mind, and to seem sweeter and mellower at each successive repetition. Rival songsters, of the same species, challenge each other from different parts of the wood, seeming to vie for softer tones and more exquisite responses. During the burning heat of the day they are comparatively mute; but in the evening the same melody is renewed, and continued long after sunset. Those who visit our woods, or ride out into the country at these hours, during the months of May and June, will be at no loss to recognise, from the above description, this pleasing musician. Even in dark, wet, and gloomy weather, when scarce a single chirp is heard from any other bird, the clear notes of the Wood Thrush thrill through the dropping woods, from morning to night; and it may truly be said, that the sadder the day the sweeter is his song.

"The favourite haunts of the Wood Thrush are low, thick-shaded hollows, through which a small brook or rill meanders, overhung with alder bushes that are mantled with wild vines. Near such a scene he generally builds his nest, in a laurel or alder bush. Outwardly it is composed of withered beech leaves of the preceding year, laid at bottom in considerable quantities, no doubt to prevent damp and moisture from ascending through, being generally built in low wet situations; above these are layers of knotty stalks of withered grass, mixed with mud, and smoothly plastered, above which is laid a slight lining of fine, black, fibrous roots of plants. The eggs are four, sometimes five, of a uniform light blue, without any spots.

The Wood Thrush appears always singly or in pairs, and is of a shy, retired, unobtrusive disposition. With the modesty of true merit he charms you with his song,

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but is content and even solicitous to be concealed. He delights to trace the irregular windings of the brook, where, by the luxuriance of foliage, the sun is completely shut out, or only plays in a few interrupted beams on the glittering surface of the water."

The history of the Robin (Turdus Migratorius) is accompanied by a striking representation of that well known bird, which we instantly recognise. But the Gold-winged Woodpecker (Picus Auratus) challenges still more our attention. This bird, we are told, has been described by Europeans, as forming an intermediate link between the Cuckoos and Woodpeckers, having the greatest resemblance to the former, so as to have been arranged by several eminent ornithologists with the Cuckoo. This notion Mr. Wilson endeavours to prove to be without foundation, by a minute description of the conformation of the tongue of the species, the tail-feathers, manners, food, mode of constructing its nest, and a variety of other circumstances. He attempts also, and with considerable humour and effect, to vindicate this species from the aspersions thrown on the whole of the woodpecker tribe, in the well known philipick of Buffon. The following are the passages we refer to.

"The abject and degraded character which the count de Buffon, with equal eloquence and absurdity, has drawn of the whole tribe of Woodpeckers, belongs not to the elegant and sprightly bird now before us. How far it is applicable to any of them will be examined hereafter. He is not "constrained to drag out an insipid existence in boring the bark and hard fibres of trees to extract his prey;" for he frequently finds in the loose mouldering ruins of an old stump (the capital of a nation of pismires) more than is sufficient for the wants of a whole week. *He* cannot be said to "lead a mean and gloomy life, without an intermission of labour," who usually feasts by the first peep of dawn, and spends the early and sweetest hours of morning on the highest peaks of the tallest trees, calling on his mate or companions; or pursuing and gamboling with them round the larger limbs and body of the tree for hours together; for such are really his habits. Can it be said that "necessity never grants an interval of sound repose" to that bird, who, while other tribes are exposed to all the peltings of the midnight storm, lodges dry and secure in a snug chamber of his own constructing; or that "the narrow circumference of a tree circumscribes *his* dull round of life," who, as seasons and inclination inspire, roams from the frigid to the torrid zone, feasting on the abundance of various regions? Or is it a proof that "his appetite is never softened by delicacy of taste" because he so often varies his bill of fare, occasionally preferring to animal food the rich milkiness of young Indian corn, and the wholesome and nourishing berries of the wild cherry, sour gum, and red cedar? Let the reader turn to the faithful representation of him given in the plate, and say whether his looks be "sad and melancholy." It is truly ridiculous and astonishing that such absurdities should escape the lips or pen of one so able to do justice to the respective merits of every species; but Buffon had too often a favourite theory to prop up, that led him insensibly astray; and so, forsooth, the whole family of woodpeckers must look sad, sour, and be miserable, to satisfy the caprice of a whimsical philosopher who takes it into his head that they are, and ought to be so.

"But the count is not the only European who has misrepresented and traduced this beautiful bird. One has given him brown legs,* another a yellow neck,† a third has declared him a cuckoo;‡ and in an English translation of Linnæus's System of Nature, lately published, he is characterized as follows: "Body striated with black and grey; cheeks red; chin black; never climbs on trees;"§ which is just as correct as if in describing the human species we should say—skin striped with black and green; cheeks blue; chin orange; never walks on foot, &c. The pages of natural history should resemble a faithful mirrour, in which mankind may recognise the true images of the living originals; instead of which we find this department of them, too often, like the hazy and rough medium of wretched window glass, through whose crooked protuberances every thing appears so strangely distorted, that one scarcely knows their most intimate neighbours and acquaintances."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* See Encyc. Brit. Art. Picus. † Latham. ‡ Klein. § "*P. griseo nigroque transversim striatus.*"—"*truncos arborum non scandit*" Ind. Orn. vol. i. p. 242.

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SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

THE HINDOO CITY, DHUBOY.

The following description of the once celebrated Hindoo city, Dhuboy, situated to the northward of Baroach, is entirely new to the European world. We have reason to believe that there are in India many cities, now fallen from their original splendour, or even in ruins, which formerly boasted of their illustrious residents, and their own magnificence. They deserve the attention of the curious, as marking the manners of a part of mankind; and even the histories of their foundations are not without interest, as they manifest the mode of narration adopted by the natives; and their traditionary variations from simple truth

DHUBOY is a Hindoo city, that can boast of the most valuable remains of very remote antiquity. The fortifications which surround it are nearly three miles in circumference; and the ancient parts, that yet remain, are constructed in an elegant and costly manner, being formed entirely of a beautiful hewn stone, having a covered piazza, supported by pillars and pilasters that are formed of triangular stones, and are adorned by very curious sculpture.

The four principal entrances, or gates of the city, are yet more magnificently decorated, and exhibit a more expensive, and valuable species of workmanship, particularly that which opens towards the east. This is called, by way of eminence, the gate of diamonds.

Many lacks of rupees were expended upon the decorations of this gate alone, and so great is the profusion of carved work and fine basso-relievos, and for the Indian style of sculpture, they are so admirably executed, that the most superficial and idle spectator must, of necessity, be forcibly struck by its magnificent appearance.

Near the centre of this justly celebrated city, a spacious tank of the purest water expands its broad and placid surface, which is adorned by several small but beautiful islands, bearing groves of trees that are clothed by an eternal verdure.

This artificial tank is surrounded, for the greatest part, by flights of marble steps, which descend to the very bottom of the water. It was originally made for a reservoir of water, for the use of the inhabitants, and was formed at a vast expense. Notwithstanding it adorns the centre of a large city, and that containing many very considerable manufactures, the banks are ornamented by beautiful groves of mango and tamarind trees, that suspend their luxurious foliage and fruits over the reflecting surface of the tank; while all around, trees of the same species are seen overshadowing the Hindoo pagodas and splendid houses of the Bramins, who are a very numerous class of people in Dhuboy.

I have seldom seen so interesting a spectacle as is to be observed almost every day in this city. Under the grateful shade of these verdant canopies, the weavers fix their looms, and carry on various branches of the cotton manufacture; and, together with the surrounding objects, form a most pleasing and gratifying sight, to a man who feels delight in the contemplation of earthly comfort, and of human happiness.

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As the harmless inhabitants never persecute, or even molest, any part of the animal creation, the face of this beautiful tank is covered with large flocks of wild ducks, pelicans, and a variety of water fowl, which remain in perfect security, and feed unconscious of fear; while the trees are filled with peacocks, cranes, doves, and many other beautiful birds; and thousands of monkeys jump about, and play their antick tricks, even on the very roofs of the houses. These animals swarm, to such a degree, in the streets of Dhuboy, that they appear far more numerous than the other inhabitants.

The multiplicity of birds and monkeys, resident in Dhuboy, is owing to the universal protection that is afforded to them by the Hindoos who are the principal and most numerous inhabitants of the city, which is by much the most beautiful and interesting place I have seen in the east; and the appearance of so many animals, that in other places are wild and will scarcely allow a stranger to approach them, but which are here so tame that they exist under the immediate power of the lords of the creation, forms a striking picture, and recalls to the mind of the spectator, the beautiful allegory of men in a state of innocence, when surrounded by all the monsters of the forest, and the various species of the animated creation, without fear of danger or dread of persecution.

The scite of this city is so extremely low, wet, and marshy, that the stranger is astonished how its early founders came to fix upon so disagreeable a spot (when compared with the delightful situations that almost every where surround it) for the foundation of so famed a city. But an account of its origin, which has been carefully handed down to the present generation, and which is generally believed by the inhabitants to be true, at once explains the cause.

I have little doubt but this story is founded upon fact; but, as almost all the Asiatick traditions, and what the natives term historical facts are mingled with the most extravagant fable, it requires a long and accurate intimacy with their manners, customs, and literature, in order to select that which can be relied upon as truth, and distinguish its simple garb, from the rich and many coloured robes that clothe their fable, allegory, and metaphor; but, as I am convinced that all those of my readers, who possess even the smallest degree of taste, will be much gratified by the account of the origin of this city, I will present them with the best authenticated relation I have been able to obtain.

Many centuries have now rolled away, and have shrouded the innumerable events and actions of men, in a universal gloom of doubt and uncertainty, that now can never be removed; yet, amongst those few records which have survived the wreck of ages, is one that remains to inform posterity, that the rich and powerful kingdom of Guzerat was (in the early ages of Asiatick history) governed by a mighty, and invincible monarch, named Sadara Jaising (which, according to the derivation of their peculiar language, means the successful and strong lion) who held his residence at Putton, a celebrated and magnificent city of the north.

This powerful monarch was blessed in the possession of seven wives who were the most beautiful and accomplished females of his empire, and by them he had many children; but, as is always the case, where one man is in possession of so many women, he had his favourite, and this was the youngest and most fascinating of his wives, who, by way of eminence, was called, Ruttanalee, or the Lustre of Jewels; but unfortunately for her, and for her royal consort, she had not the happiness to be a mother.

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The other ladies of the haram, who were extremely jealous of Ruttanalee, and had ever entertained a deadly hate towards her, and sought by all the means in their power to weaken that peculiar affection which the Rajah always evinced towards her, had hitherto made the unfortunate circumstance of her barrenness, their principal plea in order to alienate his love.

But, notwithstanding the beauteous Ruttanalee produced not the delightful fruits of her interesting connexion with the puissant emperour of Guzerat; yet that virtuous monarch had too much judgment, and too ardent a love for her who contributed so much towards his earthly happiness, to cast her off at the iniquitous instigations of a nest of jealous, envious, and abandoned women.

But at length, a circumstance occurred, that caused a very great sensation throughout the haram. This was no other than the long-wished-for pregnancy of Ruttanalee, which had been so ardently longed after by herself, and the Rajah; but no event, whatever, could have been more unwelcome to her enemies, and their hatred became still more rancorous; till, at length, it knew no bounds, and they were determined to have recourse to supernatural agency, in order to prevent the birth of the expected infant.

According to the superstitious opinions and customs of the Indians, they firmly believe in the power of the charms and spells which are made use of by their religious devotees; and in the belief that the existence of the child, whose birth was so much dreaded by the implacable enemies of Ruttanalee, could be averted by these means; those wicked wretches immediately employed the necessary agents, and as soon as the superstitious rites were performed, they remained easy, under the ridiculous idea, that the unborn babe would never be an inhabitant of this world.

Indeed, so credulous was the much envied Ruttanalee, that she firmly believed in the power of the witchcraft that had been employed against her; and was very uneasy under the idea, that the talisman had already taken effect, and that so long as she remained in the place where she then was, her babe would never see the light.

Impressed with these melancholy ideas, she requested permission from the Rajah, to remove from the haram, to a considerable distance in the country, there to remain until the days of her travail should be passed; and, in order to prevail with him the more effectually, she stated to him some of her reasons for wishing to take this step.

The Rajah immediately consented, and ordered a very numerous, and splendid retinue to accompany her, together with every necessary and luxury she might want; and with this magnificent equipage, she set out from the imperial city of Guzerat, in order to sacrifice at a distant but sacred temple of the Hindoo gods, situated on the verdant banks of the majestick Norbudda.

After a very long, and tedious journey, she arrived, about the close of the day, at a hallowed grove, about ten miles distant from the temple to which she was travelling, and which was situated in the very spot where the city of Dhuboy now stands. The dews of night falling around, and the light of day gradually giving place to the increasing gloom of darkness, she ordered her camp to be fixed in the grove for that night, intending to pursue her journey on the following morning.

While engaged in her evening devotions, in her own tent, a holy dervise, or faqhir, who had long ago renounced all connexions with the world, and who had, for many years, resided in the recesses of that grove, in a seat of

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religious retirement, arrived at her camp, and requested an immediate audience with the princess.

Being admitted into her presence, he informed her, that the place upon which she had fixed her tent, was sacred and unpolluted ground; and that, if she remained where she was, she would, in a very few days, be delivered of a fine boy, that should be the delight and support of his country.

Ruttanalee, who had, from her infancy, been taught to place implicit confidence in the predictions of holy men, instantly determined to continue in her present encampment, and dismissed the dervise with many protestations of regard, and great fervency of gratitude, for his favourable prognostications.

The holy man's prophecy was actually fulfilled in a very short period, and the delighted Ruttanalee was delivered of a most beautiful prince, who, at the particular request of the dervise, was named Viseldow, or the long expected child.

The happy news of the birth of a son was immediately conveyed to the imperial city, and so delighted was the monarch at these joyful tidings, that he instantly declared the young prince heir to the throne of Guzerat; and being informed that his beloved Ruttanalee was charmed with the spot where she had been blessed by the favouring gods with a lovely boy, and was fearful of the jealousy of her rivals at his court, and did not wish to return, he ordered a spacious tank to be formed, and sent skilful artificers of every description, to build a large city, and surrounded it by strong fortifications; he also commanded the most eminent artists in his empire to decorate the new city, by every species of costly ornament.

Having collected together the most celebrated artisans, from every part of his dominions, he placed them under the direction and control of one architect, a man of remarkable abilities, and exquisite taste, who had the good fortune to live till this extraordinary work was completed, which has not only immortalized his fame, as one of the most mighty men that ever existed, but which has ever been considered by the Hindoos, as one of the most astonishing productions of one man's genius, that the world has ever seen.

So many years were necessary to complete this immense work, that by the time it was finished the young prince, who had been born on its scite, had succeeded his distinguished father, as monarch, or Rajah Guzerat; and he was so much pleased with the place of his nativity, that he made it the seat of government; and having sent for those artists who had survived the undertaking, he gave them valuable presents, as tokens of his royal approbation; but wishing to distinguish the man, to whose very superiour talents the city owed its greatest beauty and chief advantages, above the rest, he desired him to name any reward for his services, that he could bestow, and he should directly have it.

The artist replied, that being happy in the gracious favour of his sovereign, he wanted neither money nor jewels; but as the place was yet without a name, he should deem it a high honour, and an adequate reward for his labour, if he might be permitted to give it *the title of his own*, which was *Dhuboy*. The prince immediately gave his consent, and it has ever retained the same name, even unto this day.

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SATIRICAL.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE, LONDON.

Vox—et præterea nihil.

SIR,

ONE of the correspondents in your last month's number, suggests a plan for handing down to posterity the way in which the languages of Europe are, at present pronounced, by means of recording, in the orthography of the respective alphabets, the sounds of the inferiour animals: "which," he says, "have been, are, and will be the same, in all time coming." He adduces instances to show, that in the days of Theocritus and of Plautus the sheep cried *ba,a*, and the cuckoo *tu,tu*. "These," he says, "serve to point out, that the inferiour animals cried two thousand years ago *exactly* as they do at present, and *also* serve to show how the ancients sounded certain of the letters in their alphabet." Now I humbly conceive it to be impossible for any examples of this kind to prove *both* these points. They can prove only *one*; and I apprehend we express the cuckoo's note by a different orthography (the name of the bird) at present. The idea, however, is wonderfully ingenious and profound; and I shall be proud to contribute my trifling assistance in the furtherance of it. How greatly such an object is wanted, is well known to scholars. Mr. Godwin says in his Inquirer, that the most learned man now living does not understand the Latin tongue so well as a Roman milk-maid did; nor, with respect to its *pronunciation*, so well as the cows that she milked. The following are the particulars, which, after some research, and on consulting the best authorities, I have been able to collect in this view.

To your correspondent's expression of the *cuckoo's* note, I must (as I mentioned before) except. Shakspeare records it otherwise, in a song:

> The cuckoo then on every tree
> Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
> "*Cuckoo, cuckoo.*" O word of fear,
> Unpleasing to a married ear! *

Two notes, perhaps, thought to be ascertained with nearly equal precision, are those of the *cock* and the *dog*. Both these I shall produce from the same poet, in the song of Ferdinand and Ariel, in the first act of the Tempest:

> Hark, hark: *bough-waugh:* the watch-dog's bark,
> *Bough waugh.*
> Hark, hark: I hear the strain of strutting Chanticlere
> Cry, *cock-a-doodle-doo.*

I confess, however, I have seen the former given with some variation, on an authority very respectable in matters of this kind, thus:

> *Bow-wow-wow-wow.*—
> Whose dog art thou?—
> Little Tom Tinker's dog,
> *Bow-wow-wow-wow.*

From the dog, the transition to the *cat* is obvious. George Alexander Stevens, in one of his Readings, introduces an amorous dialogue between two cats, beginning with their addressing each other by name as follows:

> He. *Moll-row, Moll-row.*
> She. *Curwell, Cur-well.*

Shakspeare, however, softens the note in youth, in this line:

> I'd rather be a *kitten*, and cry *mew.*

Theocritus, as your correspondent informs us, has preserved the cry of the *sheep* in his time: to which I add, that it is on printed record, without variation, among ourselves, in the farce of the Village Lawyer.

* *Cocu*, French, cuckold.

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Swift has taken some pains to catch the neighing of a *horse*, in his invention of *houyhnhm*; and (in the first chapters of his fourth voyage) a shorter cry of that animal, *hhuun, hhuun*. Job says of the war-horse (chap. xxxix. ver. 25) "He saith among the trumpets, *ha, ha*:" but I am not inclined to depend much on this, as I do not understand the original expression, to which I think our translators may perhaps have accommodated an interjection of our own. It is desirable to have the Hebrew sound in this place faithfully represented, that we may know what it is the horse really did say.

I have no written voucher for giving the bellowing of the *cow* as something like *moo*.

The cry of *young pigs* is on record in the lines which most of us have heard from our nurses:

This pig went to market, &c.

I shall not repeat the whole poem, as I can attain the purpose with more advantage by an old "quibble" of much simplicity, on sucking pigs, rescued from oblivion in a periodical publication of last month:

A fellow was to seek
Why pigs cry *week, week, week,*
And nothing else would repeat.
He was told they did cry
"Week, week, week," only
'Cause in *three weeks* they're kill'd to eat.

There is no deficiency of testimony concerning the *Canary bird's* chirping. *Pretty Dick*, and *sweet, sweet*, are, as far as my most diligent observation has extended, its universal interpretations.

The *duck's* note is generally called *quack*; but Pope, in his Imitation of Chaucer, writes it rather differently thus:

Miss stared; and grey ducke crieth, *quaake.*

I believe the *hen's* note is variously pronounced *chuck.—cluck*, and *clock*.

Shakspeare gives us the *owl's* song in one of his own:

When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, tu-whoo: a merry note, &c.

The *jack-daw's* note we have on the authority of Cowper, in an epigram on the speculations of that bird from a steeple:

He sees that this great round-about,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physick, law,
Its customs and its businesses,
Are no concern at all of his;
And says—What says he?—*Caw.*

The same note is given to the *crow* in the jest-books, by a traveller who heard that bird in Scotland. "*Caw, caw*, and be d——d, if you stay in such a country as this when you have wings to fly away."

The *nightingale's* song I remember seeing introduced in some juvenile verses, describing her to

sit snug,
And charm the ear with *jug, jug, jug.*

There is a *small bird* called, from its note, *pee-wit*; and Mr. Ashe, in the first volume of his entertaining Travels, lately published, mentions an American bird, which, for a similar reason, is named *whip-poor-Will.*

If I remember right from my school days, it is stated in one of the notes to the Delphin edition of Ovid's Metamorphoses, that the *frog's* croak resembles the (French?) pronunciation of the Latin words *sub aqua, sub aqua.*

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But I beg leave to suggest to your correspondent, whether his plan would not admit of being extended, so as to include likewise the sounds afforded by *inanimate* objects. For this extension there are certainly ample materials; a few of which at present occurring to my mind, I shall exhibit.

One of the most prominent instances at this season of festivity (Whitsuntide) is that of *church-bells:* but this indeed is rather scanty, hardly exceeding *ding dong*, though Shekspeare carries it one step further.

Let us all ring Fancy's knell.
I'll begin it; *ding dong bell.*

As for the prophecy found in them by Whittington, and the contradictory admonitions by a widow in a singular story related, I think, in the Curiosities of Literature, I abandon them as not much to the present purpose.

On speaking of a watch or a clock, it is unnecessary to add a single word of confirmation in assigning to them *tick tack.*

But a most valuable record of this kind is preserved in Tristram Shandy, where the sounds of the *strings of a violin*, in putting them into tune (they were of course, at the time, out of tune) are thus accurately delineated: *Ptr-r-ing—twing—twang—trut, trut, trut, trut—tr-a, e,i,o,u—twang—trut, trut—diddle, diddle, diddle, diddle, diddle, diddle, dum: twaddle diddle, twiddle diddle, twiddle diddle, twoddle diddle, twuddle diddle: trut, trut—krish, krash, krush: diddle, diddle, diddle, diddle, diddle, diddle, hum, dum, drum: trut trut, trut, trut.*

There are two other expressions very well established for *musical sounds*, but I am reluctantly obliged to give them up; as, in the first of the following quotations, they are appropriated to no particular instrument, and, in the second, are applied to instruments which they do not seem at all to suit:

Some say that signior Bononcini,
Compared to Handel, 's a mere ninny.
Others aver that to him Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange that such difference there should be
'Twixt *dweedle-dum, and dweedle-dee!*

EPIGRAM.

Sound the *trumpet*, beat the *drum;*
Tweedle-dee, and *tweedle-dum.*

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The sound of a *postillion's whip* is also given by Tristram Shandy as *crack, rack, crack.*

In Pope's Iliad, a *spear* or an *arrow* in the air may abundantly be seen to *whiz.*

A *bow-string*, when pulled, is said to *twang*, on the same authority; which is also confirmed by a song of Garrick's:

My heart would you hit,
Tip your arrow with wit,
And it comes to my heart with a *twang.*

The noise of a *fly's wings* in motion is given by Shakspeare:

Poor harmless fly,
That with his pretty *buzzing* melody,
Came here to make us merry, and thou hast kill'd him!

The same word, and *humming*, are applied to a *bee.*

The noise of a *large bird's wings* in rising is well expressed by Pope (Windsor Forest) in the line,

See, from the brake the *whirring* pheasant springs.

The beat of a *drum* is pretty commonly agreed on. We have it in a military song in the surrender of Calais:

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Nothing to eat,
Rub-a-dub-dub,
Rub-a-dub-dub,
We have nothing to eat.

It is also in another song:

And our hearts beat the *rub-a-dub* feelings of joy.

Nothing further occurs to me at present on this highly important subject, except that I believe the sound of a *hunting-horn* is represented by *tantivy*. S.

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE PETER IVONITCH BAGRATION.

THIS illustrious prince and general was born in Georgia, of the royal stock of that warlike nation. Like most of the princes who derive their origin from the ancient dynasties of the vast empire of Russia, his family reside at Moscow, where they have a splendid palace, and live in all the pomp of eastern sovereignty.

Moscow may be compared to the former labyrinth of Thebes, not the residence of merely one king, but the abode of several. When the emperour Joseph the Second of Germany visited this city, he said to a nobleman who accompanied him: "Here all the chief princes of the country seem to have settled, surrounded each by his villages, his church, and his vassals." Hither the families, who count the names of the first Velike Knezes (the paramount princes of Muscovy) and the earliest Tzars, in the roll of their ancestors, retired. Formerly independent princes, but now drawn into the wide vortex of an empire which embraces nearly one quarter of the globe, and too proud to mingle with a race of courtiers round the imperial throne, they reside within the walls of the ancient capital, and there enjoy the advantages of royalty without its cares. Nothing can transcend the grandeur of these families inhabiting gorgeous palaces, attended by numerous slaves superbly clad, and drawn in equipages glittering with all the decorations of Asiatick splendour. A traveller might suppose, on witnessing their retinue, their entertainments, and their courts, that he had quitted earth and descended into the subterraneous regions of the Genii, where their domes flame with gold, their robes blaze with gems, and breathe the fragrance of Arabia.

From such a luxurious abode, the sons of these princes emerge at a very early age. Nursed in the love of fame, as the only end worthy of their birth, they see that its track leads through the imperial camp, and thither they repair. So strongly is a military life the passion of this illustrious race of men, that they sometimes enroll their sons in the army within the year in which they are born. Twelve years of age is the usual period; and then, even youths of the first distinction do not commence their martial career as officers: they are not considered fit to command before they know how to obey.

Suworoff himself, the great model of our heroick Bagration, though the son of a general officer, was first enrolled in the Russian army as a fusileer in the guards of Seimonoff. In 1747, he served as a corporal; two years after he was promoted to the rank of serjeant, and employed as a courier during the campaigns in Poland and Germany. In 1754, he obtained a lieutenantcy; and after gradual promotions, at length arrived to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. "Then came his blushing honours thick upon

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him;" and at last he died, Field-marhal Suworoff Rymnikski, count of the empire.

Similar would be the fruits, if the like probation were used in the British line. Were Englishmen to serve, before they issued orders; were they disciplined in the field, before they attempted to marshal an army; did they pass through as regular a military practice as British seamen do a naval one, the ensign of England would fly as proudly as her flag.

The rudiments of a soldier's duty were instilled into the young Prince Bagration, as soon as his opening faculties could apprehend their use. All eyes were turned to the growing fame of the great Suworoff. Though descended of a noble Swedish family, and only transplanted into Russia in the beginning of the last century, yet his forefathers had deserved well of the Tzars, and been endowed with lands and peasants, and the imperial friendship. Alexander Suworoff, the hero of Rymnikski, proved himself alike worthy of the country whence he sprung, and of that to which he was now attached; he conquered her enemies and covered her with glory. To such a conspicuous example of martial achievement, the young Bagration looked with rapturous admiration. The events of the brilliant campaign of 1762 were yet alive in the memory of the veterans who surrounded the prince. The prowess of the brave Suworoff, and his gallant brother in arms, the renowned prince Volkonsky, was a model which they delighted to hold up to his imitation.

Instead of leading their illustrious pupil to the illuminated theatres of Moscow, to lose his senses in the gayeties of scenick enchantment; instead of dissipating his mind by female assemblies, and sparkling promenades; they immured themselves with him in a remote apartment of his paternal palace, where he travelled with Alexander to the Indian shores, scaled the Alps with Hannibal, and accompanied Cesar through the vast forests of Gaul. Turenne and Montecuculi, with the great Condé, made his heart glow. Charles of Sweden fired him with ambition; and Peter the Great made him grasp his little sword, and glory in belonging to his empire.

Thus was this young hero brought to understand the merits of his future master in arms; thus was he taught to follow with his mind and heart the narratives of his preceptors, as they recounted the various achievements of their adored Suworoff: his campaigns against the confederates of Poland, his victories on the Danube, and his conquests in the Crimea. Thus was he attempered to meet him with all the enthusiasm of an ingenuous and martial heart, when that famous commander returned to Moscow from the subjugation of the Nogoy Tatars in the year 1784.

Few persuasions were necessary to induce Marshal Suworoff to enroll the young prince under his command. They left Moscow together; and instead of the eastern luxuries which might have attended the march of so extensive a conqueror, he beheld a simplicity which reminded him of the days of Phocion or of Cincinnatus. The manners of Suworoff were adopted by every officer who wished to gain his favour, or acquire renown. He rose at four in the morning throughout the year; winter or summer making no difference to his robust constitution, rendered so by toil and temperance. A heap of fresh hay was his bed, with a truss for a pillow, and his cloak for a coverlid. His dress was simple, srtrictly military, and put on in a few seconds; and his meals were despatched with a haste that precluded luxury. He hardly ever devoted more than an hour to walking, after which he sat down to transact the official duties of the day. He read letters and reports, dictated answers, gave orders, and then applied himself to a general inspection that all were properly executed. The small portion of

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leisure he enjoyed was devoted to reading; but like Alexander's choice of the Iliad, his studies were all directed towards the history and progress of arms. However strict he was with his soldiers, whether in discipline, or in almost incredible marches and enterprise, they regarded him with an affection bordering on idolatry. Rigorous in the field that all should do their duty to the utmost, their necessary wants and comforts were the constant objects of his care. This perfect picture of a soldier Bagration resolved to copy. He saw that Suworoff's military career had been one long and uniform course of triumphs; inflamed with a generous emulation to become all he admired, the love of his country, and an ambition to contend in arms for her glory, became the ruling principle of his life; and to that, like the youthful Hannibal, he determined to consecrate all the faculties of his soul, all the strength of his manhood.

Such was the spirit with which this brave young prince followed his veteran leader through the dangers of many a hard fought field. The banks of the Dneiper, the Limon, and the Rymnick, can bear witness to the ardour of his maiden sword. Bender and Belgrade bowed to the Russian arms; and Ismael, defended by a strong garrison, fell to the ground. So fearful a lesson of war long dwelt on the memory of our young hero. He shuddered at the moment when he leapt the wall, and saw it lie in blood before him; and almost regretted that he was born a prince and a soldier.

The laurels of that desolated city were yet green on their brows, when they were called into Poland, and there swept the country with fire and sword, until Warsaw submitted to their arms. The effusion of human blood is so horrible, even to those accustomed to see it shed, [redacted] Bagration beheld with wonder, while his own tears flowed, that the [redacted]estroyer of Ismael could weep over the fate of Warsaw. The capitulation of that ruined capital being signed, Field-marshal Suworoff made his entry into it, attended by his generals and the rest of his army. Bagration was all attention. At nine they passed the bridge on horseback. Suworoff was received by the magistrates of the city clothed in black. The president presented to him the keys, with a brief address. The field-marshal took them, pressed them to his lips, and then holding them up towards heaven, he said: "Almighty God, I render thee thanks that I have not been compelled to purchase the keys of this place as dear as——" turning his face towards the burning relicks of Praga, his voice failed him, and his cheeks were bedewed with tears.

Such a tribute of humanity did indeed deserve the encomiums which Prince Cobourg has always expressed for his character; and causes every feeling heart to sympathize with the following farewell letter which his highness wrote to Suworoff.

"General—I must quit you on Friday, to take upon me my new command in Hungary; and no circumstance of my departure so afflicts me as my separation from such a worthy and inestimable friend. I know how to value your elevated character. Our friendship has been formed by circumstances of the greatest importance; and on every occasion I have had reason to admire you as a hero, and to love you as a man. Judge then yourself, my incomparable master, of the regret I suffer in separating myself from a man who has so many claims upon my particular regard and attachment. You alone can console me by preserving that affection with which you have already honoured me; and I protest to you, that frequent assurances of your friendship are absolutely necessary to my happiness. I cannot bear the thought of taking a personal leave of you, and in the avowal of this sentiment, I appeal to those in your own breast. I most solemnly declare that I feel for you the most ardent friendship; and I trust that you will grant me the continuation of yours, which has been, to the present moment, the delight of my military life. Be assured of a re-

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turn of my most lasting acknowledgment. You will ever be the most cherished friend that heaven has granted me; for no one has an equal claim to the high regard with which I am your excellency's most humble servant,

PRINCE COBOURG.

After these brilliant campaigns, in which this veteran leader had subdued kingdoms, the prince Bagration returned with him to St. Petersburg, and there partook of all the honours so richly bestowed by the empress, on those who asserted her rights and extended her empire.

In 1799, our hero accompanied the Field Marshal into Italy; and there formed a junction with general Melas at Valeggio. "Suworoff took on himself the chief command of both armies; and immediately adopted the proper measures to push forward, and form the blockades of Mantua and Peschiera. Bagration had now passed the regular gradations in the army; and though yet not more than eight and twenty, had deservedly attained the rank of general. Shortly after the dispositions relative to the blockade were made, he, at the head of his detachment, came up with the French, and beat them near Cremona; taking four hundred prisoners and some cannon. Strange effects of war; that the natives of the banks of the Seine and of the Volga, should march over many a league, to meet at last on the Po, for the purposes of mutual destruction!

Brescia was next taken. Our young hero, along with general Vuckassavich, penetrated the mountains and drove the enemy from Tonale to Edolo; descended the valley of the Oglio, and pushed to the northern extremity of the Lake of Iseo. Thus, as the heads of the vallies on the two slopes of the great Alps were secured, the left flank of their Swiss army and the right flank of their army in Italy were supported; and those of the enemy in the same countries, were turned. The inhabitants of the various towns, finding these advantages brought about by the skill and bravery of the young Bagration, rose upon the French; and victory followed the imperial standards wherever they flew. The prince and some Austrians were sent to Parma to rescue the Pope, whom the enemy were carrying to France; but the information had arrived too late. When they arrived there, the unfortunate Pius the Sixth was already far out of their reach. Disappointed in this enterprise, they directed their force against a large body of republicans who lay at some distance; and after a long march across a country flooded with continual rains, Bagration had the satisfaction to drive the enemy back to Lecco with considerable loss.

Moreau now took the field against the allied armies, and stationed his troops along the opposite bank of the Adda to that occupied by the imperialists and Russians. Marshal Suworoff, confiding in the intrepidity of his favourite generals, Vuckassovich and Bagration, unable to turn the French line, resolved to force it; as to conquer the Milanese, was of the greatest importance to the issue of the campaign. The two generals, accordingly, as a first measure, succeeded in making themselves masters of a flying bridge, which the enemy had neglected completely to destroy. Having quickly repaired it, they marched their men across the river, and took a position at Brivio. So important was the situation, that it is surprising Moreau did not see the necessity of guarding it with picquets. Similar dispositions were made with the rest of the combined army, till the whole of it was transported to the best point of attack. The consequences were evident. A formidable battle took place, and the enemy retired towards Milan. They were pursued; but the obscurity of the night, and the fatigue of the victors favoured their retreat. The reduction of Milan immediately

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followed; and, in the course of a few days, marshal Suworoff and his brave compeers entered the capital of Lombardy in triumph.

By surprising the passage of the Adda at Brivio, the line of communication was destroyed between the centre and left of the French; the latter, thus cut off, had general Vuckassovich upon its right flank; and on its left, prince Bagration, who carried the bridge of that place, and forced the enemy to take to flight. He then supported Vuckassovich, compelled the French general Serrurier to lay down his arms, and he and his men (to the amount of three thousand) became prisoners of war. Serrurier, as a mark of respect to his valour and probity, was permitted to return into France on his parole that he would not serve during the war. Bagration admired this brave officer, who having been a lieutenant colonel under Louis XVI. had so preserved his honour unsullied from the cruelty or avidity of the republican generals, as to go by the name of the *virgin of the army*.

The Milanese being entirely in the possession of the combined armies, the best dispositions were made to surround the enemy. Conformably with this plan, marshal Suworoff determined to attack both the French flanks at the same instant. Moreau sustained the shock with impregnable firmness, and overthrowing the advanced posts of the imperialists, drove them by Marengo towards St. Juliano. Prince Bagration, who was marching from Novi with five Russian battalions towards the Po, came up with the flying Austrians, and rallying them, did not hesitate to stand the brunt of a pursuing enemy. He formed the united corps into two lines, faced the enemy, and under a burst of inspiring martial musick, charged them with fixed bayonets, and put them to the route. Turin, Carmagnola, Pignerol, Suza, Ferrara, and Ravenna, opened their gates to the conquerors; and thus did the brave Russians, in one week, carry their arms from the Scrivia to the Stura and the Dora, nay to the very frontiers of France!

General Macdonald now advanced from South Italy to reenforce Moreau, hoping, that, with their united armies, they might recover the Milanese, and drive the allies back. Suworoff foresaw this, and knowing how to accommodate his measures to the circumstances around him, he anticipated Macdonald, and came up with him near Placentia. It was night when the marshal arrived, and granting his troops only a few hours repose, he formed them in order of battle. They were drawn up in three columns, prince Bagration leading the vanguard. The conflict was long and obstinate; but Macdonald was beaten and wounded. Enraged at this discomfiture, at the very first movement he made towards the fulfilment of his mighty design, he resolved to take a speedy revenge. He was at the head of at least thirty thousand men, and the allies had no more. His line lay behind the Trebia, which divided him from the victors, now doubly fatigued by conquest and the preceding forced march. Aware of this advantage, the republicans advanced suddenly across the river and pushed back the Russian out-posts. The whole of the French army passed over and opened a heavy fire on the allies, attempting by a strong effort to turn their flanks. After a short but vigorous contest, the right was nearly overpowered, when prince Bagration, seeing its danger, came up, outflanked in turn the hostile column, fell upon it with an impetuous charge, dispersed it on all sides, took its cannon, and many prisoners, amongst whom were four general officers. Macdonald, routed in all quarters, was obliged to sound a hasty retreat, and once more leave the field to his conquerors.

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The retiring of Macdonald into Tuscany, the retreat of Moreau into the defiles of the Appenines, and the re-union of marshal Suworoff with general Bellegarde upon the banks of the Bormida, changed the war of battles into that of blockades and of sieges. The advantages which Suworoff expected from these successes, were the conquest of Tuscany, and the capture of Alessandria, Tortona, and Mantua. These plans being ardently seconded by Bagration, and the other generals under his command, were effected; and the field marshal had the satisfaction to receive the keys of the three cities. Meanwhile, the grand duke of Tuscany and his subjects, rising upon the republicans, Macdonald was obliged to evacuate the country, confessing that the French had ruined the inhabitants by their requisitions; and, strange to tell, he offered them, as a compensation for such robbery, the fruits of their pillage. But, at any rate, it was a great triumph on the part of suffering Italy, to be able to demand such restitution from the ravager.

Prince Bagration, at the head of the vanguard of the principal army of the allies, gained ground on the Appenines on the road to Genoa; and having pushed his advanced post to near Gavi, invested the fort of Serraville; and by the vigour of his fire forced the garrison to surrender. By gaining this castle, which stands on a high bank of the Scrivia, he commanded the whole valley, to which this fortress is the key. The acquisition of so important a post in the mountains, determined Suworoff to watch Moreau and his colleague Joubert, from Novi, where he fixed his head quarters. Soon after this disposition, the terrible battle of Novi took place. The French were drawn up to great advantage on the heights; but Suworoff, unaccustomed to temporise, and knowing how to find in danger an opportunity for victory, at nine o'clock in the morning attacked them in front. The extreme acclivity of the mountains, and the incessant fire of the French, rendered abortive this act of desperate valour. The Russians were repulsed with loss; but for six hours they renewed the assault; and though beaten back each time, yet each time they pushed on with redoubled force and intrepidity. Rosenberg, Derfelden, and Bagration, after prodigies of valour, and great slaughter of their men, were obliged to lead back their troops. But again, after an hour's breathing, they renewed the charge at four o'clock, and ascended the mountain on their hands and knees, under a fire that swept like the lava of Etna. Victory now hovered over the Russians; general Melas with his fresh battalions arrived to their support, and after a desperate conflict the heights were taken, the French driven from their posts, and rolling down the declivities in heaps of wounded and dying, covered the plain beneath with blood and carnage. Eight thousand republicans were killed, and four thousand made prisoners. The allies also paid dear for the victory, having lost seven thousand of their bravest troops.

Italy being cleared of the enemy, it was thought expedient that the Russians, by whom so hard fought a service was done, should carry their conquering arms into Switzerland; and there reap new laurels for themselves, and safety for the inhabitants. Bagration received this news with rapture. On reading the orders, he turned to one of his aid-de-camps, and said: "My long wish will now be gratified. I shall see the brave descendants of the brother heroes of the glorious William Tell. May the liberty of this virtuous people be as immortal as the memory of that heroick man!"

Generals Massena and Jourdan commanded the French troops in Switzerland. Soon the gallant Bagration, who was attached to the division of general Korsakoff, had an opportunity to pay the homage of his heart in the

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chapel of his Swiss hero, to shed his blood on the spot where Tell's had flowed, and to support the Archduke Charles before the towers of Zurich. The day after he joined his imperial highness, the whole of the Russian army entered Switzerland, and doubly strengthened the hands of that brave Austrian commander. Indeed, great and momentous to all Europe, nay to the world at large, might have been the effects of that union of heroes, had the plans of those generals, ratified by the cabinets of London and Petersburgh, been followed: but the inexplicable and destructive policy of the court of Vienna manacled the motions of the archduke, and ruined all.

Korsakoff seemed paralyzed by the sudden immobility of the Austrians. He was surprised by the French, and, incapable of extricating himself from sudden dangers, led the unfortunate Russians under his command into deeper peril and disaster. Bagration stemmed the torrent in vain. At length, seeing their situation desperate, with a heroism which struck his enemies with awe, he cut his way, with a handful of men, through several thousand French, and appeared before marshal Suworoff, covered with wounds and with glory.

It was no inconsiderable vexation to this unconquered veteran, to lose, by the misconduct of others, an opportunity of crowning his labours with new wreaths, and of rescuing Switzerland from the grasp of France. Too tenacious of a soldier's fame to measure back his steps, he resolved to carry St. Gothard, and to pass by the vallies of Mutten and Clonthal, into the canton of Glarus, and there join general Lincken.

On the 24th of September the army halted before St. Gothard. Its formidable bridge, called *le pont du diable*, is the terrour of all who cross it, and was the particular scene of Bagration's bravery. Though hardly recovered from his wounds, he yet pressed forward with the first, to mount this fearful precipice. On sight of the mountain, all was hope and enthusiasm among the troops. They encountered and attacked the enemy's outposts about a mile from Airolo. General Lecourbe made an obstinate resistance. The possession of this advantageous defile had been one of his most celebrated achievements; and on the very spot where his fame rose, he saw it likely to be blasted. Suworoff advanced. He looked around him with a steady eye, and raising his hand solemnly to heaven, exclaimed, in the hearing of his brave fellows—"By the great God of Battles I swear, that if I do not conquer the French this day, on this spot, for ever after to bury myself, a hermit, within the deepest caverns of these mountains!" The Russians inflamed with religious zeal, at these words set up a terrible shout; and Bagration, knowing that the marshal would keep his oath, charged with redoubled violence upon the enemy. The bridge was firmly disputed; but at length he cleared the way for his eager troops, and they rushed on. Suworoff appeared like the god of war himself, animating his soldiers, and leading them over heaps of slain. Two great generals were contending for honours dearer to them than their lives. But victory declared for Suworoff, and the French, abandoning the ground, made a hasty retreat.

This great object being attained, the marshal turned his steps towards Glarus, hoping, by his junction with Lincken, to finish what he had so happily begun. Full of these designs, he wrote to Korsakoff, and the generals under his command:

"You will answer with your lives for every further step that you retreat. I am coming to repair your faults."

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Whatever surprise Suworoff had felt on learning the disasters of the allies, no less was experienced by Moreau, when he was informed of the rapid and victorious march of the Russian general. Prince Bagration, as usual, commanded the advanced guard. General Auffemberg led a small column, which was the first to reach Clonthalersee, where the French had obtained a strong position. Auffemberg having been misinformed on this head, was surrounded, and summoned to surrender. So far from acceding to their demand, he defended himself with admirable resolution, and gave time to Bagration to come up to his assistance. The French were then attacked in their turn with fixed bayonets, their ranks broken, and put to the rout. A strong line of the enemy yet retained some advantageous heights; and though our gallant prince was again wounded, he saw that it would be difficult for the remainder of the allied army, which had now arrived, to march in safety under their fire; and therefore, during the night, he made a sudden and desperate attack upon them; drove them from their positions; seized their cannon; and pursued them to the environs of Naefels. This exploit gave the Russians entire possession of the road from Schweitz to Glarus.

Suworoff was prosecuting his victorious march, when he was confounded by the arrival of orders from St. Petersburgh, that he and the army under his command should immediately return home. It is not necessary to enter here into the detail of the follies which impelled the Emperour Paul to this absurd measure. The retreat of the Russians alarmed Europe; and exposed to view dissensions which had long been anticipated by the best informed politicians.

Bagration and his veteran friend now bade a long, and perhaps an eternal adieu to Switzerland. The prince beheld the glorious issue of their Alpine career, thus prematurely cut off, with the deepest regret, and the most painful reflections. He looked at Suworoff, and a strange foreboding seemed to announce a melancholy termination of so bright a track. He beheld this redoubted warriour, even in the midst of victory, bending under the weight of years. He was sixty-nine years of age when he raised his invincible standard on the summit of St. Gothard. He had fought the Prussians, the Poles, the Turks, and the Tartars. He had carried conquest from the shores of the Baltick, to the Black and the Caspian seas. Nothing was wanting to complete his resplendent career but to become a scourge to the monsters of regicide; and this had happened! The man who had in the north of Asia, conquered barbarians, came to the south of Europe to vanquish still more savage men, who boasted of having arrived at the highest pitch of civil perfection. He who had carried his battalions to the remote countries which the Romans could not penetrate, also conducted them into the very seat of that august empire. He who had surveyed the horrours of Caucasus, came to clime the precipitous St. Gothard, and lay all its horrours at his feet. The same man who had acquired renown in triumphing over nations which opposed to him courage without science, supported a prouder name in fighting against enemies, who added to bravery science, and to science genius. The same man who had reduced Schains Ghiroy, Khau of Tatary, to the rank of a private individual, nay, more, who had dethroned Stanislaus, king of Poland, went to Italy to restore its dominions to its lawful sovereigns! So extraordinary a destiny, so wide in its aims, so inconsistent in its pursuits, though all meeting in the point of military glory, absorbed the meditations of Bagration, and possessed his thoughts till he reentered St. Petersburgh.

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The reception of Marshal Suworoff was unworthy of his merits. Paul had lost his sense of real worth, and, with a mad ingratitude, he frowned upon the conqueror for Russia, the great Rymnikski. Suworoff bore his undeserved disgrace like a hero. His father, the godson of Peter the First, had bequeathed him a large property, which the munificence of the empress Catharine had augmented to immense riches: to this estate he retired. He had survived his good fortune, the favour of his sovereign, and the smiles of his friends. All fled the now ill-treated Suworoff but his grateful Bagration. That prince revered him more under this unmerited cloud, than when he was blazing in the meridian splendour of court hunours, and national popularity. Disappointment and ingratitude conquered the vanquisher of hosts, and the disposer of kingdoms. In the year 1801 his valiant heart sunk a prey to his fate. He died, and left Europe to mourn his loss.

The death of his master in arms answered the melancholy forebodings of the gallant Bagration, and struck deep to his heart. The horrible tyranny of the execrable Paul so ill agreed with his noble spirit, that he withdrew himself to his palace at Moscow, and there passed his time in studying plans of future heroism and renown. The prince was not a hermit in his seclusion. He had a circle around him of noble warriours like himself; and in their society, embellished with the occasional presence of the most lovely and illustrious of the fair sex in that august capital, he beguiled the tedious months; till the death of Paul relieved his country from a monster, and placed an amiable and brave monarch on the imperial throne.

When Alexander took the field against the French, Prince Bagration followed his standard; and in the various conflicts preceding the fatal battles of Austerlitz and Friedland, distinguished himself by extraordinary instances of promptitude and enterprise. Like Coriolanus, he could bare his breast, and show how many scars he had received for his country.

On his return to Russia, after one of these hard fought fields, wherein he had two horses shot under him, and rescued the flower of another general's division, at the hazard of his life; when all hearts were drawn towards him by the disinterested patiotism of the action; a magnificent entertainment was prepared by the nobility of Moscow, to greet his arrival. He was received into a superb saloon, illuminated by ten thousand lamps, and blazing with all the beauty of that immense and imperial city. At the further end of the room, amidst a grove of laurel trees, stood a colossal statue of the great Suworoff. On its pedestal was engraved this inscription:—

The immortal Suworoff!
A crown of laurel is dedicated from the same grove,
To
Prince Peter Ivonitch Bagration,
By
His grateful countrymen.

At the moment he approached, an ode, such as was used to celebrate the Olympick victors, burst from the bosom of the grove:—

[*A prose translation of this Ode, from the original Russian Poetry*]
Friendship unites, and brings us here; Joy enraptures each heart;
Truth herself proclaims that Bagration dedicates himself to the empire;
Superiour to ambition, glory is his aim;
He loves our monarch, and he defends our country;
Despising envy and detraction, he alone is the instrument of great acts and of justice.

CHORUS.

Entwine for him a crown from the hero's grove,
For he truly deserves that sacred laurel!

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Fortune was not his auxiliary; Bagration's well earned honours
Were won with toil, and steeped in his flowing blood.
The fame of Russia he gemmed not with trivial acquisitions,
But emblazoned by the greatness of his victories.
If disaster clouded the brightness of our arms, he appeared
And the gloom dispelled; courage revived,
And the shouts of triumph rang through the battalions.
The hosts of an enemy never dismayed his soul;
His strength was in his heart, and with a chosen few
He vanquished thousands.

CHORUS.

Entwine for him a crown from the hero's grove,
For he truly deserves that sacred laurel!
A hero devotes his life to his country, is satisfied with the gratitude of her sons;
He disdains all other recompense;
Its success is his reward, its honour his glory.
He despises the luxuries of indolence, as he abhors the pleasures of vice.
He lives but in his country, and his life is immortal;
For those who build an eternal name on acts of patriotism and valour,
Die not—they live for ever!

CHORUS.

Entwine for him a crown from the hero's grove,
For he truly deserves that sacred laurel!

While this air was sung, the emotions of the prince were very visible; and when it was finished, unable to restrain them any longer, in a transport of enthusiastick remembrance, he rushed towards the statue of the deceased Suworoff, and most ardently embracing it, exclaimed: "To thee do I owe all!"

This action drew bursts of admiration from the warriours that were present; and the women wept tears of delight to see such amiable sensibility in so brave a bosom.

This prince is as accomplished as he is valiant; and unites with a graceful person, a countenance of the most heroick cast. His complexion bears the marks of many climates; but his eyes are bright and piercing. His nose is aquiline; and his mouth expresses all the sweetness and affability of his nature. His deportment is modest, dignified, and engaging. Such a man is the Prince Bagration, the "flower of Russian chivalry," the admiration of his enemies, and the friend of all good and great men of every nation.

After the fall of Dantzick, he saw the olive withering, which bound Russia to the English empire. It burst asunder, and the brand of war was lighted. His troops were again assembled; but not to retread the plains of Italy, nor to reascend the steeps of the Alps. He changed the march of his brave followers, to meet a respected foe on the plains of Finland; and there, under Russian colours, contend with the enemies of France, with the late friends of Russia! Mysterious policy of courts! amazing versatility of cabinets, whither will ye lead us! The Prince Bagration, the conqueror of Britain's foes, is now in arms against her on the shores of Bothnia. When virtue so meets, then may hostility die; and there may peace again mingle the olive with his laurel; once more may it bind the united hands of the two greatest empires in the world, England and Russia!

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POETRY.

FROM THE LONDON MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The following JEU D'ESPRIT, by Mr. Cowper, author of the Task, descriptive of one of his rural excursions, is not in his published poems, or in his posthumous works, and has never appeared in print.

THE DISTRESSED TRAVELLERS;

OR LABOUR IN VAIN.

BY WILLIAM COWPER.

[An excellent new song to a tune never sung before.]

I SING of a journey to Clifton*
We would have performed, if we could;
Without cart or barrow, to lift on
Poor Mary,† and me, through the mud.
Sle, Sla, Slud,
Stuck in the mud;
O it is pretty to wade through a flood!

So away we went slipping, and sliding,
Hop, hop, *a la mode de deux frogs:*
'Tis near as good walking as riding,
When ladies are dressed in their clogs.
Wheels no doubt,
Go briskly about,
But they clatter, and rattle, and make such a rout.

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

"Well! now, I protest it is charming;
How finely the weather improves!
That cloud, though, is rather alarming,
How slowly and stately it moves."

HE.

"Pshaw! never mind,
'Tis not in the wind:
We are travelling south, and shall leave it behind."

SHE.

"I am glad we are come for an airing;
For folks may be pounded and penn'd,
Until they grow rusty, not caring
To stir half a mile to an end."

HE.

"The longer we stay,
The longer we may;
It's a folly to think about weather or way."

SHE.

"But now I begin to be frighted:
If I fall what a way I should roll!
I am glad that the bridge was indicted:
Stay! stop! I am sunk in a hole!"

HE.

"Nay, never care,
'Tis a common affair;
You'll not be the last, that will set a foot there."

SHE.

"Let me breathe now a little, and ponder
On what it were better to do:
That terrible lane, I see yonder,
I think we shall never get through."

HE.

"So think I:
But by the by,
We never shall know, if we never should try."

SHE.

"But, should we get there, how shall we get home;
What a terrible deal of bad road we have past!
Slipping, and sliding; and if we should come
To a difficult stile, I am ruined at last!
Oh this lane!
Now it is plain,
That struggling, and striving, is labour in vain."

HE.

"Stick fast there, while I go and look."

SHE.

"Don't go away, for fear I should fall:"

HE.

"I have examined it every nook,
And what you have here, is a sample of all.
Come wheel round;
The dirt we have found
Would be an estate, at a farthing a pound."

Now sister Anne‡ the guitar you must take,
Set it, and sing it, and make it a song:
I have varied the verse, for variety's sake,
And cut it off short—because it was long.
'Tis hobbling, and lame,
Which criticks won't blame;
For the sense, and the sound, they say, should be the same.

* A village near Olney. † Mrs. Unwin. ‡ The late lady Austin.

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APPOINTMENT DISAPPOINTED!
or,
VON SCHLEMMER, AND "POT LUCK."

An Englishman invited once
A German friend to dine
On plain *pot luck*,—for such his phrase—
And drink some good port wine.

Mein Herr repaired at proper time
With stomach for the treat:
The viands on the table placed,
Von Schlemmer took his seat.

Soup, turkey, beef, by turns were serv'd,
Mein Herr declined each one:
Fowls, turtle, sauce, they followed next,
Von Schlemmer tasted none.

His host at length, by kindness urged,
Press'd him to taste some duck:
"Achnein!" with groans Von Schlemmer said,
"I vait for de POT LUCK!"

QUIZ.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

The following books have been lately published and are for sale by Hopkins and Earl, No. 170, Market Street—viz.

"LECTURES on Ecclesiastical History—by the late George Campbell, D. D. Aberdeen.

Rural Philosophy, by Ely Bates.

Remarks on the Uses of the Definitive Article in the Greek Text of the New Testament—by Granville Sharpe, Esq.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel, A Poem—by Walter Scott, Esq.

Ballads and Lyrical Pieces—by the same.

Marmion; A Tale of Flodden Field—by the same.

The Vicar of Wakefield. An immaculate edition.

The Complete Navigator—by Andrew Mackay, L. L. D. and F. R. S. Edinburg, &c. To which is added a concise system of Calculations for finding the Longitude at sea by Lunar Observations—by P. Delamar. A premium edition.

William P. Farrand & Co. have published the third number of the American Law Journal and Miscellaneous Repertory, by John E. Hall, Esq. of Baltimore.—The fourth number is in the press.

By Hopkins and Earle Philadelphia, and Farrand, Mallory, & Co. Boston.

Three Dissertations on Boylston Prize Questions—by George Cheyne Shattuck, M. D.

Sermons on Several Subjects—by the late William Paley, D. D.

PROPOSED AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

John E. Hall, Esq. of Baltimore, has completed and will speedily publish a translation of the Praxis Supremæ Curiæ Admiralitatis, written by Francis Clarke, who was Register of the Court of Arches during the reign of queen Elizabeth. This is almost the only work on the practice of the admiralty court, and is esteemed as unquestionable authority at the bar. This translation is made from the edition of 1798, faithfully collated with two M.S. copies in the handwriting of Dr. Wyseman and Dr. Lloyd. To that edition many important notes are added; and the translator has added others on the Practice and Jurisdiction of the District Court of the United States, as well as an Appendix of precedents established in English and American Admiralty Courts.

Hopkins & Earle have in the press—"A Report of the Trial of Aaron Burr, for High Treason"—by D. Robertson, Esq.

The History of the World, from the reign of Alexander to that of Augustus—by Jno. Gillies, L. L. D.

French Campaigns in Prussia, Saxony, and Poland.

History of the Church—by Milnor.

A Systematical and Practical Treatise on the Doctrines of Divinity—by the Rev. William C. Davis.

C. & A. Conrad & Co. Philadelphia, have issued proposals for publishing

A System of General Geography: containing a topographical, statistical, and descriptive Survey of the Earth. To which is prefixed, A History of the Earth as a

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planetary body, of the Solar System in general, and of the Universe—in two volumes: the first containing the Geography of America, the second containing the Geography of the Eastern Hemisphere—by Charles B. Brown.

RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Travels in America, performed in 1806, for the purpose of exploring the rivers Allegany, Monongahela, Ohio, and Mississippi, and ascertaining the produce and social condition of their banks and vicinity—by Thomas Ashe, Esq. late captain in the York Rangers.—In 3 thick volumes, small octavo, price one guinea in boards.

The first book of T. Lucretius Carus, of the nature of things: translated into English verse—by the Rev. W. Hamilton Drummond.—In 1 vol. foolscap octavo—price 5*s.* bound.

Memoirs of an American Lady, with sketches of manners and scenery in America, as they existed previous to the revolution—by the author of "Letters from the Mountains," &c. &c.—In 2 vols. duodecimo.

Universal Biography; containing a copious account, critical and historical, of the life and character, labours and actions of eminent persons, in all ages and countries, conditions and professions; arranged in alphabetical order, abridged from the larger Work in quarto—by J. Lemprierre, D. D.—In 1 large volume octavo,—price 16*s.* in boards.

Latin and Italian Poems of Milton, translated into English Verse, with the Originals; and a Fragment of a Commentary on Paradise Lost—by the late William Cowper, Esq. with a Preface and Notes from various authors, by the Editor, and three Designs, by John Flaxman, Esq.—In royal 4to.—price 2*l.* 2*s.* in boards.

The Georgicks of Publius Virgilius Maro, translated into English blank verse—by James R. Deare, L. L. D. Vicar of Bures, in the county of Suffolk, and Chaplain in Ordinary to his majesty.—In post 8vo. embellished with a head of Virgil, and hot-pressed—price 7*s.* in extra boards.

The Shipwreck of St. Paul, a Seatonian Prize Poem—by the Rev. C. T. Hoare, A. M. Fellow of St. John's College, and Vicar of Blandford Forum, Dorset.

Jerusalem; or, an Answer to the following inquiries: What is the Etymology of the word Jeruralem? And, is there any connexion between Salem and Jerusalem? By Granville Sharp. Wherein is shown, that the true and literal interpretation of the word "Jerusalem" comprehends two verry opposite and distinct national characters, pecuilarly applicable to two equally opposite and distinct, though very disproportionate parts of the Hebrew nation; characters which are unquestionably expressed in the original name of their own capital city, though this has never before been explained, it seems, either by Jews or Christians. 2*s.*

The Itinerant, or Genuine Memoirs of an Actor—by S. W. Ryley.—3 vols. 1*l.*. 1*s.*

An account of the Life and Writings of James Bruce, of Kinnaird, Esq. F. R. S. Author of Travels to discover the Source of the Nile—by Alexander Murray, F. A. S. 4to. 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Characters, Moral and Political, of the principal Personages throughout the French Revolution, the Consular and Imperial Government. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

An Authentick Narrative of the Causes which led to the Death of Major John Andre, Adjutant-general of the British Forces in North America—by Joshua Hall Smith, Esq. 8*s.*

The Cottagers of Glenburnie; a Tale for the Farmer's Ingle-Nook—by Elizabeth Hamilton. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Siege of Rochelle—by Madame Genlis. Translated by R. C. Dallas, Esq. 3 vols. 12mo.

PROPOSED BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. Sergeant Williams is about to publish a new edition of Sir Edmund Saunders's Reports of Pleadings and Cases in the Court of King's Bench, in the Reign of King Charles the Second; accompanied with Notes and References. It will be printed in two volumes royal octavo.

The Life of Romney—by Mr. Hayley, is nearly finished. This is expected to be an interesting work, that will tend to make that eminent painter more universally known; he to whom Mr. Hayley has already paid so classical a tribute of affection, Mr. Isaac Peach, one of the painter's earliest pupils, has lately gained the first prize given by the English school.

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SELECT REVIEWS.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1809.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Outlines of a plan for educating ten thousand poor children, by establishing schools in country towns and villages; and for uniting works of industry with useful knowledge. By Joseph Lancaster. 8vo. London.

THOUGH it fell to our lot to defend Mr. Lancaster against the cruel and unfounded clamour to which he was exposed,—partly because he had the misfortune not to be a member of the church of England, principally on account of his great merit,—our observations, at that period, were more calculated to repel the aggressions of his enemies, than to explain the nature, and to enforce the importance of his improvements in education.

We premise that we are going to say a great deal about slate pencils, primmers, and spelling books. We are aware such details must be very dull, and would be very unpardonable, if they were not eminently useful. We would not, however, load our pages with them, if the object were to recommend an ingenious theory for trial, rather than to explain an invention which has been already attended with the most perfect success. If an artist comes with a tiresome and complicated machine, and boasts of its extraordinary powers, we have a right to say, go to work and give us some proof. But when he accepts the challenge, and in practice outdoes his own boastings, it is necessary to look over every rack and pinion of his instrument,—to speak of it honourably, that it may be studied, and to describe it perspicuously, that it may be imitated.

We shall state the methods of Mr. Lancaster in the branches of education which his school comprehends; point out the leading principles on which he appears to have conducted his institution; discuss, shortly, the question of his originality, and then take the liberty of making a few remarks on the much, and lately agitated question, of the education of the poor.

The first or lowest class of children are taught to write the printed alphabet, and to name the letters when they see them. The same with the figures used in arithmetick. One day the boy traces the form of the letter or figure; the next day he tells the name, when he sees the letter. These two methods assist each other. When he is required to write H, for example, the shape of the letter which he saw yesterday assists his manual execution; when he is required to say how that letter is named, the shape of the letter reminds him of his manual execution; and the manual execution has associated itself with the name.

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In the same manner he learns syllables and words; writing them one day—reading them the next.

The same process for writing the common epistolary character, and for reading it.

(A) This progress made, the class go up to the master to read; a class consisting perhaps of 30. While one boy is reading,* the word, *ex. gr.* Ab-so-lu-ti-on, is given out with a loud voice by the monitor, and written down by all the other 29 boys, who are provided with slates for that purpose; which writing is looked over by the monitors, and then another word called, and so on. Whoever writes a word spells it of course at the same time, and spells it with much more attention than in the common way. So that there is always one boy reading, and twenty-nine writing and spelling at the same time; whereas, in the ancient method, the other twenty-nine did nothing.

(B) The first and second classes write in sand; the middle classes on slates; only a few of the upper boys on paper with ink. This is a great saving in point of expense. In books the saving is still greater. Twenty or thirty boys stand round a card suspended on a nail, making a semicircle. On this card are printed the letters in a very large character. These letters the boys are to name, at the request of the monitor. When one spelling class have said their lessons in this manner, they are despatched off to some other occupation, and another spelling class succeeds. In this manner, one book or card may serve for 200 boys, who would, according to the common method, have had a book each. In the same manner, syllables and reading lessons are printed on cards, and used with the same beneficial economy.

(C) In arithmetick, the monitor dictates a sum, *ex. gr.* in addition, which all the boys write down on their slates. For example,

7 2 4
3 7 8
9 4 6

He then tells them, aloud, how to add the sum. First column—6 and 8 are 14, and 4 are 18; set down 8 and carry 1 to the next column; and so on. In this manner, the class acquire facility of writing figures, and placing them; and, by practising what the monitor dictates, insensibly acquire facility in adding. Again, they are placed round arithmetical cards, in the same manner as in paragraph (B) and required to add up the columns. This method evinces what progress they have made from the preceding method of dictating; and the two methods are always used alternately.

It is obvious, that a school like this of Mr. Lancaster's, consisting of from 700 to 1000 boys, would soon fall into decay, without a very close attention to order and method. In this part of his system, Mr. Lancaster has been as eminently successful as in any other; contriving to make the method and arrangement, so necessary to his institution, a source of amusement to the children. In coming into school, in going out, and in moving in their classes from one part of the school to another, the children move in a kind of measured pace, and in known places, according to their number, of which every boy has one. Upon the first institution of the school, there was a great loss and confusion of hats. After every boy has taken his place there, they all stand up, expecting the word of command: *Sling your hats!*

* This is the only instance of solitary reading, and is used rather as a more particular trial of a boy's progress. In general, Mr. Lancaster disapproves of it, as it creates no emulation.

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upon which they immediately suspend their hats round their necks by a string provided for that purpose. When the young children write in sand, they all look attentively to their monitor, waiting for the word, and intantly fall to work, with military precision, upon receiving it. All these little inventions keep children in a constant state of activity, prevent the listlessness so observable in all other institutions for education, and evince (trifling as they appear to be) a very original and observing mind in him who invented them.

The boys assembled round their reading or arithmetical cards, *take places* as in common schools. The boy who is at the head of the class wears a ticket, with some suitable inscription, and has a prize of a little picture. The ticket-bearer yields his badge of honour to whoever can excel him ; and the desire of obtaining, and the fear of losing, the mark of distinction, creates, as may easily be conceived, no common degree of enterprise and exertion. Boys have a prize when they are moved from one class to another, as the monitor has also from whose class they are removed. Mr Lancaster has established a sort of paper currency of tickets. These tickets are given for merit : two tickets are worth a paper kite ; three worth a ball ; four worth a wooden horse, &c. &c. &c.

"It is no unusual thing with me to deliver one or two hundred prizes at the same time. And at such times the countenances of the whole school exhibit a most pleasing scene of delight : as the boys who obtain prizes commonly walk round the school in procession, holding the prizes in their hands, and a *herald* proclaiming before them : "These good boys have obtained prizes for going into another class." The honour of this has an effect as powerful, if not more so, than the prizes themselves."

A large collection of toys, bats, balls, pictures, kites, is suspended above the master's head, beaming glory and pleasure upon the school beneath. Mr. Lancaster has also, as another incentive, an order of merit. No boys are admitted to this order but those who distinguish themselves by attention to their studies, and by their endeavours to check vice. The distinguishing badge is a silver medal and plated chain hanging from the neck. The superiour class has a fixed place in the school ; any class that can excel it may eject them from this place, and occupy it themselves. Every member, both of the attacking and defending classes, feels, of course, the most lively interest in the issue of the contest.

Mr. Lancaster punishes by shame rather than pain ; varying the means of exciting shame, because, as he justly observes, any mode of punishment long continued loses its effect.

The boys in the school appointed to teach others are called monitors. They are in the proportion of about one monitor to ten boys. So that, for the whole school of 1000 boys, there is only one master. The rest of the teaching is all done by the boys themselves. Besides the teaching monitors there are general monitors, such as, inspectors of slates, inspectors of absentees, &c. &c.

In what Mr. Lancaster says upon the subject of religion, it is clear that he has no desire to convert, and no intention to be converted. "Either let the religion of quakers be taught, if a quaker school is founded upon this method of teaching writing and reading ; or, I will confine myself to those general practical principles which are suitable to all sects, if you choose to found a general school for the instruction of indigence ; or, I will meddle only with the temporal instruction of my pupils, and you may confide their religious instruction to whom you please." So says the member of a religious sect, which, of all other religious sects, has showed itself the least desirous of making converts. This is so moderate, and so reasonable, that, if we are

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rightly informed, Mr. Lancaster has, at last, not only succeeded in allaying the jealousy of some of the rulers of the English church, but has even raised himself up some patrons out of their numbers.

These we believe to be the leading features of this establishment. For the many interesting particulars which, in so short an abstract, we have been compelled to omit, we refer to the book itself. It is not badly written, though somewhat quaint and quakerish; but we have no objection to the Obadiah flavour, and do not wish that quakers should write books like other people: there is something interesting and picturesque in their singularities.

The improvements which Mr. Lancaster has made in education, are, in the cheapness of schools, their activity, their order, and their emulation. The reading, cyphering, and spelling cards, suspended for the successive use of three or four hundred boys; the employment of sand and slate instead of pen and ink; and particularly of monitors instead of ushers, must, in large seminaries, constitute an immense saving. The introduction of monitors, an extremely important part of the whole scheme, is as great an improvement in schools, as the introduction of noncommissioned officers would be in army which had before been governed only by captains, majors, and colonels. They add that constant and minute attention to the operations of the mass, without which the general and occasional superintendence of superiours is wholly useless. An usher hates his task, and is often ashamed of it. A monitor is honoured by it, and therefore loves it. He is placed over those who, if their exertions had been superiour, would have been placed over him. His office is the proof of his excellence. Power is new to him: and trust makes him trustworthy: a very common effect of confidence, and exemplified in the most striking manner in Mr. Lancaster's school. Nor is the monitor at all detained by teaching to others what he has already learnt; at least not unprofitably detained; for, if a boy be at the head of the first spelling class, it is clear that a delay of six or eight weeks in teaching to others what he has already learnt, will perfect him in his new acquirements, and rivet them in his memory. After this, he is made a private in some superiour regiment, and his post becomes an object of honour and competition to the lads whom he has taught. He is very wisely allowed to have a common interest with the boys whom he instructs; and to receive a prize equal in value with any prize obtained by any individual among them. In some instances, the monitor teaches and learns at the same time; for, in dictating the sum, as in paragraph (C) the monitor is furnished with a key; and therefore, in dictating, only reads what others have written for him; but in so doing, it is plain his attention must be exercised, and his memory impressed as much, if not more, than those of any boy in the class; and, whatever good is produced in others by that mode of instruction must be produced in him in an equal, or superiour degree. The extraordinary discipline, progress, and economy of this school, are, therefore, in a great measure, produced by an extraordinary number of noncommissioned officers, serving without pay, and learning while they teach.

When we consider the very dull and distant motives for improvement which have hitherto been presented to children, it is not surprising that education should be often so unsuccessful—always so tedious. The day is fine, the sun shines brightly through the window, and a fine young animal, with his veins quivering with health and activity, is not only forbidden to trundle a newly purchased hoop, but set down before a black slate to do a sum in tare and tret; or, in greater schools, to make a copy of Latin verse about Troy and Eneas.—What are his motives for undergoing

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this present misery? Has he a wife and family to support, like the thresher who goes to his daily task? Is he refreshed by immediate fees, like the accomplished *pillulist*, who drives from fistula to fever, and from ague to atrophy? Is he certain, like an author, of losing his dinners for the ensuing week, if his task is incomplete? The only motives held before him are, that he will please his father, and be a great man in after life; and that Latin and Greek are necessary accomplishments for a gentleman. Alas, the eternity of six months must elapse, before the parent is made acquainted with the general progress he has made; that fourteen years should pass away, and he himself arrive at man's estate, is quite impossible; and, if it is possible, he has an uncle or a cousin of large fortune, universally respected, and powerful at the quarter sessions, who does not know whether Brutus killed Cesar, or Cesar Brutus; and who believes Tully and Cicero to be two distinct persons. Such are the remote and powerless motives with which children have hitherto been stimulated. The bats, balls, and kites of Mr. Lancaster, we conceive to be admirable auxiliaries of education, and to afford that strong and present stimulus which best overcomes the *vis inertiæ*, and establishes the difficult and unnatural habit of application. It is all very well to talk about studying from a sense of duty. Mature, bearded men, who fall into this cant, require the immediate stimulus of a guinea; or, at least, a return for their labour in a month or a year; expecting, in the mean time, that the poor child for whom they cant, the miserable and inexperienced *cantee*, should exert himself for benefits which it is very doubtful whether or not he will reap when half his life is elapsed. Nothing, in our opinion, can be so preposterous as the objections made to an order of merit in a school. In what way are such extraordinary services ever obtained from mankind at so cheap a rate? Tie two guineas worth of gold to a red riband, and call it the order of the golden cannon, or the golden swivel, or what not;—and in every battle you will have a thousand young men of spirit performing the most daring actions to obtain it. A garter is vacant—or, in other words, the privilege of telling the passer by, by means of a bit of gold at the knee, and a bit of silver on the belly, that you are a man of high birth and large fortune. The cabinet, however, sit in grave consultation on the distribution of this honour; the greatest men of the country are sleepless in their palaces, and the minister loses or gains the lord of a province by his gift;—and yet we are half angry that a breechless boy should struggle day and night for a shining lump of tin, which tells the passer by that he is diligent and good. We do not mean, by these observations, to express the slightest degree of disrespect for the established honours of the country:—quite the contrary. We are convinced, that such institutions are thoroughly founded in good sense, and knowledge of human nature; and that they are eminently useful. We approve, in the most decided manner, the courage and originality of that man who has carried into education those institutions, which, in the business of the world, are the most powerful of all motives. Vanity is the word on which all these objections are founded; and it unfortunately happens, that we have no word in our language to signify the good and useful love of praise; for, that the love of praise is, under certain regulations, one of the most beneficial passions to society, will not, it is presumed, be denied; nor ought it to be characterized by the inculpative term of vanity, except when its object is frivolous, or when it is the sole and absorbing passion.

It must not be forgotten, that, in Mr. Lancaster's school, every boy is every moment employed. It is obvious, that in the class assembled round the suspended card for reading and spelling,—the wand of the monitor

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pointing to the particular letter,—the taking places,—the hopes of obtaining a ticket,—must keep the children constantly on the alert. When they read, spell, and write at the same time, as in paragraph (A) or when the monitor dictates sums, as in (C) it is impossible for any individual to be inattentive. In common schools, the scholar is set to learn his spelling, or his cyphering, by himself; and, after a certain time, the master hears him his lesson, and judges of his attention by his readiness in performing it. The learning part of the business is left entirely to the boy himself, and his time often whiled away in every species of idleness. The beauty of Mr. Lancaster's system is, that nothing is trusted to the boy himself; he does not only *repeat* the lesson before a superiour, but he *learns* it before a superiour. When he listens to the dictating process in arithmetick, and adds up, as he is commanded, he does that under the eye and command of a master, which, in other schools, he would be trusted to do by himself. In short, in these troops the appointed officer sees that the soldier shoulders his musket twenty times a day, who, by doing it often, cannot avoid doing it well. In other troops, the officer tells the soldiers how it is to be done, and leaves them to practise by themselves,—which they do, of course, very unwillingly, and very imperfectly, if they do it at all. Such are the principles upon which Mr. Lancaster has planned his improvements in the education of the poor, and carried them into execution with such success, *that one thousand boys may now be educated in reading, writing, and arithmetick, by one person, at an expense not exceeding* 300*l. per annum*. A more beautiful, a more orderly, and a more affecting scene, than the school of Mr. Lancaster, it is not possible to behold. The progress of the children is rapid beyond all belief; and evinces, in the most gratifying manner, the extraordinary effects which are produced upon the human mind by the arts of cultivation.

When a poor lad is educated, many valuable principles of religion, morals and politicks, may be fixed on his mind, which could not be conveniently taught to him by any other means. At school he is under the influence of the master; for some years afterwards at home, under the influence of the parent. They have an interest in directing his newly acquired power aright, and in turning the bias of his mind to what is good; and this, at a period which generally decides the character of the future man. It is very trite to say, that reading multiplies the innocent resources and amusements of the poor; but we cannot see why this is not very true. We do not object either to boxing or bull-baiting; but the history of Robinson Crusoe is compatible with them, or, if not, is at least a very fair and innocent rival to set up against them. Village sports are necessarily of rare occurrence. Reading is always accessible, and is permanently opposed to the permanent temptation of beer. The comforts and conveniences of life would be somewhat increased, if every person in the state were educated. In agriculture, in manufactures, and among domestick servants, every body has felt more or less of inconvenience, from the deficiencies of his dependants in reading, writing, and accounts. It is frequently found impossible to put very clever servants in the best situations, from their ignorance in these particulars; and masters are forced to place superiours over them, in other respects not qualified. The sum of these inconveniences is worth attention.

Nature scatters talents in a very capricious manner over the different ranks of society. It is not improbable but a general system of education would rescue some very extraordinary understandings from oblivion.

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Education raises up in the poor an admiration for something else besides brute strength and brute courage; and probably renders them more tractable and less ferocious. A mob might issue forth to murder a man,—all of whom could read, write, and work sums in compound multiplication and the rule of three. This certainly might be; but it is not quite so probable an occurrence, as if they had employed their youth in scampering through the streets of London, and in small pilfering. The education of the poor is as valuable for what it prevents, as for what it teaches. A boy remains two years at Lancaster's school. What would he have been doing, if he had not been there? What sort of habits and principles would he have contracted? Apply this to St. Giles, to Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham. In villages, the question, perhaps, is, whether a boy is to be a stupid animal, or an intelligent animal? There, temptations are so few, that his moral and religious character will remain the same; but, in towns, the alternatives are, intelligence and virtue, or ignorance and vice. In such scenes of activity, a child will do, and learn *something*. If you do not take care that it is good, he will take care that it is evil. A THOUSAND boys educated in the heart of the metropolis! How is it possible to doubt if such a thing be useful? It is the fashion now to say, that a mode of education is provided by the state, and that children may listen to the oral instructions of clergymen in the pulpit. A clergyman preaches fifteen minutes in a week. Has he the very unusual and valuable talent of commanding attention? Will the church hold the thirtieth or fortieth part of his parish? If it will hold them, do they come? In the short period dedicated to instruction, can he instruct children of six years old, and grown up people at the same time? Is this possible? Will he do it, if it is possible? We really have not the slightest intention of sneering at the exertions of the clergy. It is quite clear, that, if their exertions in the pulpit were ten times as great as they are, no oral instruction, delivered under such circumstances, could possibly supply the place of other education. And when such things are talked of in London, and in large cities, it is really too absurd to merit an answer. When we are availing ourselves of the most recent inventions in every thing else, why are we to revert to the rudest machines in education?

It is said that the poor, proud of their attainments in learning, will no longer submit to the drudgery to which they have been accustomed in their state of ignorance. In the first place, if every body can read, no one will be more proud of reading than they are of walking now, when every body can walk. But if every poor man in England were as proud as Lucifer, he must either work or starve. Labour depends not upon opinion, but upon the necessity of eating and drinking. Truly miserable indeed would the condition of mankind be, if society were such a *papier maché* machine as these sort of reasoners make it to be; if, by any change of fashions, men were to cease to resent, or to fear, or to love, or to toil, or to govern. The great passions and appetites are interwoven in our very being; and all the important and indispensable operations of life rest upon the great passions, and are as eternal as the foundations on which they are placed.

Reading multiplies the power of getting at the opinions and arguments of others. In the end, the good opinion, and the sound argument prevail. The standard books among the poor would not encourage disaffection, but the contrary. Seditious pamphlets would sometimes get among the poor; but they would meet with a firmer body of opinion than they do now; and the common average books would be of a very different description. What

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is read by the classes immediately above the poor, is neither treason nor impiety. With them, the notions in ordinary circulation, about government and religion, though trite, are, in general, useful, just, and respectable. In the ferment of political opinion, through which we have recently passed, the Scotch, and the people of London and Westminster, were not endangered by their education, nor the Irish protected by their ignorance. The English, rank for rank, are governed with greater justice, and live with greater happiness, than any other people in Europe. If this is as true as we believe it to be, why will not such a welcome and important truth be at length diffused by the diffusion of knowledge? What is the dreadful secret the poor are to find out when they have learned to read and write? We have often seen guzzling, semi-inebriated country gentlemen nod and wink with a very pregnant wisdom, when the education of the poor was mentioned. We bear them no malice for their stupid prejudices; but wish, on the contrary, with the utmost sincerity, that the accomplishments of reading, writing, and cyphering, were more generally diffused among these gentlemen; and that they were taught, by enjoying these blessings themselves, to appreciate them more justly for others.

There are now, perhaps, one million more of persons who can read and write, than there were before the revolution. Has this increase of knowledge produced any increase of disaffection? If ignorance is useful to a state, to what degree is it useful? Or where has the argument any limit?

The expense of education is not to be mentioned. A boy learns reading, writing, and a. unts, for fourteen shillings, who would, in hedge breaking, or picking pock. cost the county double the money in the same time.

The investigatic might be pushed on to a great length. These are a few of the principal vantages which appear to us to result from education; from which we do not expect miracles, or believe that it would put an end to mendicity, and render the executioner's place a sinecure. But we do most firmly believe, that it may be made the means of rescuing thousands of human beings from vice and misery; of teaching the blessings of rational religion; of improving the character, and increasing the happiness of the lower orders of mankind. And for these reasons, the cause of education shall never want our feeble aid, nor the friends of it our good word, from the poor quaker, whose system we have described, to the king, who has conducted himself towards this deserving man with so much goodness and feeling; and for which thousands of ragged children will pray for him and remember him, long after his majesty is forgotten by every lord of the chamber, and by every clerk of the closet.

Thus much for education itself. The manner of introducing it into, and encouraging it in a country, are totally separate questions. How far it may be expedient to provide, nationally, for the education of the poor, against the prejudices of the upper classes, and without any cordial wish to that purpose, on the part of the poor themselves, is doubtful, if it be possible. At all events, we must express our most sincere regret, that the late plan was ever connected with so many doubtful, and so many complicated measures; and that its worthy author appeared to be so moderately informed on the general subject of the poor, and so little aware of the powerful prejudices which exist against their instruction; for ignorant we must conceive him to have been upon this point, if he supposed it possible to force down so extensive a plan of education over the whole community.

In the year 1797, Dr. Bell, a clergyman of the church of England, published an account of an institution for education at Madras, to which Mr. Lancaster is certainly indebted for some very material parts of his

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improvements,—as, in the early editions of his book, he very honestly and plainly owned himself to be. To this valuable information, received from Dr. Bell, Mr. Lancaster has made important additions of his own, quite enough to entitle him to a very high character for originality and invention. We sincerely hope Dr. Bell will not attribute to us the most distant intention of depreciating his labours, when we say that he has, by no means, taught Mr. Lancaster *all*, though he has taught him *much*. We are so far from wishing to undervalue the labours of Dr. Bell, that it gives us great pleasure to express our warmest admiration at what he has done for education. He is unquestionably the beginner in an art, which we trust will be carried to still greater perfection; and we hope he will reap, from his present patron, those rewards for which he never could have looked, to which he is eminently entitled, and which, if ever they are bestowed, will honour the giver as much as the receiver.

It has pleased the present archbishop of Canterbury to establish a large school, for the instruction of the poor of the established church, under the care of Dr. Bell. If the thing is done at all,—if the education of the poor goes on,—we are content. We only interfered in the cause to say, education is a great good; and to shelter from calumny a friendless man, who set himself down (like a drop of healing oil in an ulcer) in the worst parts of the metropolis, to diffuse the word of God, and the rudiments of knowledge among the lowest of mankind. If, in so doing, we have been compelled to treat with severity a lady of real piety and of estimable character, let that lady remember, that had we found her in her own proper department of an instructress of youth, which she has so long and so respectably filled, we could not but have mentioned her with credit, if it had fallen within the plan of our work to mention her at all. But we found her acting the part of a judge and a critick, and, above all, of a *religious accuser*,—a part never to be taken up but with extreme reluctance, and exposing him, and still more her who assumes it, to the most severe responsibility,—a part which, of late years, has been played so often, and paid so well, that it is not respectable even in the hands of so honest and conscientious a person as Mrs. Trimmer. We have been a little alarmed by observing, that Dr. Bell, after all he has written and done, calls in question the propriety of teaching the poor to write and to cypher. We hope that he will value his deserved reputation above every thing else, and not lose that originality which has brought him into notice. The sanction of the archbishop of Canterbury may be venerable and respectable—but it is not *sacred*: at least we *believe* this term is never employed upon such occasions.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

A Journey from Madras, through the countries of Mysore, Canara, and Malabar, performed under the order of the Marquis of Wellesley, Governour General of India, &c. By Francis Buchanan, M. D. F. R. S. &c. Published under the patronage of the East India company. With a map and numerous other engravings. 3 vols. 4to. pp. 1530. Price 6*l*. 6*s*. London.

THE oldest Reviewer need feel no shame in confessing his inability to do justice to the work before us within that space which our Journal can spare for his Report. It involves political matters of the highest importance to the interests of the East India Company; remarks extremely well adapted to improve the condition of the newly acquired provinces; striking views of human nature, several of them distinguished by their

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novelty; the characters of sovereigns and of their adherents, drawn from their actions; demonstrations of the evil effects of bigotry and superstition; of the excessive calamities consequent on repeated wars; and of the difficulties of recovering a country from a state of devastation, partly produced by predatory hordes of banditti, and partly prolonged by the prevalence of wild beasts against the dispirited inhabitants.

We are also obliged to Dr. Buchanan for a variety of information on the manners and resources of the people; on the subjects of their cultivation and labour; with numerous particulars relative to geography, natural history, mineralogy, and other sciences. Neither are the deviations of the human mind forgotten; the opinions of the almost innumerable classes of natives; their opposition to each other; their mutual contempt, and, not seldom, derision; the oppression of their Mahomedan conquerors, and the sufferings arising from differences of religion. This gentleman travelled with the sanction of authority, and he has well availed himself of the advantages which he enjoyed. His work is a compendium of the observations he made during his progress; and often of those official answers to his inquiries, which an ordinary traveller could not have expected.

Sir W. Jones has well observed, that there is a kind of infinity in whatever relates to India: and this work may be quoted in proof of the correctness of that observation. Like the Banian tree of the continent to which it relates, it is but *one;* yet by the numerous branches which depend from it, and communicate with the earth, it offers a thousand different paths, and forms a thousand different mazes.

We recommend these volumes to the detractors of the Company, and especially to those of the noble marquis, by whose command this journey was performed. We recommend them also to naturalists, who will find interspersed many remarks connected with their favourite science; the elephant and the tiger, conspicuous among the wild animals of Indian forests; the growth of Sandal wood, and of teak; the cultivation of pepper; of cardamoms; of the different kinds of grain, especially of the distinctions of rice, cotton. &c. &c. will engage the attention of the man of science as well as of the man of the world. But the merchant who wishes to procure foreign commodities from as near to the first hand as possible, may derive information from these volumes, not to be found elsewhere: and the statesman, especially, may discover in the accounts they contain, the rudiments of future greatness, and the means of communicating to expecting myriads blessings never yet enjoyed. The heart of the benevolent statesman will rejoice at such an opportunity put into his power, such an opportunity of doing extensive good: of conferring benefits on distant provinces, and distant generations: of giving comfortable bread to those who will venerate his name, though they know not how to pronounce it correctly. We recommend these volumes, also, to whoever is desirous of further acquaintance with the human heart. He will here see duplicity, concealment, fraud, employed to counteract usurpation and tyranny, as well by the untutored as by the learned; those who cannot read, to whom, in fact, letters are forbidden, yet practise the same arts to delude their oppressors, as those who have been, in the language of *soi disant* philosophy, sophisticated by over refinement, misled by the vagaries of priestcraft, and seduced to errour for the benefit of the state.

Customs which simple reason, if there be such a thing in this world as *simple* reason, would pronounce abhorrent, we here find practised; and that, not in solitary instances, but by whole tribes, distant from each other. Is there in the human heart a more rational or more powerful principle

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than parental affection?—Yet, Dr. B. states various societies which forbid a man to love his own children, especially, and command him to interest himself, with most affection, in those which are not his descendants. Even regal power is transmitted—not from father to son, but by the nephews of the family. What could be the origin of that custom which, when a man has married a wife, forbids him to live with her, and consigns to another the enjoyment of her company? If this be wisdom, we resign it to those who can accept it under that character. The institutions of social life, as warranted by that authority which claims our obedience, are better entitled to that appellation, even on the principle of simple reason.

Lastly, we recommend these volumes to the attention of those who have undertaken the benevolent office of establishing the Christian religion in India. They will here perceive the numerous difficulties which surround their attempt. The differences of language may be surmounted: the differences of cast are stronger than the differences of language: there are other principles stronger even than the differences of cast. Those who hold that the offering of blood to the Deity is inconsistent with the purity of his nature, will, with great reluctance, accept a religion founded on the Old Testament, and so far, on rites in which blood was constantly shed. Those who affirm that to live by begging is living immediately on God; is the highest exaltation of the human character; and by this a man may become a partial incarnation of Deity, will hardly become zealous in that religion which lays it down as a principle: "If any man will not work, neither let him eat." And if there be any so profoundly ignorant of the state of things, as to wish to establish *by coercion* a religion which abhors any compulsion, and stops at benevolent invitation, to these we recommend the pictures incidentally drawn by Dr. B. in various parts of his work, of the bigotry and intolerance of Tippoo Saib; a mussulman, whose zeal for "the right way" induced him to blow up Hindoo temples, wherever his arms prevailed, though the towns in which they stood were destroyed at the same time; who surrounded whole towns, and circumcised, by force, every inhabitant who was not so fortunate as to escape to the woods, to avoid violation, though in the face of death by hunger; who forbad his subjects from commerce with the infidel nations on his borders, and thereby deprived them of that intercourse on which their subsistence depended; and who meditated no less than the substitution of Mahomedism for the Brahminical religion throughout the vast empire in which that prevails.

To show this potentate in his true character, when withdrawn from publick observation, we avail ourselves of Dr. B's description of Tippoo's private apartment in his palace at Seringapatam.

From the principal front of the palace, which served as a revenue office, and as a place from whence the Sultan occasionally showed himself to the populace, the chief entry into the private square was through a strong narrow passage, *wherein were chained four tigers*, which, although somewhat tame, would, in case of any disturbance become unruly. Within these was the hall in which Tippoo wrote, and into which very few persons, except *Meer Saduc*, were ever admitted. Immediately behind this was the bed chamber, which communicated with the hall by a door and two windows, and was shut up on every other side. The door was strongly secured on the inside, and a close iron grating defended the windows. The Sultan, lest any person should fire upon him while in bed, slept in a hammock, which was *suspended from the roof by chains, in such a situation as to be invisible through the windows*. In the hammock were found a sword and a pair of loaded pistols. Vol. I. p. 72.

The only other passage from the private square was into the *zenana*, or women's apartments. These, Dr. B. informs us, remained perfectly in-

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violate, under the usual guard of eunuchs. The expenses were defrayed by an allowance.

Dr. B. however, does justice to Tippoo's talents for war, which he describes as considerable; and expresses his conviction that he conceived himself to be acting for the good of his subjects, in his regulations, and means of enforcing them. "He certainly believed himself endowed with great qualities for the management of civil affairs; and he was at the pains of writing a book on the subject, for the instruction of all succeeding princes." He would have manifested much superiour policy, had he followed the steps of his father Hyder, who respected the prejudices of his Hindoo subjects, while he turned their abilities to his own account; who encouraged trade by protection and kindness, and never oppressed his people, though he occasionally treated his officers, who superintended them, with harshness. In short, under Hyder, many provinces contained their thousands of inhabitants, which under Tippoo could barely enumerate their hundreds. The Brahmans too, being tolerated, and even supported, by Hyder, were always ready to promote his interest; while Tippoo, by depriving them of their incomes, rendered them bitter enemies, without raising friends whose services he might substitute; for his own officers shared the spoils of the provinces so effectually among them, that, in some instances, not more than one seventh of the tribute, exacted from the famished labourer, reached the coffers of the Sultan.

We remember the period, when the power and policy of Hyder filled the British East India Company with incessant disquiet, and more than once with terrour and dread. His death was viewed in the light of a deliverance; and time has shown the justness of this opinion. Had Tippoo been equal to his father in policy, or perhaps, had he seen so much of the world and of mankind, Dr. B. in all probability, would never have traversed these regions on behalf of the governour general, or under his protection.

We had occasion, some time ago, to consider the East India Company as sustaining the different characters of merchants and of sovereigns. Dr. B. speaking of the Company's pepper trade in Malabar, affords an instance in support of our remarks.

It has, he says, undergone three great changes; and by these the conduct of their servants ought to have been more regulated than in some instances would seem to have been the case. First, previous to the province having been ceded to the Company, their interest was merely mercantile. It was the duty of their servants to procure the commodity as cheap as possible, and I have no doubt that in this respect the affairs of the company were well enough managed. While the French trade was under the control of an exclusive company, this was easily conducted, it being the mutual interest of the two companies to join in reducing the price.——Secondly, a great change took place in the nature of the Company's pepper trade, by their acquiring the sovereignty of the province, in 1792. Their interest as sovereigns required a total change in the principle by which they purchased pepper; and the higher the price paid by foreigners, who were the principal purchasers, the better for the Company. Mr. Brown, who then traded at *Mahé* as Danish resident, very judiciously recommended, that the Company should confine their trade in pepper within as small a compass as possible; and in place of endeavouring to get it at a lower rate than the market price at *Mahé*, that they should always give a little more for what they took; and by that means they would not only enrich the province, but increase their revenues. Measures, however, were taken directly in opposition to this sound advice; and, by means of the sovereign authority vested in their servants, the Company procured a small quantity of pepper at a rate considerably lower than the *Mahé* price; but by far the greater part went to that market, and at a lower price than if the Company had gone into a fair competition. A third change has now taken place. The French being expelled *Mahé*, the Company immediately became

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possessed of the whole pepper trade without a rival. As merchants, it was then their interest to lower the price, which was undoubtedly in their power; but as sovereigns, their interest was, that the price should not be so low as to injure the revenue, or discourage agriculture; nor too low to enable the cultivator to thrive, and to discharge the revenue, while he is subject to the present monopoly of native contractors.

The major part of Dr. B's. political observations are, however, derived from local peculiarities, and dependent on them. In very many instances he points out variations from the customary mode of proceeding, that would materially benefit the country; sometimes by regulations of rent and taxes; sometimes by introducing new articles of production, or improving those now cultivated; sometimes by restoring the reservoirs of water, that indispensable necessary to cultivation in India, and thereby repairing the calamities of war. In many parts the worthy Dr. complains of the scarcity of inhabitants, and of considerable extents of fields and country that lie in an uncultivated condition. The exertions that have lately been made to carry not a few of the Dr's. ideas into execution will shortly give a new aspect to many districts through which he passed, and future travellers will find occasion to wonder at the dissimilarity between his description and their observations.

But, that we may observe some degree of order, in our further account of Dr. Buchanan's work, we shall proceed to state the extent and route of his journey; and then shall present what extracts we have selected, with remarks on what appears to us to be the principal and most interesting subjects comprised in his volumes.

Dr. B. was directed by the Marquis Wellesley to pay particular attention to the agriculture of the country through which he passed; to the vegetables cultivated for the use of man; what peculiar kinds were adopted as food; with the modes of their cultivation, the machinery in use, &c.

Also, he was to notice the different breeds of cattle; the extent and tenures of farms; the natural productions of the country; the articles of manufacture, and commerce; the climate and seasons; the general condition of the inhabitants, &c. To these particulars were added the charge of collecting botanical specimens; and the Dr. also considered antiquities, with the history of the various tribes which he visited, as included in his commission.

Dr. B. quitted Madras, April 23, 1800, whence he went by way of Bangalore to Seringapatam, from which city he travelled northward to the boundaries of the Nizam's country. Seringapatam was, as it were, his head quarters; from hence he also journeyed south, through part of Karnata to Coimbetore, to the southern districts of Malabar, then passing through the towns on the coast, he took a northern direction to the limits of the Portuguese territory, whence he returned to Seringapatam, and, at length, to Madras.

Unquestionably, the state and condition of man may justify attention prior to those of any other claimant. Interested as we may be in the cultivation of pepper and spices, or in the manners of the elephant and tiger, nothing is so important to us as the opinions, the practices, the prejudices, the follies, and the superstitions of our race. Great light is thrown on some of these by Dr. B. His report includes as well the learned and dominant classes, the Brahmans, as the outcasts of society, and those who haunt the forest, nor dare receive even a gift "with mien erect." Some of these excite our pity in the highest degree.

We shall place the Brahmans first.

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The Brahmans are divided into a great number of sects, holding different, and often contrary opinions. They assume also different marks of distinction on the forehead. Only the three pure casts of Brahmans, Vaishyas, and Sudra, are allowed to attend processions; and, in Bengal, *Mahadeva*, or *Iswara*, is never carried in procession. It appears, therefore, that we have yet no perfect knowledge of the deities worshipped in India.

The proper duty of a Brahman is meditation on things divine, and the proper manner of his procuring a subsistence is by begging (*Bhiska*). This mode of living is considered as very agreeable to the gods; and all industry is deemed derogatory to the rank of a man, and more especially to that of a Brahman.—Yet some, called *Lokika*, debase themselves by dedicating their labours to worldly affairs. Nevertheless, several generations devoted to study and mortifications would be required to wash away the stain of ignoble birth, before the merits or learning of a *Lokika* family could enable them to procure a comfortable subsistence by charity.

The Brahmans are considered as priests of the Hindoos; yet there are none, even of the lowest among the *Lokika*, who would intermarry with the families of the Brahmans that officiate in the temples of *Vishnu* and *Siva*, and in this country no Brahman officiates in any of the temples of the inferiour gods, whose altars are stained with blood.

The highest among the Brahmans are certain Vaidika, who, by more than usual mortification, attain a large proportion of divine favour. They cut off their hair; dress in a yellow or red cloth; eat but once a day; abstain entirely from women; and, relinquishing all the domestick enjoyments of society, live in pagodas or matams, *i. e.* convents, where they dedicate their time entirely to devotion, and the instruction of those who are less pious, and who follow them as disciples. A Brahman of this kind is called a *Sannyási*, and must be a man of learning, *i. e.* must be able to read *Sanscrit*, and be acquainted with the dogmas of his particular sect. The number of *Brahman Sannyásis* is very small, and is chiefly confined to those who are *Gurus*, *Swamalus*, or bishops of the different sects, and who, in every thing relating to religion and cast, have a jurisdiction over all their inferiours. They also perform certain ceremonies, such as *Upadesa* and *Chicricanticum*, which may be considered as analogous to the confirmation granted by our prelates. They are supported entirely by the contributions of their disciples; but these are so burthensome, that a *Guru* seldom continues long in one place; for the contributions even of Madras, are not equal to supply the wants of a Swamula for more than one or two months. A hundred pagodas a day (36*l.* 15*s.* 5*d.*) is as little as can be decently offered to such a personage. The Raja of Tanjore is said to give his Guru 250 pagodas a day (91*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*) when that personage honours him with a visit. The Gurus travel in great state, with elephants, horses, palankeens, and an immense train of disciples, the least of whom considers himself as highly elevated above mankind by his sanctity. They generally travel at night, in order to avoid their Mussulman or European conquerors, who would not show them that veneration, or rather adoration, to which they consider themselves entitled; and they have, therefore, been seldom seen by travellers. On the approach of a Guru to any place, every inhabitant of pure birth must go to meet him. The lower classes are not admitted to his presence. The Guru, on being conducted to the principal temple, bestows *Upadesa* or *Chicricanticum* on such as have not received these ceremonies, and distributes holy water. He then inquires into matters of contention, or transgressions against the rules of cast; and having settled or punished these, hears his disciples dispute on theological subjects. This is the grand field for acquiring reputation among the Brahmans. These disputations are said to be very similar to those which were common among the doctors of the Romish church seven or eight hundred years ago; and, in fact, a strong resemblance will be found between the present state of Hindoo knowledge, and that which then prevailed in Europe. Vol. I. p. 23.

The Brahmans are separated into two great divisions, one of which occupies the countries toward the south, and the other the countries toward the north. A southern holds in great contempt those from *Kasi* (or *Benares*) as being men from the north; and would not even admit them to the honour of eating in his house. These Brahmans, he says, eat fish, offer bloody sacrifices, and commit other similar abominations. The northern Brahmans are, however, at least as proud as those from the south, and allege several reasons for holding them in contempt; among which the most urgent is, that the women of the southern Brahmans are allowed to appear in publick.

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None of the southern Brahmans can, without losing cast, taste animal food, or drink spirituous liquors; and they look on the smoking of tobacco as disgraceful. All those who have been married are burned after their death, and their wives ought to accompany them on the pile; but this custom has fallen very much into disuse, and instances of it are extremely rare; whereas, in Bengal, it still continues to be common. A woman can, on no account, take a second husband; and, unless she is married before the signs of puberty appear, she is ever afterwards considered as impure. They are not at all confined, and can be divorced for no other cause than adultery. When a Brahman divorces his wife, he performs the same ceremonies for her as if she had died. P. 308.

It gives us great pleasure that Dr. B. reports, in very many places, that the custom of widows burning on the funeral pile of their husbands is either little practised, or wholly fallen into disuse. We consider it as a proof of the decline of Brahminical power, and as indicating a favourable opening for the introduction of better principles.

The southern Brahmans are divided into nations, who can eat together, yet never intermarry; into distinctions formed by offices, or professions, either wholly spiritual, or partly temporal; and into sects, some of which will not eat with others, because they consider them as holding heterodox opinions.

A Brahman of this country will not give any thing out of his hand to persons of lower birth, of whom he is not afraid, but throws it down on the ground for them to take up. He will receive any thing from the hand of a person of pure descent; but when a Whallia delivers any thing to the Brahman, he must lay it on the ground, and retire to a proper distance, before the Brahman will deign to approach. P. 314.

The *Numbi* are an inferiour order of Brahmans, whose duty is to act as *Pujáris* in the temples. They are all *Vaidika*, and never follow any worldly occupation; but are despised on account of their receiving fixed wages for performing their duty. P. 332.

Dr. B. is guilty of a small errour in mistaking the character of a place reputed holy; for he tells us, p. 278, Vol. I.

The hill (at Colar) seems to attract more moisture than the level country, and to be more favoured with rain; for a certain field on it annually produces a crop of rice, without any artificial watering, which, in this arid climate, is looked on as a kind of miracle. There is a spring of water which flows from the side of this hill in a small stream; and such a thing being here very uncommon, the Brahmans have conducted it along a gutter formed in the rock; and where it falls from thence, have, under a building, placed some stones, *which the obliging imagination of the natives conceives to resemble a cow's mouth.* The place, as being holy, is much frequented; and a ruinous temple at some distance attracts to its annual feast about ten thousand pilgrims.

Now, it is not "*a* cow's mouth," but "THE cow's mouth," which this place is thought to resemble; *i. e.* a fissure between rocks in the course of the Ganges, considerably above Hurdwar, called by this name, well known to the Brahmans; and the stream "falling from the gutter formed in the rock," resembles a famous place of bathing and ablution still nearer to the head of the sacred Ganges; so that, in fact, this spot at Colar combines miniature representations of two of the most sacred places in Brahminical estimation; and, therefore, may well be reputed holy.

There is something curious enough in the mode of dividing the produce of the ground, as practised in some parts of Hindoostan. We shall take, as an example, that adopted in the neighbourhood of Bangalore.

There is first set aside from the heap,	Seers
For the Gods, i. e. for the priests at their temples,	6
For Charity, i. e. for the Brahmans, Jangamas and other mendicants,	5
For the Astrologer, or *Panchánga*; who, if no mendicant be present, takes also the 5 Seers,	1

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For the poor *Brahman* of the village, whose office is hereditary,	1
For the *Naidda*, or barber,	2
For the *Cumbhara*, or pot-maker,	2
For the *Vasaradava*, who is both a carpenter and a blacksmith,	2
For the *Asaga*, or washerman,	2
For the *Alitigara*, or measurer,	4
For the *Tanagara*, or *Aduca*, a kind of beadle,	7
For the *Gauda*, or chief of the village, who out of this is obliged to furnish the the village sacrifices,	8
For the *Shanaboga*, or accomptant,	10
The heap is then measured; and for every *Candaca* that it contains, there are given the following perquisites:	
To the *Toti* and *Talliari* or watchmen, between them 1-2 *Seer*; which on a heap of 20 *Candacas*, is	10
To the Accomptant, 2 1-2 *Seers*.	45
To the Chief of the village, 2 1-2 *Seers*,	45
The *Nirgunty*, or conductor of water, then takes the bottom of the heap, which is about an inch thick; but this is mixed with the cow-dung that, by way of purifying it, had been spread on the ground; in a heap of 20 *Candacas*, this will be	20
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The accomptant also, for every *Candaca* of seed sown, and which ought to produce one heap of this size, gets two men's load of straw with the grain in it.

This, on a heap of 20 *Candacas* of 160 *Seers*, amounts to about 5 1-4 per cent. of the gross produce. Of the remainder the government takes first ten per cent. and then a half; so that it receives 55 per cent. of the net produce, and the farmer receives 45 per cent.

In dividing *Jagory*, a kind of scramble takes place among the same persons who shared in the heap of rice; and in this the farmer partakes. During the scramble about a fourth part of *Jagory* is taken away in handfuls, and the remainder is divided equally between the government and the farmer.

All the dry field ought to be let for a money rent; but, besides this, the farmer must pay the following duties:

To the barber, 30 *Seers* for every heap of grain.

To the pot-maker, for pots, from 20 to 30 *Seers*.

To the iron-smith, 20 *Seers* for every plough. The farmer finds the materials; but the smiths must make all the implements of husbandry, and assist in building and repairing the farmer's house.

To the washerman for any family, consisting of two men and two wives, or under that number, 50 *Seers*; for a family of four men and four wives, 100 *Seers*; and for a larger family 150 *Seers*.

Dr. B. gives two other lists of distribution, both of which begin by allotting portions "to the gods, and to the Brahmans."

We cannot forego the introduction of a thought that strikes us, as to the *origin* of this distribution of the products of the land being in truth more ancient than the use of money in commerce; for it seems to have all the requisites for doing justice to such persons as the agriculturist could possibly have accounts with, in the course of the season; and these he was to liquidate at the time of harvest; not by paying in rupees; but by communicating to each a portion of his grain, as he had enjoyed a portion of their labour. It is certain that a village, conducting itself strictly on this principle, might be all the world to itself; and without external commerce might bestow on each member of its little community, in the simplest manner possible, the supports of life. The share of the accomptant, which in some allotments, amounts to 100 *Seers*, out of 130, seems almost to denote, that the science of calculation, and the art of writing, were held in great esteem, when the rate was settled, probably because of its rarity; as well as because of its usefulness. The very large proportion

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demanded by government, should seem to be in consequence of modern events.

This manner of distributing maintenance appears also to be one principal support, as it may be coeval with their origin, of the doctrine of casts, so far as it depends on profession: for, when once the relative rank of a profession was fixed, it became the interest of all others to restrain its share of the increase within those limits which had been assigned to it: while loss of cast, however low that cast might be in estimation, disqualified the individual from demanding what otherwise would have been his allotment.

Very different from our own ideas of sanctity of manners, with which cleanliness of person is usually associated, are the notions of the Hindoos. For instance, Dr. B. informs us, that,

Firewood at Seringapatam is a dear article, and the fuel most commonly used is cow-dung made up into cakes. This, indeed, is much used in every part of India, especially by men of rank; as, from the veneration paid to the cow, it is considered as by far the most pure substance that can be employed. Every herd of cattle, when at pasture, is attended by women, and these often of high cast, who with their hands gather up the dung and carry it home in baskets. They then form it into cakes, about half an inch thick, and nine inches in diameter, and stick them on the walls to dry. So different, indeed, are Hindoo notions of cleanliness from ours, that the walls of their best houses are frequently bedaubed with these cakes; and every morning numerous females, from all parts of the neighbourhood, bring for sale into Seringapatam baskets of this fuel.

Many females, who carry large baskets of cow-dung on their heads, are well dressed, and elegantly formed girls. The dress of the *Karnâtaca* women is, indeed, very becoming: and I have never seen finer forms than even the labouring women of that country frequently possess. Their nastiness, however, is disgusting; very few of the inhabitants above the *Ghats* being free from the itch; and their linen being almost always died, is seldom washed. Vol. I. p. 135.

As a strong contrast to the assumption of the lordly Brahman, yet as manifesting how nearly extremes meet, and that when least suspected by the assuming, we shall instance, in a tribe which lives on alms, rather than by honest labour, and will not work, though sustenance might be obtained by it. Yet these are held in horrour, and not a slave will touch them.

The *Niadis* are an outcast tribe common in Malabar, but not numerous. They are reckoned so very impure that even a slave will not touch them. They speak a very bad dialect, and have acquired a prodigious strength of voice, by being constantly necessitated to bawl aloud to those with whom they wish to speak. They absolutely refuse to perform any kind of labour; and almost the only means they employ to procure subsistence is by watching the crops to drive away wild hogs and birds. Hunters also employ them to rouse game; and the *Acmumars*, who hunt by profession, give the *Niadis* one fourth part of what they kill. They gather a few wild roots; but can neither catch fish nor any kind of game. They sometimes procure a tortoise, and are able, by means of hooks, to kill a crocodile. Both of these amphibious animals they reckon delicious food. All these resources, however, are very inadequate to their support, and they chiefly subsist by begging. They have scarcely any clothing, and every thing about them discloses want and misery. They have some wretched huts built under trees in remote places; but they generally wander about in companies of ten or twelve persons, keeping at a little distance from the roads; and when they see any passenger, they set up a howl, like so many hungry dogs. Those who are moved by compassion lay down what they are inclined to bestow, and go away. The *Niadis* then put what has been left for them in the baskets which they always carry about. The *Niadis* worship a female deity called *Maladeiva*, and sacrifice fowls to her in March. They have no marriage ceremony; but one man and one woman always cohabit together; and among them infidelity, they say, is utterly unknown.

A wretched tribe of this kind, buffeted and abused by every one, and subsisting on the labour of the industrious, is a disgrace to any country; and both compassion

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and justice seem to require, that they should be compelled to gain a livelihood by honest industry, and be elevated somewhat more nearly to the rank of men. Perhaps Moravian missionaries might be employed with great success at little expense, in civilizing and rendering industrious the rude and ignorant tribes that frequent the woods and hills of the peninsula of India. Vol II. p. 414.

This incidental testimony to the temper, conduct, perseverance, and general character of the missionaries sent out by the *Unitas Fratrum*, or Moravian bretheren (for all these good qualities are implied) is, in our opinion, extremely honourable to that body: and we believe we may venture to say, that if any sect does good with little noise and ostentation, it is that of which Dr. B. speaks so respectfully. Dr. B. thinks that "it would be necessary to transport these *Niadis* to some other part, in order to remove them from the contempt in which they will always be held by the higher ranks of this country." Perhaps, however, if they were taught some useful profession, this prejudice might abate. Their present state of idleness gives but too much support to contempt. Were they useful, they might be respectable in society. We heartily wish such an experiment could be tried.

One step further brings us to what we presume is the very furthest outcast tribe of the human race. We are acquainted with the rude tribes of America, and the *Shangalla* of Mr. Bruce; but with a tribe of more savage manners, surrounded by civilized society, we are not acquainted.

In this hilly tract, there is a race of men called by the other natives *Cad' Eriligaru*; but who call themselves *Cat' Chensu*. Here they live in little huts near the villages, and have a small piece of blanket, or cotton cloth, to cover their nakedness. They are reconciled to the other natives, and pay a trifling capitation tax to government. Where the woods are more extensive, they are terrified at the sight of any civilized being, and live absolutely without any clothing; but cover their nakedness with a few leaves. In these forests they dwell in caves, or under bushes, which they make a better shelter from the weather, by adding small branches from other trees. When the civilized part of this tribe go into the woods to visit their relations, or to trade with them, they must throw off their rags, lest they should be mistaken for a villager, in which case none of the *Chensu* would approach. Vol. I. p. 167.

Those who live in the woods have either no religion, or some simple one with which those here are unacquainted. The *Chensu* live upon game, wild roots, herbs, and fruits, and a little grain, which they purchase from the farmers, by collecting some drugs, honey, and wax. P. 168.

Here it is convenient for us to suspend our extracts from this voluminous and interesting work. Our readers will perceive that the Dr. is a man of observation, and has taken important advantage of the opportunities which his journey afforded him. It is impossible that we should enumerate the many passages in which succinct remarks greatly illustrative of character, are intermingled with occurrences which befell our traveller. Only those who are conversant with the wilds of a country, can describe the peculiarities which attend them, or those of the animals which inhabit them; yet these are often both amusing and instructive. These we propose to notice with some of the more important vegetables, concerning which the Dr. affords considerable information; and therefore our intention is to resume this article.

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FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Memoirs of the life of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter; with a new Edition of her Poems, some of which have never appeared before; to which are added some Miscellaneous Essays in Prose, together with her Notes on the Bible. By the Rev. Montague Pennington, A. M. Quarto. pp. 643—price 2*l.* 2*s.* London.

A CORPS of Reviewers, which did not comprise a representative of the state of celibacy, by the vulgar denominated an Old Bachelor, might justly be deemed incomplete; and yet we know not how it is, but so it is, that when this member of our corps enlarges on the comforts and happiness of a single life, the rest of the company are found to be wonderfully dull of hearing and understanding. But we must let him triumph on a subject like the present. However publick prejudice may attach to the character of an unmarried individual, that kind of insociability, and that degree of stiffness and formality, which, from being the effect, afterwards become the cause of celibacy, yet Mrs. Carter appears to have been constantly free from such indications of her condition, and to have been cheerful and facetious, easy and polite. She was learned, and could correspond with an archbishop, on a question of Greek criticism; but her learning was not obtruded, at every turn, to amaze common auditors. She was pious; but her piety did not consist in censuring those whom she suspected of differing from her in this excellent quality. She was loyal; yet could make allowances for the contrary lights in which publick events were beheld by others. Mrs. Carter, in short, was a goodnatured woman, although not a matron; a sociable and conversible companion, although an Old Maid.

Her presence, says Mr. P. (speaking of her early days) never threw a damp over the juvenile amusements and gayeties of her young friends. She brought with her into company no ill-timed morality, or misplaced gravity; but danced, sung, played cards, and laughed, like any other young girl. He adds, in a note:—"However, it was only *innocent* gayety that she ever countenanced; and the strictness of her principles was soon well known. She went once to a puppet show at Deal, with some respectable friends, and Punch was uncommonly dull and serious, who was usually more jocose than delicate. "Why, Punch," says the showman, "what makes you so stupid?"—"I can't talk my own talk," answered Punch, "the famous Miss Carter is here."

No further testimony, we presume, is necessary to demonstrate the correctness of this lady's manners. The person who could control the *facetiæ* of Punch in a seaport town, must have had uncommon powers of presence, and must have acquired them honourably. Mrs. C. was even so cautious, as to be in every period of her life so averse to all kinds of deceit and falsehood, that it might well be said of her, as it was of the virtuous Theban: "*Ut ne quidem joco mentiretur;*" and yet the rumour at Deal, of her intention to put up for *member of parliament*, might have been countenanced, with more gravity than compunction, by criticks themselves.

The volume before us is not only a "Life" of Mrs. Carter, but a pleasing collection of her sentiments, &c. expressed at different periods, and on different occasions, to her intimate friends by letter. In this correspondence, she appears to advantage; and happily she met with communications in return, that are well worthy of the intercourse. The chief of these are from Miss Talbot, daughter of Edward, second son of Dr. W. Talbot, bishop of Durham, and next brother to Charles, the first Lord Talbot, Lord Chancellor. She was born after the decease of her father. Her life was respectable, but private: she died 1770. We find also letters from Archbishop Secker, Bishop Hayter, Lord Lyttleton, Dr. Johnson, the celebrated Barratier, the unfortunate Savage, giving an account of his early life; and others, eminent for station, talents, and literature. These are generally honourable both to the writers and to the receiver.

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We pass over Mrs. C's pedestrian rambles, at early dawn, when in health (for we learn that she was sadly afflicted by an often recurring headach. which she very imprudently fixed by mismanagement;) neither shall we expatiate on her courage, when all the neighbourhood was alarmed by a report that the French had landed, in November 1744; nor on her contrivance to be awakened early in a morning, by a bell in her chamber, which the sexton was accustomed to ring for that purpose; nor on her fondness for flowers, or for her toneless spinnet; nor on the variety of her studies in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. We shall not even trace the progress of her translation of Epictetus. We frankly own, however, that we are gratified with her dutiful attention to her father, and with her diligence in *making of shirts*. Her father died in 1774.

A principal part of the volume, and among the most amusing of its contents, is the history of an excursion to Spa and Holland, which Mrs. Carter made in 1763, in company with Mrs. Montague, and Lord Bath. As we cannot now, thanks to the *piety* and politicks of Buonaparte, verify the account of what catholick establishments *are*, we must be contented with repeating those narrations that describe them as they *were*. Mrs. C's observations on some of the towns she passed in her journey, and of the manners of the people, we know to be correct; and therefore shall extract a few passages, which mark her opinion of them. Her sentiments on the foppery of the catholick churches, *were* (and we presume the taste for such puerilities is not extinct) unhappily, but too well founded in fact.

"Lisle is a very large and very fine city; but a fashion of strong iron cross-bars before the windows, gives the houses an uncomfortable look, and makes them resemble prisons. It is, like all the towns we have passed, paved like St. James's square. The glare, and foppery, and childishness of the ornaments of the churches are beyond what any thing but the testimony of my own eyes could have given me any idea of. The decorations of the altars are much more fit for the toilette of a fine lady, than for a place dedicated to the solemn service of religion. I am quite sick of looking at so much tinsel, and such a variety of *colifichets*. The only thing which has struck me with any thing like solemnity, was a sight of nuns this afternoon, singing vespers. We should have been glad to have staid longer here; but the apprehension from what our guide told us of an elevation of the *Hostia*, obliged us to return before the service was over. Mrs. Montague and I were at two other convents, and had some discourse with two nuns. We took notice to one that she appeared *bien contente*:* to which she made an answer, which had much more sense than enthusiasm in it:—"*Quand on a pris une vocation, on seroit bien folle de n'être pas contente.*"†—We asked whether it was possible for us to see the inside of the convent, to which she answered very archly: "‡ *Pas sans y rester au moins;*" at which the little rogue of a page who was with us was excessively entertained. We are to set out to morrow for Ghent."—P. 175.

"Brussels is the most disagreeable town which I have yet seen in our way. The houses are extremely high, and the streets narrow, which makes it dark and close; and I shall be heartily glad when we leave it. We took an airing to day in a place used for that purpose by the inhabitants. I believe we went about a mile in a straight road by the side of a dismal looking canal. We afterwards drove about the park, which is pretty enough, but very trifling compared to our St. James's and Hyde Park. There is an English monastery here, which we visited out of compliment to our countrywomen. We sat about twenty minutes without the grate, and talked with three of the nuns. Both these, and those we saw at Ghent, desired us to call on them on our return. They told us one of their amusements was country dances, and that they had the newest from England. They have almost universally

* Quite contented.

† Having adopted a vocation, it would be very foolish not to be contented.

‡ Not without staying there, at any rate.

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the same air of gayety, which would give one pleasure, if it did not seem to be as much a uniform as their habit. They have all an unhealthy, cadaverous kind of look, which is no wonder, from the want of air and exercise in such a confinement.

"At a convent in Lisle, is a kind of altar with an image of the Virgin and our Saviour, both with black faces; for which we could get no better reason than that our lady of Loretto was the same. They bid us get up upon a chair, and peep into a little hole of a closet behind the altar, to see the kitchen furniture of the Virgin. All I remember of the contents was a stove and a little brass kettle. I think nothing but the testimony of my own eyes could have perfectly convinced me of the miserable, trifling fopperies of popery. Most of the images are such mere dolls, that one would think the children would cry for them. Even the high altars are decorated with such a profusion of silly gewgaw finery, as one would think better adapted to the amusements of girls and boys, than to inspire sentiments of devotion. I feel extremely uncomfortable with hearing bells ringing all day long, without being able to go to church; but I hope this heathenish kind of life will be over when I get to Spa, and we shall have a kind of worship in which I can join." P. 179.

"Surely, with the superstition of popery, there is a strange mixture of profaneness. I was lately struck by an instance of this kind in the garden of the Capuchins at this place, where there is placed a crucifix, by way of fountain, spouting water from the wounds of the hands and feet. As little as I am inclined to image worship, I could not help being much shocked at seeing so sacred a representation applied to such a purpose.

"We have all manner of religious orders and habits here; friars, priests, nuns, and chanoinesses. The last are not bound by vows, nor forbid to marry; nor has their dress any other distinction than a very becoming ornament of a blue riband, and a garnet cross. The chanoinesses are all ladies of fashion, and must prove their nobility before they can be admitted into the chapter. Two of those who are at Spa are extremely agreeable. One is, I think, the greatest beauty here. The other, who is about eighteen, is rather pretty, and has all the innocence, and all the archness of a little, roguish child. She loves to learn little scraps of English, and some of the gentlemen have tried to make her say, *Am I not very pretty?* But she is too cunning for them, and will not say any thing that is not properly explained to her. I was lately in company with these two ladies, who were going to a ball; but were hurrying home first, to say their *offices*. I asked the little countess if it was very long. With a dolorous face she answered:* *Oui, un bon trois quarts d'heure.—Et qu'est que c'est que votre office?—Ce sont des prières.—Et quelles prières?—Je ne sais pas, car c'est tout Latin.—Mais au moins on met le François au côté?—Non, ce n'est que Latin—Ainsi vous ne savez pas ce que vous dites?—Non, pas un mot.—Est-ce qu'on appelle cela prier le bon Dieu, de lui adresser des paroles dont on ne sait pas le sens?* The elder chanoinesse looked rather ashamed, and the little countess stared: but at last they both agreed that they did it,† *par devoir, et à l'intention de leur fondateur.*" P. 216.

It does not appear, although Mrs. C. was a British virgin herself, that she was partial to an army of virgins, however they might combine the dignity of martyrdom with that of a single state. Her censure of the greatest exportation of such treasure that ever took place from Britain, is severe; but perhaps she had no passion for martyrdom. From Cologne she writes:

"On Saturday we went to see the arsenal, which is not worth seeing, and the church of the eleven thousand virgins. There is a marble figure of St. Ursula, and at the foot the dove which pointed out the spot where her remains were found. The bones of these *eleven thousand bien heureuses avanturières*; who never existed but in a Romish calendar, are placed in galleries all over the church. In one of the chapels are about four hundred skulls piled up in great order, and each half covered with

* Yes, a good three quarters of an hour.—And what are these *offices* of yours?—They are prayers.—And what kind of prayers?—I don't know; for it is all Latin; and I don't understand Latin.—But at least the French is put in the margin.—No, there is nothing but Latin. Do you not know then, what you say?—No, not a word.—And is this called praying to God, to address to him words, the meaning of which is unknown!

† From duty, and in conformity with the design of their founder.

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a cap of gold and crimson embroidery. The heads of St. Ursula and some of her principal ladies are enclosed in silver busts, which open at the top, to show the relick, which is covered with pearls, &c. &c."

What a precious repository of instruction for Dr. Gall, when satiated with investigating the organ of folly in the skulls of the beau monde at Paris!

Mrs. C's character of the late duke of Brunswick, whom she met with at Spa, is extremely favourable to that now departed hero. We agree with Mr P. in the tribute he has paid to his memory, and in the great importance to Europe of a general equally brave, loyal, and *incorruptible*. May Providence speedily raise up such—and more than such—a deliverer for Europe.

"The prince (I congratulate our princess) is one of the finest young men I ever saw, and appears to greater advantage the more one has an opportunity of knowing him. The general expression of his countenance is deep thinking, mixed with remarkable sweetness and good nature. His conversation is remarkably sensible, perfectly obliging, and polite. He reads and understands English, but does not yet talk it. However, he spoke a few words to me as I passed by him to night at the ball, and seemed pleased to attempt it." P. 204.

We incline to think that our countrymen are not sufficiently sensible of the *moral* advantages they derive from their insular situation. Notwithstanding the terms which some well wishers to morals adopt when lamenting the depravity which is but too notorious among us, yet we are of opinion that, *comparatively*, John Bull is not only an honest fellow, but a *good* fellow too. That he is far below the standard of rectitude, we frankly confess; but the continent does not every where produce his equal. Great criminals, fleeing from the continent, cannot so easily seek refuge in an island, as where they have only a barrier to pass. Of consequence, they do not import their atrocious dispositions so unrestrainedly *among us*; neither can great criminals assure themselves of a ready escape from our island. They are much more likely to be arrested by the hand of justice before they can effect their purpose. So far, then, as a strict execution of justice, and a non-importation of criminal disposition may be supposed to diminish guilt, the sea is a most favourable protection to our national virtue. Those who recollect the advantages taken on the continent, of committing crimes at the very edge of a territorial boundary, in order that the guilty murderer for instance, may escape in an instant beyond the power of his pursuers, will very well understand the *practice* on which we reason. Mrs. C. shall furnish a remark in point.

"The territory of Liege," says Mrs. C. "is a wretched, lawless, undisciplined country, *and the more so from its situation, as it is surrounded by many little independent states, so that a criminal may, in a few hours, take refuge in some other dominion, and be quite safe from the pursuits of justice.* The government is divided between the prince, senate and people. This looks, in description, like liberty; but in reality is mere licentiousness and anarchy, worse evils than the most absolute despotism. Mrs. Montague has, I think, given a very lively and exact description of this country, by calling it the *Seven Dials* of Europe."—P. 213.

Returning now to our own island, and safely landing our heroine among her friends, we shall transcribe the sentiments of this judicious writer, on persons and circumstances better known to the British publick. There is something honest in the frank avowal of that partiality to our native country, which is, in fact, a dictate of nature; a prejudice implanted for the wisest purposes in the human breast We pity the man who has seen the continent, and does not return to Britain with heartfelt gratulation.—We know, indeed, that various places abroad have many recommendations; but our judgment must be determined, and it is determined, by what is

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preferable *on the whole*. Mrs. C partook of the same failing, if it be one. It will be recollected, that her opinion of the French character was formed in 1763; consequently, it was long prior to those proofs of its correctness, which have been the scourge of humanity in later years.

"I do not at all agree to your project of sending me into Mercury or Venus. As long as one remains in this solar system, I have no idea of being better situated than upon Earth, which, with a true patriot prejudice, I am inclined to think as much preferable to any other planetary region, as England is to every other country in the terraqueous globe. You see I have not travelled away my English partiality. I am sure I can never be in any danger of losing it in Holland, which is beyond description disagreeable to my imagination.—You ask why I prefer the German character and manners to the French? Because I believe the character more honest, and I find the manners less bustling, and less affected, but equally polite: indeed, I always consider the French as the most pestilent corrupters of the human heart, and their writings, more so than any I ever read, tend to the subversion of all principles, and sap the foundation of all morality, and the stifling of all sentiment. You will not imagine me extravagant enough to apply all this to each individual; though I met with an English lady at Spa, who has resided in France, and she declared to me, that she never met with any one person while she was there, who had either principle or sentiment. To her great surprise, she once thought she had discovered a character possessed of both; but, upon further inquiry, the lady proved to be a Canadian."—P. 244.

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"*Thinking*, my dear Mrs. Vesey, must always tend to peace, when it is exercised under an awful sense of the presence of the Supreme Being, and with a due submission to those restraints which his wisdom and goodness have imposed on the human faculties. To check the rovings of unprofitable speculation, and fix our attention on the task assigned us here, all truths unnecessary for us to know are involved in uncertainty and darkness, and the search must end in disappointment and confusion, and too often in a subversion of all principles. In the investigation of points essential to our present state and condition, the powers of the understanding are invariably adequate to its subject. Does not the difference so strongly, so evidently marked, plainly discover what ought to form the object of our study? The most active genius will never be in danger of languishing for want of employment, while it is engaged in unravelling the sophistries of passion; detecting the fallacies of the heart; examining the motives of action; and determining the duties which result from every particular situation.—P. 245.

We perfectly agree with Mrs. C that

"No infidel will find any great comfort in the study of Epictetus, unless he is perverse enough to take comfort in finding himself obliged to practise the morality of the Gospel, without its encouragements and supports. From what causes infidelity does arise, must be left to the Searcher of hearts; but perhaps one might venture to say, that it does NOT arise from an admiration of the sentiments of the wise, and good, and religious writers among the heathen philosophers; and it is with great consistency that Lord Bolingbroke has treated Plato and Paul with equal virulence, as I am told he has."—P. 128.

So far as I have read, I perfectly subscribe to your judgment of Mr. Hume's History. The order and civility of modern times is, indeed, an inestimable blessing, and however unwilling Mr. Hume might be to allow it, is certainly the effect of Christianity. Barbarity was the disgrace of heroism, not only amongst our rude and violent ancestors, but amongst those nations which are so often extolled as abounding with examples of the highest virtues. Modern compilers give us a fine picture of the manners of heathen antiquity; but their own historians are more honest; and from them one discovers as high instances of barbarity, even among the polished and enlightened Greeks, as could be practised by the most savage parties of scalping Indians. The battles of Marathon, Thermopylæ, and Platea, were great actions, and performed in a noble cause, and these are extolled by all authors through all ages: while little mention is made of the horrours of the Peloponnesian war, and innumerable others, by which the heroes who so gallantly opposed the Persian tyranny, endeavoured to tyrannize over each other, and pursued their quarrels through such a series of rapine, treachery, and bloodshed, that the relation makes one shudder.

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It is no wonder that the savage manners of nations, professing Christianity, should be so little softened in those dark ages, when the Christian religion was so little understood, that the endowment of a monastery was thought a sufficient atonement for a violation of all the duties of humanity. But, ever since the restraints of popery have been removed, and the gospel allowed to speak for itself, there has been an astonishing alteration for the better in the general appearance of the Christian world. —P. 285.

* * * * *

I join with you in wishing that there may be a well written life of good Lord Lyttleton—but I am very far from being equal to such a task.

Though I agree with you in the great use which may be derived from an account of the life of a character of distinguished excellence, I differ from you with regard to the persons who will receive benefit from works of this kind. They contribute, as every thing else does, to make the good better, but seldom or never to reform the bad. Those whom you justly characterize by the title of "unfeeling scoffers," are as impenetrable to example as they are to reason; though, as you may say, they may be silenced, they will not be convinced; for conviction is not an operation of the head, but of the heart. This is the doctrine of inspiration, and common sense and experience bear ample testimony to its truth. You say Lord Lyttleton "became a Christian from philosophical inquiry." But upon that inquiry he entered with a mind undisturbed by passion, and unbiassed by prejudice; and, consequently, with a heart full of virtuous dispositions. Had his head been ever so speculative and philosophical, with the pride, and malevolence, and dissoluteness of Bolingbroke, or the pert, paradoxical vanity of Hume, with all his inquiries he had remained an unbeliever."

The good sense of these remarks will speak for itself to every intelligent ear. They tend much to answer the inquiry as to the cause of infidelity; which certainly does not arise from admiration of virtue, in any shape, as a rival to the gospel; nor from unbiassed, calm, continued investigation, either of the principles of truth at large, or of ethical truth, in particular.

We could with pleasure enlarge our extracts from the correspondence of this sensible lady, and especially, we are tempted by some of Miss Talbot's letters; but we must forbear, and close this account with acknowledging our obligation to Mr. Pennington for the communications he has favoured us with, and a hint at the other contents of the volume.

The poems are evidently productions of early life. Their sentiments are good; but their vigour is not exemplary. The satire which peeps forth in some few, is but feeble; and we have seen superiour translations and imitations. Nevertheless, they have their merit, and find a place very properly in connexion with these memoirs.

The following remarks upon the same work are extracted from Aikin's Annual Review.

IT is certainly desirable that memoirs of eminent and exemplary persons should be written; but it is by no means desirable or necessary, that they should all be written in quarto. Those of Mrs. Carter, whose life was singularly barren of incident, might have been comprised in a moderate octavo, with manifest advantage to all parties concerned, except, perhaps, the editor. In that case, early poems, of which, in maturer years, their author was ashamed, would not have been disrespectfully dragged back to notice, under the name of "literary curiosities;" slight and imperfect notes, written in the margin of her bible, evidently without a thought beyond her private use, would never have swelled out a pompous title page; and we should not have found it our duty to preface this survey of the life and character of a most respectable woman, with a reprimand to "her nephew and executor."

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Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, eldest daughter of the Rev. Nicholas Carter, D. D. was born at Deal in Kent, in December, 1717. Her father appears to have been a very worthy, pious, and sensible man. Not being originally designed for a learned profession, Dr. Carter himself had not begun to study the languages, till he was nineteen years of age; but the proficiency he afterwards made in them was great; and it was probably a deep sense of his own early disadvantages, which induced him to impart to all his children, daughters as well as sons, the benefits of a learned education. The childhood of Elizabeth gave no promise of her future eminence. On the contrary, such was her dullness and tardiness of conception, that her father more than once entreated her to give up all thoughts of becoming a scholar But she was possessed of an indefatigable spirit of application, which scorned to be overcome. By close and incessant labour, she surmounted all difficulties, but not without injury to her health The severe and frequent headachs to which she was all her life subject, appear to have been brought on by the intensity of her youthful studies.

"Hence also she contracted the habit of taking snuff. This she did at first in order to keep herself awake during her studies, which she frequently protracted during great part of the night, and was afterwards unable to give up the custom, though it was very disagreeable to her father. This ardent thirst after knowledge was, however, at length crowned with complete success; and her acquirements became, even very early in life, such as are rarely met with. What she had once gained she never afterwards lost; an effect, indeed, to be expected from the intense application by which she acquired her learning, and which is often by no means the case with respect to those, the quickness of whose faculties renders labour almost needless.

"Amidst her severer studies, however, more feminine accomplishments were not neglected. Her father sent her for a year to board in the house of Mr. Le Sueur, a French refugee minister at Canterbury. There she learnt to speak the French language, which she continued to do to the close of her life, better than most persons who have not lived abroad. She learnt also the common branches of needle-work, which she practised to the very last; and musick, in which, though very fond of it, she never seems to have made any considerable progress. She played both on the spinnet and German flute; and certainly took some pains to acquire this accomplishment, as there is a great deal of musick for both instruments in her own hand writing."

In the year 1738, Miss Carter published a very small collection of verses, written before she was twenty, and it is the republication of several of these, which she herself rejected in subsequent editions of her poems, and which the editor confesses to be of very inferiour merit, that we have stigmatized above. Her progress in learning there are no means of tracing step by step; but it appears, at length, to have comprehended a thorough knowledge of Latin and Greek, especially the latter tongue, to which she was much attached; a considerable acquaintance with the Hebrew; a slighter one with the Arabick and Portuguese; and a complete familiarity with French, Spanish, Italian, and German. The latter language she acquired at the request of Sir George Oxendon, a particular friend of her father's, in order to qualify herself for a place at court, which he thought he had interest sufficient to get for her. The place, however, from some unknown cause, appears not to have been obtained, at which she rather rejoiced than grieved; wisely preferring the independent life of a retired scholar, to the splendid servitude of a court attendant. Mrs Carter's chief turn was for classical and polite literature; yet she did not entirely neglect the sciences. Astronomy, and mathematicks, as far as connected with it, employed her for a considerable time. From her earliest youth she displayed a spirit of devotion which never ceased to be a marking trait in her character. She was a diligent reader of the Scriptures, as well as other religious wri-

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tings, and the whole tenour of her life might be called a practical commentary on the rules which she held sacred. In the days of Mrs. Carter's youth, a learned lady was a prodigy indeed, and it is a striking proof both of that sound judgment, which was indeed her prominent feature, and of an amiable humility of disposition, that she never considered herself as entitled to the least exemption from the duties of common life, or the ordinary claims of society.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Carter, without absolutely expressing a resolution of always remaining single, appears to have been disinclined to the married state. In her youth she refused several offers. The following circumstance, which occurred much later in her life, is rendered peculiarly amusing by the rank and station of the parties concerned.

"Such, indeed, was Dr. Secker's attention to Mrs. Carter, and so high his opinion of her seemed to be, that it was supposed, by many of their friends, after he became a widower, that he wished to marry her. This, however, she positively denied to be the case, and was fully convinced that he felt for her nothing more than friendship and esteem. She always seemed, indeed, to be hurt at the idea, and never liked to have it mentioned or alluded to, even by her relations. The same thing was also affirmed with regard to that good and amiable prelate, Dr. Hayter, first bishop of Norwich, and then of London, with whom she was much acquainted; and some of their cotemporaries are not clear, that in this case the rumour was equally unfounded. Mrs. Carter, however, never allowed it to be true, and it is pretty certain that whatever the bishop's inclinations might be, they never led him so far as to make her an offer of marriage. Once, indeed, when the two bishops and Mrs. Carter were together, Dr. Secker jocularly alluded to this subject, and said: "Brother Hayter, the world says that one of us two is to marry Madam Carter (by which name he was accustomed to address her, and speak of her); now I have no such intention, and therefore resign her to you." Dr. Hayter, with more gallantry, bowed to her, and replied, "that he would not pay his grace the same compliment, and that the world did him great honour by the report."

It was in the year 741, that Mrs. Carter first formed that intimacy with Miss Talbot, and through her with Secker, then bishop of Oxford, which was the means of her undertaking the translation of Epictetus, and also contributed to introduce her to that circle of persons, eminent for rank and talents, in which she afterwards moved. The version of Epictetus was begun in 1749, but was not finished till 1756; for, besides the labour of the work, and the frequent interruptions it received from her headachs, which seldom allowed her to apply to any thing for more than half an hour at a time, Mrs Carter was meritoriously engaged, during this period, in the task of educating her youngest brother, the Rev. Henry Carter, who was fitted for college solely by her instruction; a circumstance which excited no small surprise at Cambridge, when it was inquired, after his examination, at what school he had been brought up. It seems she afterwards contributed very much to the education of Mr. Pennington, her biographer. The correspondence which took place between Archbishop Secker, Miss Talbot, and Mrs. Carter, on the subject of Epictetus, is here given. It appears that Mrs. C. undertook the translation at Miss T's request, without any view to publication. Secker objected to her style at first, as "too smooth and ornamented," and not sufficiently close, and took the trouble of translating a part in his own plain, energetick manner, by way of a pattern for her. After this she seems to have gone on quite to his satisfaction, and the work was sent up to him in chapters, for his corrections, as it went on.

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FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

A Sporting Tour through the northern parts of England, and great part of the highlands of Scotland, including remarks on English and Scottish landscape, and general observations on the state of society and manners. Embellished with sixteen engravings, by Messrs. Medland, &c. from paintings made on purpose, by Mr. Garrard. By colonel T. Thornton, of Thornville Royal, in Yorkshire.

IT is well known that the patriarch of Uz exclaimed, in the midst of his afflictions: "Oh that mine adversary had written a book!" This ardent exclamation of the man of patience has led the learned Rabbin Menachem-el-Rekenet, in the treatise entitled *Bávâa Báthra*, to suggest that the Arabian sage may have been a writer in the *Ammudeha Scibha* (the Critical Journal of Tadmor) or at least in the *Maarcoheth Haelahuth* (or Mocha Monthly Review). Without deciding on this difficult point, we can only say that we have frequently sympathized with the eastern sufferer, and now rejoice that our enemy has written a book. Why we impute this hostile character to the author of the Sporting Tour before us, requires some explanation.

The Reviewers of North Britain, in common with the other inhabitants of the Scottish metropolis, enjoy some advantages unknown, it is believed, to their southern brethren. We do not allude merely to the purer air which we breathe in our atticks, and the more active exercise which we enjoy in ascending to them, although our superiority in these respects is well known to be in the proportion of fourteen stories to three. But we pride ourselves chiefly in this circumstance; that "though in populous city pent" for eight months in the year, the happy return of August turns the Reviewers, with the schoolboys, and even the burghers of Edinburgh, adrift through the country, to seek, among moors and lakes, not indeed *whom*, but *what* they may devour. For some of us do, under Colonel Thornton's correction, know where to find a bit of game. On such occasions, even the most saturnine of our number has descended from his den, garnished with the limbs of mangled authors, wiped his spectacles, adjusted his knapsack, and exchanged the critical scalping knife for the fishing-rod or fowling-piece. But we are doomed to travel in a *style* (to use the appropriate expression) far different from that of our worthy author. Having in our retinue nothing either to bribe kindness, or to impose respect—having neither two boats nor a sloop to travel by sea, nor a gig, two baggage wagons, and God knows how many horses, for the land service—having neither draughtsman nor falconer, Jonas nor Lawson, groom nor boy—having in our suite neither Conqueror, nor Plato, nor Dragon, nor Sampson, nor Death, nor the Devil—above all, having neither crowns and half crowns to grease the fists of gamekeepers and foresters, nor lime punch, incomparable Calvert's porter, flasks of champagne, and magnums of claret* to propitiate their superiours;—in fine, being accoutred in a rusty black coat, and attended by a pointer, which might have belonged to the pack of the frugal Mr. Osbaldeston;† being, moreover, "Lord of our presence, but no land beside," we have, in our sporting tours, met with interruptions of a nature more disagreeable than we choose to mention. Hence the various oppressions exercised upon us by the *Lairds*‡ whose

* All which Colonel Thornton says he had. In our mind, he should have given God thanks, and made no boast of them.

† Who kept a pack of hounds and two hunters, not to mention a wife and six children, on sixty pounds a year.

‡ A variety of the squire-*genus* found in Scotland.

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moors we have perambulated, has taught us to rail, with Jaques, against all the first-born of Egypt. And deeply have we often sworn, that if any of those gentlemen should be tempted to hunt across Parnassus, or the demesnes adjacent, or should be detected abandoning their only proper and natural vocation of pursuing, killing, and eating the fowls of the air, the beasts of the earth, and the fishes in the waters under the earth, for the unnatural and unsquire-like employment of writing, printing, and publishing, we would then, in return for their lectures on the game laws, introduce them to an acquaintance with the canons of criticism. Such an opportunity of vengeance was rather, however, to be wished than hoped; and therefore Colonel Thornton was not more joyfully surprised when, at Dalnacardoch, he killed a char with bait, than we were to detect a hunting, hawking, English squire, poaching in the fields of literature. We therefore apprize Colonel Thornton, that he must produce his license, and establish his qualification, or submit to the statutory penalty, *in terrorem* of all such offenders.

The Colonel's book is a journal of a tour through Scotland, which, like Agricola, he invaded by sea and land at once, and with a retinue almost as formidable. When twenty horses had conveyed the Colonel and his trusty followers from Yorkshire by Kelso to Edinburgh, and thence by Glasgow, Dumbarton, and Loch-Lomond to Loch-Tay, and thence by Dunkeld to Raits in the forests of Strathspey, they there received news of the embarkation, consisting of a cutter deeply laden with stores and domesticks, which had sailed from Hull to Forres, and had been twice saved by the presence of mind of an active housekeeper, who "in spirit outvied the men"—p. 3. On the first occasion, she discovered a leak "by the trickling of water in her cot." Imputing it, indeed, to some other cause, she prudently gave no alarm till the same phenomenon occurred in another hammock; and on a second eventful occasion, it was she who made the signal of distress, by hoisting her white linen on the oar of the jolly boat—p. 72. After a long encampment in the moors, and after visiting Elgin and Gordon-Castle, the train went by Inverness and the forts, to Inverary, thence to Dumbarton and to Edinburgh, and so home by the western road.

The performance is termed a Sporting Tour; not because it conveys to the reader any information new or old upon the habits of the animals unfortunate enough to be distinguished as *game*, nor even upon the modes to be adopted for destroying them, *secundum artem;* but because it contains a long, minute, and prolix account of every grouse or black cock which had the honour to fall by the gun of our literary sportsman—of every pike which gorged his bait—of every bird which was pounced by his hawks—of every blunder which was made by his servants—and of every bottle which was drunk by himself and his friends. Now this, we apprehend, exceeds the license given to sportsmen. We allow them all the pleasure which they can procure in an active and exhilarating amusement; nay, we permit them to rehearse the exploits of the field, lake, and moor, as long as the audience are engaged in devouring and digesting the spoils of the campaign: but not one minute longer. Will Wimble himself, if we recollect rightly, began and finished his account of striking, playing, and landing the huge jack he presented to Sir Roger de Coverly, within the time the company were engaged in eating it. And if a sportsman wishes to protract his narrative through *close-time*, we apprize him that he must provide for the auditors a reasonable quantity of potted char, pickled

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salmon, jugged hare, and deerham, or be satisfied with the attention of the Led Captain. For our own part, we may be believed when we protest we would have given a patient hearing to all the Colonel's exploits if we had been admitted to partake of the dinner in his Dulnon camp, of which the following bill of fare, with many others, is given us with laudable accuracy.

"A hodge podge.
REMOVE.
Boiled trout and salmon,
Rein-deer's tongue,
Cold fowl,
Brandered moor-game.
SAUCES.
Garlick, and Capsicum vinegars.
REMOVE.
Cheshire cheese,
Moor-game-gizzards,
Biscuits.
Liquors—Port, Imperial, Jamaica rum punch, with fresh limes, porter, ale, &c." P. 129.

Had we been fortunate enough to be regaled at this table in the wilderness, we would willingly, and most conscientiously have listened to every story in the Colonel's quarto—We would have caressed Pero, Ponto, Dargo, Shandy, Carlo, and Romp—p. 151- We would have wondered at the old cock and five polts which the Colonel killed out of one covey; and wondered still more at the monstrous great pike, which was five feet four inches in length (p. 86.) although the story be a good half hour's reading. Nor would we have refused to sympathize in the moving reverses of fortune, experienced by this emperour of sportsmen. We would have been sorry when he fired away his ramrod, or bruised the pipe so, that he could not return it (p. 151.)—sorry when his tent tumbled down about his ears (p. 154.)—very sorry when a drunken ferryman jumped upon and broke the fourth piece of his fishing rod (p. 52.)—and very sorry, indeed, when he rubbed the skin off his heel by the hard seam of his fen-boot. Nay, if the repast could possibly have lasted so long, we should have submitted thankfully to gape and mourn over a gig stuck on a gate-post (p. 33) over a broken trace or spring (p. 30.) or over Sampson, the marvel of the highlands, *abimé* (as the Colonel calls it) in a bog, though upwards of seventeen hands and a half high (p. 73.) In short, we aver, that, while our mouths were employed, our ears should always have been open, and that, reviewers though we be, no hawk he ever reclaimed should have been more *manny*.* But, at present, we are under no obligation either to be good listeners or courteous readers; for the Colonel, by the mode in which he has been pleased to communicate the above important incidents, has outraged every privilege of those to whom such valuable information is conveyed. To stuff a quarto with his personal exploits of shooting and fishing, all detailed with the most unmerciful prolixity, is a tyranny surpassing that of William Rufus, who, though he turned his liege subjects out of their houses to make a park, did not propose they should pay 1*l.* 15*s.* for the history of his huntings; a proceeding which, in our opinion, would have justified an insurrection against Nimrod himself.

We have already said we do not find any thing in Colonel Thornton's book which is very new, even in his own department. The following im-

* A term in falconry, Colonel Thornton informs us, for being gentle and well broken.

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provement upon fishing a lake, by hooks attached to a float, may amuse the sportsman.

"In order to describe this mode of fishing, it may be necessary to say, that I make use of pieces of *cork*, of a conical form, and having several of these, all differently painted, and named after favourite hounds, trifling wagers are made on their success, which rather adds to the spirit of the sport.

"The mode of baiting them is, by placing a live bait, which hangs at the end of a line, of one yard and a half long, fastened only so slightly, that on the pike's striking, two or three yards more may run off, to enable him to gorge his bait. If more line is used it will prevent the sport that attends his diving and carrying under water the hound; which being thus pursued in a boat, down wind (which they always take) affords very excellent amusement; and where pike, or large perch, or even trout, are in plenty, before the hunters, if I may so term these fishers, have run down the first pike others are seen coming towards them, with a velocity proportionable to the fish that is at them.

"In a fine summer's evening, with a pleasant party, I have had excellent diversion; and it is, in fact, the most adapted, of any, for ladies, whose company gives a *gusto* to all parties." Note, p. 27.

This amusement may appear a little childish. Nor will some scrupulous sportsmen greatly approve of the recipe for making birds *lie*, by flying a hawk over them—a mode of shooting most murderously bloody. Other Highland hunters will observe, with indignation, that the Colonel expresses a dislike of the manly amusement of deer-stalking. But these are trivial objections. What shall we say of the tone in which the Colonel speaks of his guns, his rods, his dogs, his hawks, his servants, his draughtsman, his friends, his fresh eggs, marmalade and currant jelly? what of the importance he annexes to the breaking of a buckle, or wetting of a powder flask; what of the *general orders*, regularly issued with military precision, and as regularly inserted in the journal! In sooth, we will content ourselves with copying the Colonel's own account of a Highland dancing master presiding at a ball at Dalmally.

——"But I shall never forget the arrogance of the master. His mode of marshalling his troops, his directions, and other manœuvres, were truly ridiculous. He felt himself greater than any adjutant disciplining his men, and managed them much in the same manner."

We mean no invidious comparison; but Colonel Thornton, who piques himself on the pomp and circumstance annexed to a capital sportsman, admits the poor dancing master's merit in his proper department, and that he danced the Highland fling with the true "Glen Orgue (he means Glenorchy) kick;" and we question whether the annals of his school might not afford as important and amusing information as the following specimen, taken at random from the Colonel's journal—

"We ordered dinner, as we had done the preceding day, early. Tired of sitting in doors, I took my gun, and killed, hobbling about, two brace of snipes, and was returning home, when one of the pointers made a very steady point. I perceived by his manner that it was not a snipe: came up to him, was backed by the other dog, and they footed their game. I apprehended it would prove black game; not that I had seen any near here; but could not conceive what it could be, till coming into some thinly dispersed, but stinted alders, they both made their point complete; a wild duck flushed, which I fired at, and saw drop. The dogs still maintained their point as usual; and, walking on to pick up the duck, lest he should get into the drains, and give me some trouble to recover him, another rose, with which I was equally successful with my other barrel." P. 100.

We were much amused with the Colonel's recommendation to sportsmen, to keep one set of dogs for themselves, and another to lend to their friends, p. 163. It reminds us of a gentleman who kept a case of razors for the use of those who unexpectedly spent the night in his house:—it was astonishing how deeply his friends deprecated the hospitality of the

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stranger's razor. We must not omit to mention, that the Colonel takes due care decently to intimate his success in a sport to which all sportsmen are partial, from Abyssinian Bruce who hunted elephants mounted on a brown horse, to the most sorry poacher that ever shot a hare at a gate by moon-light. Yet a more fastidious gallant would have disclaimed to form designs upon "a *wizen'd* and smoke-dried Highland woman, upwards of forty-five years old," p. 128; nor do we agree in his compliments to the unparalleled *silver* hair of a young lady, elsewhere and more respectfully mentioned. Either the Colonel's veneration for age must be extreme, or he valued the tresses of this Highland damsel for the same reason that he admired the fur of the white hare.

We do not intend to trace the Colonel through his tour, in which we must remark, that there is scarcely a Gaelick name properly spelled. Nay, even on the plain ground of the Lowlands, he makes strange blunders. He talks of fishing in the *Teviot* at Mindrum Mill. p. 13, when, in fact, he was at least ten miles distant from that river, which he seems to have confounded with the Bowmont, a stream that is not even tributary to the Teviot, but falls into the Till. In like manner, he talks of those "uncommonly beautiful hills, the Teviot," meaning, we think, the Cheviot mountains. p. 14. Surely this accomplished sportsman has heard of Chevy Chase. In point of style, we think a bold British fox hunter might have dispensed with many unnecessary French terms, as *pallette* for pallet, *metier* for art, *jessois* for jesses, and, instead of "reckoning, as the French express it, *sans son hote*," might not the Colonel have "reckoned without his hoste, as we say in England?"

The description of the Highland landscapes which the Colonel met with on his route are very similar to what are usually found in books of the kind, abounding in all the *slang* by which tourists delight to describe what can never be understood from description. The accounts of abbeys, castles, antiquities, &c. are bolstered out by quotations from Pennant and Gray. Indeed, whole pages are borrowed from the former, without either shame or acknowledgment. The poetical scraps introduced are in general from well known authors, though the following, for aught we know, may be original:

> "See the bold falconers strain up the lingy steep,
> Dash through the junipers, down the valley sweep;
> Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
> When the fierce falcon cleaves the liquid sky." P. 130.

We would like to know from a hawker of Colonel Thornton's high fame, whether falconers do actually run faster than pigeons fly; and, if they do, whether it be absolutely necessary that the verse should halt for it. We have only to add, that the engravings from Mr. Garrard's designs are pretty; and we hope this tribute of praise will console that gentleman for the fatigues of a journey, performed, like those of Mad Tom, "on high trotting horses," which, according to Colonel Thornton, is the appropriate conveyance of an artist. By the way, we do not recognise Colonel Thornton's humanity, elsewhere displayed in saving a servant's life, and in attention to diminish the torture of his wounded game, in his treatment of Mr. Garrard, whom, after "gently reproaching him for his timidity, he persuaded to follow to a stone overhanging a precipice, where, had his foot slipped, it would have been his last sketch."

We bid adieu to Colonel Thornton in nearly the words of Shakspeare—

> "Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
> Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;

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Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merrier eye;
He hath, perhaps, *no* shallow spirit of judgment."

But whether those accomplishments will qualify him to delight or instruct the publick as a writer, is a point which we willingly leave to his reader's determination.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Adelgitha; or the Fruits of a Single Errour. A Tragedy, in five acts. By M. G. Lewis. Third edition, 127 pp. 3*s*.

WE know not by what accident it has happened that this tragedy, the performance of which (for a benefit) we recollect, and which appears to have reached a third edition, has hitherto escaped our notice. The title of it points out the moral which it professes to inculcate; a moral certainly good, if understood in its proper sense, as warning the female sex against the first allurements to vice, and not as discouraging repentance and reformation.

Adelgitha, the heroine, then princess of Salerno, had in early youth been seduced, under a promise of marriage, by a Norman knight, and had a son by him, whom she had bred up as an orphan taken under her charitable protection. Her paramour had died by the hands of robbers, leaving letters from her, and her picture, in the possession of a person accidentally present at his death, who proved to be the exiled Byzantine emperour, Michael Ducas. Her former errour having been, as she thought, concealed from all the world, she married Robert Guiscard, prince of Apulia, who afterwards engaged in a war for the restoration of Michael Ducas. At the opening of this tragedy he is besieging Durazzo, as ally to that emperour, and Michael, who is represented as one of the blackest characters ever produced on the stage, takes the opportunity of Guiscard's absence to attempt corrupting the fidelity of his wife. Being rejected with disdain by Adelgitha, he accidentally discovers that she was the princess of Salerno, whose letters and picture are in his possession Upon this he immediately threatens her with a disclosure, unless she complies with his desires. Alarmed by his threats, yet still faithful to her husband, she appoints a meeting with the emperour in a secret place near the sea shore, hoping to persuade him to give up the letters without exacting her infamy as the price of them. During this interview he not only refuses her request, but attempts to carry her off by force, having previously prepared a boat for that purpose. In the struggle she attempts to stab herself; but being prevented by the tyrant, at length plunges the dagger into his breast, and lays him dead at her feet. She is conveyed from the spot by the young knight who was the fruit of her unlawful amour; and, on his falling under suspicion of the murder, Adelgitha, who had been the victim of remorse ever since, owns the deed, and also that the supposed assassin is her illegitimate son. Such a discovery plunges her husband Guiscard into the deepest affliction. He at first repudiates her, but afterwards offers a reconciliation. The sense of her accumulated guilt is, however, so strong, that she cannot survive the discovery, and she stabs herself.

Of these materials, with an underplot respecting the mutual attachment between Lothair, Adelgitha's son, and Imma, the tyrant Michael's daughter,

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the tragedy before us is composed These incidents are, upon the whole, well calculated to form a tragick drama; but we think Mr. Lewis has not rendered his heroine, Adelgitha, so interesting as such a plot requires. Her conflicting passions, though necessarily strong, should have more of tenderness and less of extravagance. It is also, in our opinion, a capital errour to represent her as wrung with so much remorse, and deemed guilty of murder, for an act which, however repugnant to female gentleness, appears to have been (by the law of nature, and certainly our la's) justifiable on the principle of self-defence. She should either have assassinated the emperour *merely* to prevent the discovery of her former guilt or her distress should have arisen wholly from the danger of her son. In other respects the conduct of this tragedy is not unworthy of the reputation of the author. He has not, however, yet learned to write tragedies with genuine pathos, or in pure, unaffected, poetical language; though, undoubtedly, marks of genius appear in this, as in most of his works.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Illustrations of Shakspeare, and of ancient manners: with Dissertations on the Clowns and Fools of Shakspeare; on the collection of Popular Tales entitled Gesta Romanorum; and on the English Morris Dance. By Francis Douce. The engravings on wood, by J. Berryman, London. In 2 vols. 8vo. price 36s.

ENGLISH antiquities in general, and the customs, manners, and phraseology of our forefathers, are much indebted to the celebrity of our great dramatick poet. The various attempts to illustrate Shakspeare have furnished a rich treasury of antiquarian lore; and although we sometimes see with regret the margins of some editions of our bard's immortal works, crowded with notes, which, while they inform the understanding of the reader, certainly distract his attention; yet we are free to confess, that we should be sorry to see them expunged. Now and then a trifling annotation occurs—trifling, however, as it may appear to some persons, it no doubt conveys material information to others. Sometimes different explanations of the same passage occur; and the last note, not unfrequently, renders the preceding ones of little importance to the elucidation of the author. Yet even hence we derive information and amusement. These notes may be, perhaps, irrelevant to the purpose for which they have been introduced; but very curious in themselves; while the ingenuity with which critick after critick offers his opinion, and supports his interpretation, supplies materials for a very curious section in the history of the human mind. In this instance the editors of Shakspeare have done exactly as those who have edited ancient works:

> "Criticks I saw, that other names deface,
> And fix their own, with labour, in their place;
> Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
> Or disappeared, and left the first behind."
>
> *Pope's Temple of Fame.*

Mr. Douce writes as becomes a scholar and a gentleman. He points out the mistakes of some of his predecessors, but it is without asperity. He makes liberal allowance for the peculiarity of their feelings, arising from education, complexion, local situation, or the course of study, which has principally occupied their attention. We evidently see that he enters into the true character of Stevens, of Johnson, of Ritson, and of Warburton; but he contents himself with laying the result of his own reading before us, without indulging that bitter spirit of reprehension, which, treating mis-

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takes like crimes, has disgraced so many criticks.—In his preface, his language, now and then, manifests a degree of stiffness which surprises us:—"The practice, and also the necessity of explaining the writings of Shakspeare, have already been so ably defended by former commentators, that no other apology on the part of those who may elect to persevere in this kind of labour seems to be necessary than with regard to the qualifications of the writer." This is part of the first sentence: and afterwards, p. xiii, he says, the "*Gesta Romanorum* had been already disserted on by Mr. Wharton." The word "dissert" does not occur in Johnson's Dictionary. But these are trifles.

The indefatigable exertions of Messrs. Stevens, Malone, Tyrwhitt, and Mason, will ever be duly appreciated by the true and zealous admirers of Shakspeare's pages. If the name of a celebrated critick and moralist be not included on this occasion, it is because he was certainly unskilled in the knowledge of obsolete customs and expressions. His explanatory notes, therefore, are, generally speaking, the most controvertible of any: but no future editor will discharge his duty to the publick, who shall omit a single sentence of this writer's masterly preface, or of his sound and tasteful characters of the plays of Shakspeare. Of all the commentators, Dr. Warburton was surely the worst. His sentiments, indeed, have been seldom exhibited in modern editions, but for the purpose of confuting them.

This last is one of the severest things in the book. Certainly the lovers of Shakspeare are much beholden to the commentators here enumerated; but the name of Farmer might have been mentioned; nor should Theobald's name have been omitted.

Although the strict restitution of the old orthography is not meant to be insisted on, nor would, indeed, accommodate the generality of readers, there are many instances in which it should be stated in the notes; and such will occur to every skilful editor.

We have ever lamented the tampering with the orthography of our ancient writers. Except in Capel's edition, we do not read Shakspeare's language in any which has been published for these hundred years. Even the orthography of the once authorized translation of the Bible, which has been said to have given a fixedness to our tongue, has been modernized again and again, without authority, as it has passed through the press from time to time. This is pulling up the foundations, and removing the landmarks of language. This is mixing things new and old, and making the English Bible speak the dialect, and adhere to the spelling of no age whatever.——

Tempest, sc. 2, p. 11.

Mira.——————————or *e'er*
It should the good ship, &c.

This word should always be written *ere*, and not *ever*, nor contractedly *e'er*, with which it has no connexion. It is pure Saxon. The corruption in Ecclesiastes cited in the note is as old as the time of Henry the Eighth; but in Wicliffe, we have properly "*er* be to broke the silveren corde," and so it is given by Chaucer.

In Cranmer's, or the Great Bible, 1539, we read "or ever the sylver lace be taken away." We shall here give a similar use of the word *ever* in the sixth of Daniel—"so the lyons had the mastry of them, and brake all theyr bones asonder, *or ever* they came at the ground." Cranmer's bible. "Or ever" 1639, and all copies following king James's revisal.—Is there not an essential difference between Saxon, Anglo-Saxon, and English? We should print as Shakspeare wrote English. Now the word "ever" (contractedly *e'er*) has held its place in our tongue, in the sense which this passage supplies from Henry viii's to the present time.

By way of specimen of Mr. Douce's diligence, and the extent of his reading, we give the following note:

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Tempest, sc. 2. p. 26.

Ari. ——————sometimes I'd *divide*
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then *meet and join*—

This is a very elegant description of a meteor well known to sailors. It has been called by the several names of the fire of *Saint Helen, Saint Elm, Saint Herm, Saint Clare, Saint Peter* and *Saint Nicholas*. Whenever it appeared as a single flame, it was supposed by the ancients to be *Helena*, the sister of Castor and Pollux, and in this state to bring ill luck, from the calamities which this lady is known to have caused in the Trojan war. When it came double it was called Castor and Pollux and accounted a good omen. It has been described as a little blaze of fire, sometimes appearing by night on the tops of soldiers' lances, or at sea on masts and sail yards, whirling and leaping in a moment from one place to another. Some have said, but erroneously, that it never appears but *after* a tempest. It is also supposed to lead people to suicide by drowning.

Merchant of Venice, sc. 3, p. 441.

Enter Shylock. His stage dress should be *a scarlet hat lined with black Taffeta*. This is the manner in which the Jews of Venice were formerly distinguished.

Did not Macklin dress Shylock in this very manner? We remember that dramatick veteran relating, with no small pride, the reforms he had introduced in stage costume. He related his going into Duke's Place, and finding out an Italian Jew, who told him how the Jews were habited at Venice. Before Macklin's time, Shylock was dressed exactly like a Jew broker about the change. Macklin first dressed Macbeth in the Scottish habit. Before Macklin played the character, he had always appeared in a general's uniform. Mr. Douce, in his 2d. vol. has an essay "on the anachronisms, and some other incongruities of Shakspeare;" in which he mentions some absurdities of this kind; and speaks of Garrick's playing Hamlet "in a common French suit of black velvet." Does not Kemble continue to dress the Prince of Denmark in the same style? Much is yet to be done, in order to increase stage effect. Certainly the clowns are all erroneously dressed. In page 310, Mr. Douce points out the absurdity of Touchstone's three-cornered hat. The expenses of stage decoration, and the costly splendour of stage dresses, are very great. Perhaps, to consult some person skilled in the architecture of ancient times, such as Mr. Carter, particularly, would save a great deal of money, in the formation of scenery; for there are no bounds to the lavish extravagances of fancy; and to ask the opinion of some antiquary of taste, would save no inconsiderable sums in providing habiliments; for appropriate habits would eventually cost less than the gaudy vestures invented by playhouse taylors and mantua-makers. Mr. Douce has supplied several plates of the dresses and baubles of ancient clowns; and it would almost immortalize any one of our Laurents, our Grimaldis, our Bolognas, or our Montgomeries, who should have sense enough first to revive and adopt them.

Having given some account of the first volume of this interesting book; we now proceed to bring our readers acquainted, in a similar way, with the contents of the second.

King Henry VI. part II. act 3. sc. 3.

King Hen. O beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul.

It was the belief of our pious ancestors, that when a man was on his death-bed, the devil or his agents attended, in the hope of getting possession of the soul, if it should happen that the party died without receiving the sacrament of the eucharist, or without confessing his sins. Accordingly, in the ancient representations of this subject, and more particularly in those which occur in such printed services of the church as contain the vigils or office of the dead, these *busy meddling fiends* appear,

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and with great anxiety besiege the dying man; but on the approach of the priest and his attendants, they betray symptoms of horrible despair at their impending discomfiture. In an ancient manuscript book of devotions, written in the reign of Henry the sixth, there is a prayer addressed to Saint George, with the following very singular passage: "judge for me when the moste hedyous and damnable dragons of helle shall be redy to take my poor soule and engloute it in to theyr infernall belyes."

Shakspeare, who in many instances has proved himself to have been well acquainted with the forms and ceremonies of the Romish church, has, without doubt, on the present occasion, availed himself of the above opinion. Whether this had happened to that preeminent painter, who, among the numerous monuments of his excellence that have immortalized himself and done honour to his country, has depicted the last moments of Cardinal Beaufort with all the powers of his art, cannot now be easily ascertained. He has been censured for personifying the fiend, on the supposition that the poet's language is merely figurative; with what justice, this note may, perhaps, assist in deciding. Some might disapprove the renovation of popish ideas; whilst others, more attentive to ancient costume, and regardless of popular or other prejudices, might be disposed to defend the painter on the ground of strict adherence to the manners of the times.

Mr. Douce subjoins two prints copied from ancient engravings on wood; on one of which, various fiends surround the bed of a dying man; and on another, an angel is represented on one side of the bed of a person yielding up the ghost, and a demon on the other This latter, says Mr. D.

Is copied from an engraving in wood, by an unknown artist of considerable merit; and from the striking semblance which it bears to the picture of our great painter above alluded to, much cannot be hazarded in supposing that he might have taken some hints from it, as it is well known that he collected many prints with the view of making such use of preceding excellence as the most exalted genius will ever condescend to do.

The print (where, however, no fiend appears) which most resembles the admirable painting of the death of *Cardinal Beaufort*, by *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, is the frontispiece to the second part of Henry VI. in Tonson's edition of Shakspeare's works, 8vo. printed in the year 1714. The position in which Beaufort lies on his couch, and the manner in which the spectators stand round, much resemble the arrangement in the admirable picture of our great artist. The mechanical construction of the piece was probably supplied by this print, which is very much at Mr. Douce's service, if he shall think fit to apply for it at our publisher's.

King Richard III. act 1. sc. 1.

Glo. He *capers* nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

The question with Dr. Johnson is, whether it be *war* that capers, or *York*. And he justly remarks, that if the latter, the antecedent is at an almost forgotten distance. The amorous temper of Edward the fourth is well known; and there cannot be a doubt that by *the lascivious pleasing of a lute*, he is directly alluded to. The subsequent description, likewise, that Richard gives of himself, is in comparison with the king. Dr. Johnson thought the image of *war capering* poetical; yet it is not easy to conceive how *grim-visaged war* could *caper in a lady's chamber*.

We must recollect that "*grim-visaged war*" had "SMOOTH'D HIS WRINKLED FRONT," before he presumed to "caper nimbly in a *lady's chamber*;" and dressed in the habiliments of peace, had "hung up his bruised arms for monuments." This last expression was derived, no doubt, from the suspending of his shield, sword, gauntlets, helmet, spurs and banner, over the monument of a deceased warriour.

King Richard III. act 2. sc. 3.

2 *Cit.* Ill news by'r lady; *seldom comes the better.*

Well might the author of the book quoted by Mr. Reed say, "that proverb, indeed, is auncient," as will appear from the following curious account of its origin, ex-

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tracted from a manuscript collection of stories, compiled about the time of king Henry the Third.

We should have been glad if Mr. Douce had told us where this MS. is preserved. We translate the Latin quotation which he gives from it. "There was a certain abbot who allowed his monks three messes. The monks said: "This man does not provide sufficiently for us; let us pray that he may be speedily removed." Whether their prayers were heard; or however it happened, the abbot died.—Another came in his place, who allowed them only two messes. The monks, angry and vexed, exclaimed: "Now have we more cause than ever to pray for a change; for this man has abridged our allowance." At length the second abbot breathed his last, and a third succeeded, who took away the messes which his predecessor had left. The monks enraged cried out: "This is the worst of all; he perfectly kills us with meagre diet: let us petition Heaven to take him from among us" One of the brotherhood differed in opinion with them, and advised them rather to pray that his days might be lengthened, and that he might be spared long to govern them. The rest, astonished, demanded a reason for the unaccountable advice he gave. Says he: "The first was a bad one; the second worse; and the third worst of all: it is to be feared that in case he should follow the others, another may come worse still, who may absolutely kill us with hunger." Hence comes the proverb, "*Seilde comed se betere.*"

Timon of Athens, act 4. sc. 3.

Tim. The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears.

Some difficulty has arisen in the course of the notes on this passage, to account for the manner in which the sea could despoil the moon of its moisture, and change it into saline tears. It has been judiciously remarked by one of the commentators, that we are not to attend, on these occasions, merely to philosophical truth; but to consider what might have been the received or vulgar notions of the time: yet no example of such notions, applicable to the present occasion, has been produced. The following may, perhaps, serve to supply this defect, and to establish, at the same time, the genuineness of the text: "The moone gathereth deawe in the aire, for she printeth the vertue of hir moysture in the aire, and chaungeth the aire, in a manner that is unseene, and breedeth and gendereth deawe in the utter part thereof." Bartholomæus *de propriet. rerum*, lib. viii. c. 29.

"It should seem that this passage has been misconstrued, owing to an inversion of phrase in the location of the words. "Resolves the moon," i. e. *the moon resolves*. The meaning of the passage is, perhaps, this—*The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge the moon resolves into salt tears*. If the attraction of the moon be the cause of the tides, much more may it occasion the vapours of the sea to rise, or the surge of the sea, when dashing against the rocks, the spray is resolved—separated, into *tears*. Mr. Tollett proposes to read for "the moon," "the *main*"—that is, *the main land*.

Antony and Cleopatra, act 2. sc. 4.

Ant.——————and his quails
Ever beat mine, *inhoop'd* at odds.

It may be doubted whether quail-fighting was practised in Shakspeare's time, though Dr. Farmer appears to have thought so; but when our poet speaks of their being *inhoop'd*, he might suppose that Cesar's or Antony's quails, which he found in Plutarch, were trained to battle, like game cocks, in a *ring* or *circle*. Hanmer plausibly reads *incoop'd*—but no change is necessary. Quail combats were well known among the ancients, and especially at Athens. Julius Pollux relates, that a circle was made in which the birds were placed, and he whose quail was driven out of this circle lost the stake, which was sometimes money, and occasionally the quails themselves. Another practice was to produce one of these birds, which being first smitten or fillipped with the middle finger, a feather was then plucked from its

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head: if the quail bore this operation without flinching, his master gained the stake, but lost it if he ran away. The Chinese have been always extremely fond of quail-fighting, as appears from most of the accounts of that people, and particularly in Mr. Bell's excellent relation of his travels to China, where the reader will find much curious matter on the subject. See vol. I. p. 424, edit. in 8vo. We are told by Mr. Marsden, that the Sumatrans, likewise, use these birds in the manner of game cocks. The annexed copy from an elegant Chinese miniature painting represents some ladies engaged at this amusement, where the quails are actually *mhoop'd*.

The print here given is a neat engraving in outline.

Romeo and Juliet, act. 3. sc. 1.

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool!

"I am always running in the way of evil fortune, *like the fool in the play*," says Dr. Johnson. There is certainly no allusion to any *play*.

Romeo means here that he is *fooled*, i. e. tricked by fortune: he had slain "Tybalt that an hour had been his kinsman," and was therefore obliged to fly from Verona, from his bride.

We give the note on the word *alligator*, and confess that the derivation of it is equally new to us and convincing.

Romeo and Juliet, act. 5. sc. 1.

Rom. An *Alligator* stuff'd———

Our dictionaries supply no materials towards the etymology of this word, which was probably introduced into the language by some of our early voyagers to the Spanish or Portuguese settlements in the newly discovered world. They would hear the Spaniards discoursing of the animal by the name of *el lagarto*, or the lizard; Lat. *lacerta*; and on their return home, they would inform their countrymen that this sort of crocodile was called an *alligator*. It would not be difficult to trace other corrupted words in a similar manner.

ORIGINAL AMERICAN REVIEW.

American Ornithology; or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States, illustrated with plates, engraved and coloured from original Drawings taken from nature. By Alexander Wilson. Imperial quarto, pp. 160. vol. i. price 12 dollars. Philadelphia, published by Bradford and Inskeep.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 52.)

The history of the BLUE BIRD is the subject of another interesting article, and gives us back those images with which, in early life, we have all been familiar. The visits of this species early in spring to the "box in the garden," or "the hole in the old apple tree, the cradle of some generations of his ancestors"—his soft, pleasing warble on the fences and barn tops—his single melancholy note at the approach of winter, as if seeming to deplore the desolation of nature, are all truly characteristick of this well known bird. The little poem in which the author has here celebrated the Blue-bird, is tender and descriptive. Our limits will not permit the insertion of the whole; but the following stanzas, are selected.

Then loud piping frogs make the marshes to ring;
Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather;
The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,
And spicewood and sassafras budding together;
O then to your gardens ye housewives repair!
Your walks border up; sow and plant at your leisure;
The Blue-bird will chant from his box such an air,
That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure.

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,
The red flowering peach and the apple's sweet blossoms;
He snaps up *destroyers* wherever they be,
And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their bosoms;

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He drags the vile *grub* from the corn it devours;
The worms from their webs where they riot and welter;
His song and his services freely are ours,
And all that he asks is, in summer a shelter.
The ploughman is pleas'd when he gleans in his train,
Now searching the furrows—now mounting to cheer him;
The gardener delights in his sweet simple strain,
And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him;
The slow ling'ring school boys forget they'll be chid,
While gazing intent as he warbles before 'em
In mantle of sky-blue, and bosom so red,
That each little loiterer seems to adore him.
When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er,
And Autumn slow enters so silent and sallow.
And millions of warblers that charmed us before,
Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow,
The Blue-bird, forsaken, yet true to his home,
Still lingers, and looks for a milder to morrow,
Till forc'd by the horrours of winter to roam,
He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

The fourth plate is occupied by the *Orchard Oriole*, or Bastard Baltimore of European writers, whose history is illustrated by four figures, representing that bird in its various and very extraordinary progressive changes of colour; being the first season olive; the next black throated; the third and fourth, variegated with black, olive; and chesnut, or deep black and bright bay; which last, we are told, are the fixed colours of the male after that period. These changes, it appears, have procured for this bird, in Europe, four different names, as being supposed to be actually so many distinct species. The eggs of this, as also of the Baltimore bird, are represented on the plate, to remove a suspicion entertained by Dr. Latham and some others, that both these descriptions of the Oriole may probably refer to the same bird of different ages, or differing in sex.

We are next presented with the figure and history of the *Great American Shrike*, or *Butcher Bird*, whose remarkable habit of sticking grasshoppers on thorns, to entice small birds to their destruction, has been detailed at considerable length, in the American Philosophical Transactions, by the late Rev. Mr. Heckewelder of Bethlehem, in a letter to Dr. Barton. The same habits are particularly described by Mr. Wilson; but the action of the bird is assigned to very different motives. Having quoted the principal parts of Mr. H's relation, our author proceeds:

"This is, indeed, a very pretty, fanciful theory, and would entitle our bird to the epithet *Fowler*, perhaps, with more propriety than *Lanius*, or *Butcher*; but notwithstanding the attention which Mr. Heckewelder professes to have paid to this bird, he appears not only to have been unacquainted that grasshoppers were, in fact, the favourite food of this ninekiller; but never once to have considered, that grasshoppers would be but a very insignificant and tasteless bait for our winter birds, which are chiefly those of the finch kind, that feed almost exclusively on hard seeds and gravel; and among whom five hundred grasshoppers might be stuck up on trees and bushes, and remain there untouched by any of them for ever. Besides, where is his necessity of having recourse to such refined stratagems, when he can at any time seize upon small birds by mere force of flight? I have seen him, in an open field, dart after one of our small sparrows, with the rapidity of an arrow, and kill it almost instantly. Mr. William Bartram long ago informed me, that one of these Shrikes had the temerity to pursue a Snow-bird (F. Hudsonica) into an open cage, which stood in the garden; and before they could arrive to its assistance, had already strangled and scalped it, though he lost his liberty by the exploit. In short, I am of opinion, that his resolution and activity are amply sufficient to enable him to procure these small birds whenever he wants them; which I believe is never but when hard pressed by necessity, and a deficiency of his favourite insects; and that the Crow or the Blue-Jay may, with the same probability, be supposed to be laying baits for mice and flying squirrels when they are hoarding their Indian

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corn, as he for birds, while thus disposing of the exuberance of his favourite food. Both the former and the latter retain the same habits in a state of confinement; the one filling every seam and chink of his cage with grain, crumbs of bread, &c. and the other sticking up, not only insects, but flesh, and the bodies of such birds as are thrown in to him, on nails or sharpened sticks, fixed up for the purpose. Nor, say others, is this practice of the Shrike difficult to be accounted for. Nature has given to this bird a strong, sharp, and powerful beak, a broad head, and great strength in the muscles of his neck; but his legs, feet and claws are by no means proportionably strong; and are unequal to the task of grasping and tearing his prey, like those of the Owl and Falcon kind. He therefore wisely avails himself of the powers of the former, both in strangling his prey, and in tearing it to pieces while feeding."

The *Summer Red Bird*, male and female, the former wholly scarlet, the latter brownish yellow: the Indigo-bird; the Maryland Yellow throat; and the American Red Start, occupy the rest of this plate, and their respective histories follow at large.

In plate 7th we find the figure of a new species of Muscicapa or Flycatcher—the Redbilled Woodpecker. Cedar-bird, and Purple Finch. The plumage, nests, eggs, manners, migrations, &c. of all these, are particularly described; and as usual, the errours of European writers pointed out.

We come next to a plate of Wrens, Titmice, &c. The common House Wren, the Winter Wren, between which we had supposed there was no difference, but which are here designated as belonging even to different genera—the Golden-crested Wren, the Black-capt Titmouse, the Crested Titmouse, and the Brown Creeper. This last is admirably executed. The House Wren furnishes materials for a very amusing article; an extract from which, as this bird is universally known, may not be unacceptable to our readers.

This well known and familiar bird arrives in Pennsylvania about the middle of April; and about the eighth or tenth of May begins to build its nest, sometimes in the wooden cornicing under the eaves, or in a hollow cherry tree; but most commonly in small boxes, fixed on the top of a pole, in or near the garden, to which he is extremely partial, for the great number of caterpillars and other larvæ with which it constantly supplies him. If all these conveniences are wanting, he will even put up with an old hat, nailed on the weatherboards, with a small hole for entrance; and if even this be denied him, he will find some hole, corner, or crevice about the house, barn or stable, rather than abandon the dwellings of man. In the month of June, a mower hung up his coat, under a shed near the barn. Two or three days elapsed before he had occasion to put it on again; thrusting his arm up the sleeve he found it completely filled with some rubbish, as he expressed it, and, on extracting the whole mass, found it to be the nest of a Wren completely finished, and lined with a large quantity of feathers. In his retreat he was followed by the little forlorn proprietors, who scolded him with great vehemence for thus ruining the whole economy of their household affairs. The twigs with which the outward parts of the nest are constructed are short and crooked that they may the better hook in with one another, and the hole or entrance is so much shut up, to prevent the intrusion of snakes or cats, that it appears almost impossible [that] the body of the bird could be admitted. Within this is a layer of fine dried stalks of grass, and lastly feathers. The eggs are six or seven, and sometimes nine, of a red, purplish flesh colour, innumerable fine grains of that tint being thickly sprinkled over the whole egg. They generally raise two broods in a season; the first about the beginning of June, the second in July.

This little bird has a strong antipathy to cats; for having frequent occasion to glean among the currant bushes, and other shrubbery in the garden, those lurking enemies of the feathered race often prove fatal to him. A box fixed up in the window of the room where I slept, was taken possession of by a pair of Wrens. Already the nest was built and two eggs laid, when one day the window being open, as well as the room door, the female Wren venturing too far into the room to reconnoitre, was sprung upon by grimalkin, who had planted herself there for the purpose; and before relief could be given, was destroyed. Curious to see how the surviver would demean himself, I watched him carefully for several days. At first he sung with great vivacity for an hour or so; but becoming uneasy, went off for half an hour. On his return he chanted again as before; went to the top of the house, stable, and weeping willow,

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that she might hear him; but seeing no appearance of her, he returned once more; visited the nest; ventured cautiously into the window; gazed about with suspicious looks, his voice sinking to a low melancholy note as he stretched his little neck about in every direction. Returning to the box he seemed for some minutes at a loss what to do, and soon after went off, as I thought, altogether; for I saw him no more that day. Towards the afternoon of the second day he again made his appearance, accompanied with a new female, who seemed exceedingly timorous and shy; and who after great hesitation entered the box; at this moment the little widower or bridegroom seemed as if he would warble out his very life with ecstacy of joy. After remaining about half a minute in, they both flew off, but returned in a few minutes and instantly began to carry out the eggs, feathers, and some of the sticks, supplying the place of the two latter with materials of the same sort; and ultimately succeeded in raising a brood of seven young, all of which escaped in safety.

The immense number of insects which this sociable little bird removes from the garden and fruit trees, ought to endear him to every cultivator, even if he had nothing else to recommend him; but his notes, loud, sprightly, tremulous, and repeated every few seconds with great animation, are extremely agreeable. In the heat of summer, families in the country often dine under the piazza adjoining green canopies of mantling grape-vines, gourds, &c. while overhead, the trilling vivacity of the Wren, mingled with the warbling mimicry of the Cat-bird, and the distant softened sounds of numerous other songsters that we shall hereafter introduce to the reader's acquaintance, form a soul-soothing, and almost heavenly musick, breathing peace, innocence, and rural repose. The European who judges of the song of this species by that of his own Wren (M. troglodytes) will do injustice to the former; as in strength of tone and execution, it is far superiour, as well as the bird is in size, figure, and elegance of markings, to the European one. Its manners are also different, its sociability greater. It is no *underground* inhabitant; its nest is differently constructed; the number of its eggs fewer; it is also migratory, and has the tail and bill much longer. Its food is insects and caterpillars, and while supplying the wants of its young, it destroys, on a moderate calculation, many hundreds a day; and greatly circumscribes the ravages of these vermin. It is a bold and insolent bird against those of the Titmouse or Woodpecker kind that venture to build within its jurisdiction; attacking them without hesitation, though twice its size, and generally forcing them to decamp. Even the Blue-bird who claims an equal, and sort of hereditary right to the box in the garden, when attacked by this little impertinent, soon relinquishes the contest, the mild placidness of his disposition not being a match for the fiery impetuosity of his little antagonist. With those of his own species, who settle and build near him, he has frequent squabbles; and when their respective females are sitting, each strains his whole powers of song to excel the other. When the young are hatched, the hurry and press of business leave no time for disputing; so true it is, that idleness is the mother of mischief. These birds are not confined to the country. They are to be heard on the tops of the houses in the most central parts of our cities, singing with great energy. Scarce a house or cottage in the country is without at least a pair of them, and sometimes two; but unless where there is a large garden, orchard, and numerous outhouses, it is not often the case that more than one pair reside near the same spot, owing to their party disputes and jealousies. It has been said by a friend to this little bird, that "the esculent vegetables of a whole garden may, perhaps, be preserved, from the depredations of different species of insects, by *ten* or *fifteen pair* of these small birds,"* and probably they might, were the combination practicable; but such a congregation of Wrens about one garden, is a phenomenon not to be expected but from a total change in the very nature and disposition of the species."

The ninth and last plate in the volume represents four species of Woodpeckers, of their natural size, and most appropriate attitudes; a circumstance which seems particularly attended to by our author, and which gives peculiar value to his drawings. There are the common Red-headed Woodpecker, the Yellow-bellied Woodpecker, and two species of spotted Woodpeckers Mr. Wilson enters minutely into the history of these; and, contrary to the generally received opinion, considers them as a tribe highly useful to the health, preservation, and fertility of our fruit as well as forest trees. Even the small, spotted Woodpecker, so notorious for the

* Barton's Fragments. Part I, p. 22.

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numerous circles of holes it makes in the body and large limbs of our apple trees, is not excepted from its share of reputation; as appears from the following extract. which we confess strongly inclines us to think with the author; happy, as we always are, to find individuals, either of the human or feathered race, less culpable than they are represented to be.

"The principal characteristicks of this little bird are diligence, familiarity, perseverance, and a strength and energy in the head and muscles of the neck, which are truly astonishing. Mounted on the infected branch of an old apple tree, where insects have lodged their corroding and destructive brood in crevices between the bark and wood, he labours sometimes for half an hour incessantly at the same spot, before he has succeeded in dislodging and destroying them. At these times you may walk up pretty close to the tree, and even stand immediately below it, within five or six feet of the bird, without in the least embarrassing him; the strokes of his bill are distinctly heard several hundred yards off; and I have known him to be at work for two hours together on the same tree. Buffon calls this "incessant toil and slavery;" their attitude "a painful posture;" and their life "a dull and insipid existence; expressions improper, because untrue; and absurd, because contradictory. The posture is that for which the whole organization of his frame is particularly adapted; and though to a Wren or a Humming-bird the labour would be both toil and slavery, yet to him it is, I am convinced, as pleasant and as amusing as the sports of the chase to the hunter, or the sucking of flowers to the Humming-bird. The eagerness with which he traverses the upper and lower sides of the branches; the cheerfulness of his cry, and the liveliness of his motions while digging into the tree and dislodging the vermin, justify this belief. He has a single note, or *chink*, which, like the former species, he frequently repeats. And when he flies off, or alights on another tree, he utters a rather shriller cry, composed of nearly the same kind of note, quickly reiterated. In fall and winter he associates with the Titmouse, Creeper, &c. both in their wood and orchard excursions; and usually leads the van. Of all our Woodpeckers none rid the apple trees of so many vermin as this, digging off the moss which the negligence of the proprietor had suffered to accumulate, and probing every creyice. In fact, the orchard is his favourite resort in all seasons; and his industry is unequalled, and almost incessant, which is more than can be said of any other species we have. In fall he is particularly fond of boring the apple trees for insects, digging a circular hole through the bark just sufficient to admit his bill, after that a second, third, &c. in pretty regular, horizontal circles round the body of the tree. These parallel circles of holes are often not more than an inch, or an inch and a half apart, and sometimes so close together, that I have covered eight or ten of them at once with a dollar. From nearly the surface of the ground up to the first fork, and sometimes far beyond it, the whole bark of many apple trees is perforated in this manner, so as to appear as if made by successive discharges of buck-shot; and our little Woodpecker, the subject of the present account, is the principal perpetrator of this supposed mischief. I say *supposed;* for so far from these perforations of the bark being ruinous, they are not only harmless, but I have good reason to believe, really beneficial to the health and fertility of the tree. I leave it to the philosophical botanist to account for this; but the fact I am confident of. In more than fifty orchards which I have myself carefully examined, those trees which were marked by the Woodpecker (for some trees they never touch, perhaps, because not penetrated by insects) were uniformly the most thriving, and seemingly the most productive. Many of these were upwards of sixty years old, their trunks completely covered with holes, while the branches were broad, luxuriant, and loaded with fruit. Of *decayed* trees, more than three-fourths were untouched by the Woodpecker. Several intelligent farmers, with whom I have conversed, candidly acknowledge the truth of these observations, and with justice look upon these birds as beneficial; but the most common opinion is, that they bore the trees to suck the sap, and so destroy its vegetation; though pine and other resinous trees, on the juices of which it is not pretended they feed, are often found equally perforated. Were the *sap* of the tree their object, the saccharine juice of the birch, the sugar maple, and several others, would be much more inviting, because more sweet and nourishing than that of either the pear or apple tree; but I have not observed one mark on the former for ten thousand that may be seen on the latter; besides, the early part of spring is the season when the sap flows most abundantly; whereas it is only during the months of September, October, and November, that Woodpeckers are seen so indefatigably engaged in orchards, probing every crack

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and crevice, boring through the bark, and what is worth remarking, chiefly on the south and south-west sides of the tree, for the eggs and larvæ deposited there by the countless swarms of summer insects. These, if suffered to remain, would prey upon the very vitals, if I may so express it, of the tree, and in the succeeding summer, give birth to myriads more of their race, equally destructive.

"Here then is a whole species, I may say genus of birds, which Providence seems to have formed for the protection of our fruit and forest trees from the ravages of vermin; which every day destroy millions of those noxious insects that would otherwise blast the hopes of the husbandman; and which even promote the fertility of the tree; and in return, are proscribed by those who ought to have been their protectors; and incitements and rewards [are] held out for their destruction! Let us examine better into the operations of nature, and many of our mistaken opinions and groundless prejudices will be abandoned for more just, enlarged, and humane modes of thinking."

Upon the whole, we have been highly gratified with the appearance and perusal of this very splendid volume. The paper, which is from the manufactory of Mr. Amies, and the letterpress by Mr. Robert Carr, stand unrivalled by any thing we have seen from Europe. The numerous synonymies prefixed to the history of each species, and the very minute descriptions of their plumage, economy, &c. &c. together with the elegance and high finish of the engravings, must render it peculiarly valuable to every scientifick naturalist. And when we consider how much this, as well as many other branches of the history of our country, has been misrepresented by foreigners, and how humiliating it is for any enlightened people, to be obliged to send to a remote quarter of the globe, for information respecting the productions of their own territories; when, moreover, we see a work, that even in Europe would scarcely be adventured on, unless under the protecting patronage of princes and nobles, undertaken in our own country, without even the solicitation of a subscription, *until the publication of the First Volume should indicate the character of the Work;* we cannot withhold our most sincere wishes for its complete success, and honourable termination.

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SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

On the Marriage Manufactory at Gretna Green.

MR. EDITOR,

YOU have paid considerable attention, in several articles which have appeared in the Panorama, to ceremonies of marriage practised among different nations; but you have omitted a remarkable marriage-establishment which flourishes in our own country, to the great emolument of the ceremony-performing priest; of the postilions and chaise masters on the road, leading to his residence; and of a numerous corps of *vedettes*, ever vigilant on behalf of happy fugitives from parental and guardian oppression to the land of hymeneal liberty and expectancy.

Such is, most assuredly, the famous marriage manufactory at Gretna Green! Ah, Gretna Green! the place of places, for *joining of hands*, and determining under what aspects lovers, on whom parental dotage has frowned, may, nevertheless, anticipate the happiest of conjunctions! The subject deserves a treatise. Many an octavo has been filled with less interesting matter than this combines; many a quarto, many a folio, has been written and published, too, on a less prolifick subject than Gretna Green! It is impossible then, most surely, that you, Mr. Editor, should grudge it a place in your well filled pages.

On every subject, the importance of which is enhanced by its dignity, the advantages of a regular and orderly manner of discussion is well known and acknowledged by all sound logicians, whether they be polemicks, or pacificks; whether historians or essayists; whether they practise in the pulpit, at the bar, in the senate, or at Lloyd's coffee house; whether defending the British constitution, or delighting an auditory at one of our publick institutions. I shall therefore treat the article under consideration with due distinction, as manifested by an honourable number of divisions.

In the first place, *Of the Geographical Situation of Gretna.*

This village is situated about a quarter of a mile beyond the river Sark, which divides Scotland from England. It is distant from London *three hundred and thirteen* miles; which distance has been performed on the wings of love, with the assistance of frequent relays of post horses, in *twenty-nine hours*. On the right hand, at the entrance into the town, stands a publick house, which, by the courtesy of the country, is denominated an *inn*. It is kept by Willy Johnson and Peggy Morgan. They are man and wife; but, according to the Scottish custom, the latter retains her maiden name.

This inn is not without tolerable accommodations; but the most distinguished part of the premises is a good sized bed room, decently furnished.

Secondly, *Of the Language of Gretna, and of the Roads leading to it.*

I must premise, that this is not explicitly either Scotch or English; but a kind of border dialect. The inhabitants have certain phrases that imply victory to the *first* post-chaise which drives furiously across the Sark; and

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import as much as—"gave the old folks the slip!"—"so many miles ahead!"—"beat 'em by two stages!"—"plenty of money!" "an heiress!" —Or otherwise: "close pursuit!"—"Old ones at our heels!"—"*Haste! haste!! haste!!!*"—"Parson directly!" and so forth. This intelligence is often conveyed by the *signals* of a dexterous and practised out-rider, who, on such occasions, is a personage of great importance; or, by the smack of the postilion's whip, which is the most fashionable mode, and, in an instant, unless the priest of Hymen be at his *house of call*, all is bustle in search of him.

But, as this convenient character is usually at his post, and attentive to his business I shall, without delay, attempt to describe him.

Thirdly, *Of the Priest, or rather the High Priest, of Gretna Green.*

It is the misfortune of all trades, that a man no sooner rises to eminence in any art or mystery, but rivals start up, and affect an equality with him. As rubies, emeralds, diamonds, and other precious stones are counterfeited, so is there a counterfeit priest of Gretna! "O times! O manners!"—Well may our sages denounce the profligacy of the age! well may weary *lovyers* and *lovyeresses*, complain of the tricks upon travellers and the barefaced impositions which they experience in their journey to Gretna! but the most hazardous trick of all, though usually they least suspect it, they risk at the end of their journey. Happily, the counterfeit resides a couple of miles from the village; and who would think of saving a trifle by employing a less practised workman, when the dangers of pursuit and detection are imminent?

The real priest, then, is Joseph Pasley, who has, indeed, been described as a blacksmith; but that is only the *concetto* of some wicked wit on his standing rule of "striking the iron while it is hot." No, he is the son of a dissenting teacher, and is now about seventy-five years of age. He was, indeed, when young, bound apprentice to a tobacconist; but, as if he foresaw that fate ordained him to be the very pattern as well as patron of elopers, he eloped with all possible speed and pleasure, from the too confined restrictions of his master's house. He then spread the toils of a fisherman: and well remembering that "all was fish that came to his net," he has long manifested his conviction of the truth of this principle, by his practice. On the passing of the marriage act in England, he ceased from fishing in the troubled waters of "Neptune's green domain," and betook himself to the more lucrative occupation of performing one of the ecclesiastical functions "Is he then in orders?" What an impertinent question! Is he not waiting for orders from the couples that arrive? You might as well ask, whether he be a deep theologian? Certainly, he is very conversant with *the Fathers*; but he touches mighty tenderly on *their* opinions, in the presence of the young couples who have travelled from distant regions, with very different sentiments, to desire the exercise of his office.

Fourthly, *Of the different Prices paid to the High Priest for the Exercise of his Office.*

Mr Pasley is reported by some to have attained the art of knowing, by a *wink* from a post boy, how much money a gentleman has in his pocket. This, however, I find difficult to believe; but rather think that he usually discovers, from the almost breathless driver's manner of addressing his charge, to what extent he may carry his demand. The gentleman is the first to whom he applies, and his price varies from ten pounds to twenty: sometimes it amounts to fifty, but such good jobs are uncommon. He is, however, always positive that "the lady has a handsome fortune, and is

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well worth whatever trouble the gentleman may have taken to obtain her: in her own right, to be sure! and a very agreeable, beautiful, amiable, angelick creature, as ever the sun shone on, she is—any man may see *that*, in her very air and manners! I protest, I took her for a lady of fashion at the very first glimpse I had of her—and let me tell you, sir, I have seen many most beautiful ladies in this village; but none more charming, more fascinating, more—So, do not lose time by haggling about a few guineas, but indulge your natural liberality, and make her your own for ever!"

Having effectually ascertained the depth of the gentleman's pocket, he "begs leave to speak a few words in private with the lady."—To her he paints the disgrace of returning to her friends unmarried; the imputations to which she has subjected her good name and character by her elopement, and concludes by "persuading himself that she will cheerfully extend her bounty to him who is about to unite her to the object of her affections. As handsome a gentleman, to be sure, as ever trod shoe leather! I wonder that old folks can be so very, *very* blind! I really should have thought him a nobleman, had I only passed him on the road!"—The appeal is usually irresistible, and the lady's purse is opened, according to her ability.

Fifthly, *De Officiis et Beneficiis*, or the *Summum Bonum* of Gretna Green.

The money paid, Mr. Pasley proceeds to officiate. He unites part of the English service with part of the Scottish. He asks *some* questions out of the prayer book; he puts on the ring; joins the hands of the parties; pronounces them "man and wife;" and, if the case demand expedition, as it generally does, his prayers and his blessings are so concise, that I have known couples, who, amidst the perturbations of the scene, could scarcely tell whether they had received any blessing really at Gretna.

Mr. Pasley has been known to *earn one hundred pounds* in a week, and he acknowledges an income, *communibus annis*, of five to six hundred pounds, and this without the *cure of souls!* by honest labour and industry in his vocation.

It must be owned that nothing but dire necessity could induce a delicate mind to submit to what Mr. Pasley further exacts, before he will furnish a certificate of marriage, nor will he subscribe himself a witness of what he has not beheld. But ladies at Gretna must submit to Gretna institutions and manners!

It *was* his custom to preserve duplicates of these certificates in a brown jug, which was his regular depository; but the malicious say (unquestionably the report originated with his rival) that in a *drunken* fit, he emptied the contents of his jug into the fire, and thus consumed memorials of the triumphs of love worthy of immortal renown!

The fact may be true; but the cause I absolutely deny; for it appears to me utterly incredible that a hero who has been in the habit of drinking a pint of brandy at a draught, and several such draughts daily; a hero who boasts of having sat *de die in diem*, during three days, with a hearty friend, in which time they two alone consumed *ten gallons* of brandy, should ever be *drunk!* The thought is derogatory to his prowess. Never did any of his customers detect him in drunkenness; though it is well known in Gretna that he quaffs his favourite beverage till having taken his seat in his chair, he fills it with ample—motionless—venerable—complacent—and—unceremonious dignity. Yes, sir, you may have heard of ordinary men, who drink as long as they can stand; but this incalculably superiour

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personage drinks as long as he can sit, which I take to be a great improvement in the art, and to which very few attain; though I once knew a capital performer (an Essex man, by residence) who laid himself down to drink, at first, as it guaranteed him, he said, from the hazard of falling, if fate so appointed, at last.

Sixthly, *Of certain Prejudices which attend the Official Conduct of this Illustrious Character, and of Certain Derogatory Insinuations to which he was most unworthily subjected by a* Puisne *Judge on the Bench.*

How much is it to be regretted that the yet unestablished principles of liberty among us, permitted a judge on the bench, not long ago, to pass a contempt of court on so great, so useful, and so popular a character as Mr. Pasley! as if, truly, because "once a priest always a priest"—therefore, "once a tobacconist always a tobacconist." What! may not a man in this land of liberty change his trade for his own benefit, and that of the publick! And pray, supposing his lordship had been of some honest calling before he was a lawyer, would he have liked to have been reminded of it in the publick court, and quoted upon with old scraps of "once a—— always a——" and so forth? And then, his lordship, to be sure, must refuse this exemplary person's testimony on the subject of marriage!— and in the midst of a publick and crowded court, deny his authority on that very subject, with which he has been most intimate all his life; and of which he is not merely *a* witness, but THE witness, by habit, *par excellence*, and *ex officio!!!* "Oh shame, where is thy blush!"

This, at least, I am sure I must say, from the bottom of my heart, that while such queer and crabbed maxims influence those who are appointed to distribute justice (who you know, sir, should be *blind*,

> Though Justice when near to a black rolling eye
> Will be blinking and winking and peeping)

may neither you nor I be called in question before them on any account whatever!

I am, sir, yours, &c.

HYMENEUS.

SKETCHES OF VIENNA.

AS I am not aware of any work in our language which may be entitled a "picture of Vienna," I have been induced to select from the German, some of the leading features which mark that capital, and may claim attention. Mercier's *Tableau de Paris* has long been celebrated. Since that we have had "pictures" of London, Hamburgh, Constantinople, Palermo, &c: but the capital of Austria has somehow escaped a delineation which it appears to me to merit. I can vouch for the correctness of the following sketches, having passed a winter there.

A general outline of the topography of this city may serve as a necessary introduction.

From the southern bank of the majestick Danube, the rising ground presents a commanding situation, whereon the Romans raised a fortification which they called *Vindobona*. Hence has gradually arisen the modern capital *Wien*, in German, or *Vienna*. To the north lie the woody islands in the Danube, by which that river is divided into ten branches. To the westward towers the lofty range of the Kahlenberg hills, covered with

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various buildings. To the eastward expand the fertile plains that stretch to the confines of Hungary: and to the south the landscape comprises hill and dale, villas and fertile fields. Does the traveller wish to enjoy a general view of this brilliant scenery, let him mount the spire of St. Stephen's, or climb the Kahlenberg.

Geneva, at the head of its magnificent lake, has been compared to a medallion pendent to a green riband. Did we live in the age of parables, I should describe Vienna as a large brilliant set with emeralds, and an exteriour row of party coloured stones. The city, with its beautiful and regular fortifications, stands nearly in the centre of the suburbs. The Esplanade, between the latter and the city, is 400 yards broad, with intersecting rows of chesnut trees. When we consider the immense extent of the suburbs, the population of which is estimated at 150,000, we are astonished at the almost incalculable number of buildings that have been erected since Vienna was besieged by the Turks, in 1683. Objections have been urged against the trivial names attached to some of these suburbs: on the contrary, all must admire those of Leopoldstadt, Josephstadt, &c. Hence I rather agree with old Shandy, who considered the name of his child as a matter of great importance. How interesting to posterity would be a Kaunitzstadt, a Lascy square, a Loudon place! Future ages would daily be reminded of those great men, who, either in the field or the cabinet, have increased the glory of Austria.

The climate is highly coquettish, as Mr. Burke says of our own. The city is exposed to the north and east winds; the air is very sharp, and more dry than humid. The dust is the great plague of Vienna; its subtilty soon affects the eyes; it also causes pulmonary complaints of all kinds. Servants, running footmen, hair-dressers, soldiers, &c. are carried off in great numbers. A stranger can form but a faint idea of the dust. Sixteen thousand coach wheels, with the necessary horses, and nearly a million of pedestrians, keep it in continual agitation. The whole city is buried in more than Egyptian darkness: and should you walk out of the gates, you must traverse a column of dust half a mile in diameter.

The water is not of the best quality. Strangers are afflicted with diarrhœa for some weeks after their arrival. In winter the thermometer is generally one or two degrees higher in the city, than in the suburbs and beyond the lines. The mean degree of heat at midsummer may be taken at 26, and in winter at 11 below *zero*. The area of the city and suburbs, within the lines, is estimated at 15,360,000 square yards. In Vienna they reckon from 47 to 52 persons to a house; in Paris 20; in Berlin 15 only. The houses are built in a most substantial manner, and some of them have as many stories below as above ground. Such solidity of architecture offers no encouragement to fire-offices. In the memory of man there has been no instance in the city, of a single story having been destroyed by fire.

The witty observation of a writer, "that the emperour's horses are better lodged than their master," may be true in regard to the external appearance of the palace; but the interiour is worthy of a great monarch. In the first class of magnificent buildings may be enumerated the Imperial Chancery; the Imperial Library; the Belvidere; the Schwarzenberg Palace; the Bohemian Chancery; the palaces of Prince Lichtenstein; the Hungarian Chancery; the Church of St. Charles; the Imperial Stables; the Lobkowiz Palace, &c. The second class includes about two hundred, containing every thing that elegance and voluptuousness can require. The estimate for building Count Fries's new palace was 40,000*l.* the emperour's cabinet-maker made furniture to the amount of 6,000*l.* and the

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pier glasses cost 1500*l.* The house of Count Trattner is worthy of note. The establishment consists of about 600 persons. The possessor came originally from Hungary as an insignificant painter, and is now said to expend 30,000*l.* per annum.

Among the publick establishments, we shall just mention the six great barracks for infantry, cavalry, and artillery; and the immense hospital that contains 3000 patients; also doctors, surgeons, attendants, cooks, midwives, lying-in women, foundlings, and lunaticks.

The mixture of national costume is an interesting sight to a stranger, on his first arrival in Vienna. The erect and stiff walking Hungarian wrapt up in his pelisse, with an immense long tail; the round head Pole, with his hair cut *à la Brutus*; the Armenians, Wallachians, and Moldavians, in their half oriental dress; the Greeks in their white habits, and with long pipes; the bearded Mussulman with his broad dagger and yellow slippers; the scarecrow Polish Jews with their swollen cheeks, and filthy, uncombed hair; and the Hungarian and Transylvanian boors with their greasy sheep skins in the form of cloaks. To this we may add the confusion of at least sixteen different languages constantly clattering in his ears.

In Vienna, as in every other capital, many sacrifices are made to procure an equipage or a saddle horse. They reckon 3000 gentlemen's carriages, 636 hackney coaches, 300 glass coaches, and about an equal number of publick vehicles. The amount of draught and riding horses, within the lines, may be taken at 10,000. Many a noble horse has been sold for 400*l.* and some of the princes keep 80 or 100 of them. The number of dogs, of all kinds, is estimated at 24,000.

The national blood has been so blended and intermixed with that of other nations, that the only characteristick feature now remaining to a real Vienna man, is the long sharp chin. He is of a middle size, slim, and long-limbed. The females are well grown, fresh coloured, lively, and fine skinned. Their beauty fades rather early. But who can paint their vivacity; what pen is swift enough to catch all that thousand variations; to trace on paper all those little nothings that constitute the essentiality of female attraction, and are continually fluttering on the wings of frivolity?

The citizens are courteous, open hearted, ready to oblige, docile, ingenuous, and good patriots. In their transactions they are upright and conscientious, condescending to their neighbours, and generous towards their friends. Their fundamental maxim is: "Live and let live." They are very fond of feasting, dancing, and of the theatres; but, as they seldom become bankrupts, on the contrary are in easy circumstances, we may conclude that their pleasures do not exceed their economical means. "There is only one Vienna," they exclaim in the fulness of joy. Were they singular in this delusion, there might be some reason for rallying them on the subject; but what nation do we hear of, whose capital is not the best? The Parisian says the same; the Portuguese exclaims: "He who has not seen Lisbon, has seen nothing." A Spaniard, on his death bed, begged his son for once in his life to see Madrid. The Neapolitan, in his horrible jargon, calls out: "See Naples, and then die." And what says John Bull? Have not the Viennese, then, as much right as others to consider their capital as a paradise?

Who can reckon up the number of princes, barons, and counts, in Vienna, who constitute the three classes of high nobility? It is very natural that a great nobility should be collected in such a capital. The throne, publick affairs, the great world, ambition, family connexions, pleasure,

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&c. are the grand attractions. Old parchments and fine clothes no longer procure the favour of the monarch, the esteem of the publick or honourable posts. A dashing young man may spend his income as he pleases; may drive six horses; keep open house; and boast of his pedigree; but if he considers these only as sufficient to render him a person of consequence, he will never acquire it. The most ancient families have long been distinguished for their publick services, their wealth, and their personal qualifications.

The society of the female nobility, also, is as instructive as it is delightful. In their circles, time is not wasted at the card table. Musical parties, friendly converse, literary information, observations on books, travels, works of art, the theatre, &c. beguile the hours of a long winter's evening.

When the poor man has been working for days together, in a garret, to muster up a few pence, he comes down in the evening. stands a few minutes at the house door to consider the passing multitude, and then descends thirty steps under ground into a wine cellar. The atmosphere of these places is saturated with vinous exhalations, to such a degree that intoxication soon takes place. Here the workman takes his evening's meal; the vintners sell wine from two pence to six pence the measure; they furnish also cheese, cold fish, sausages, &c. The most noted wine cellar, of the common sort, formerly belonged to a convent, and is filled with immense butts of red and white wine. The cellar men very seldom see the sun; and in this one cellar they are said to burn 18,000 wax lights annually. The fashionable ones. particularly the Hungarian cellar, are fitted up with a display of taste; and in that you may order wine from one shilling a bottle, up to imperial Tokay at half a guinea a pint.

Institution of the Deaf and Dumb.

Joseph II. who observed every thing in his travels that merited the attention of a thinking mind, having visited the school of the Abbé l'Epée at Paris, determined on erecting a similar one in his own capital. The number to be maintained gratis was fixed by his majesty at thirty; but not exactly confined to it. Whoever wishes to introduce a deaf and dumb person, above that number, pays the moderate annual sum of 10*l.* for board, clothing, instruction, &c. They are taught language, religion, physicks, and arithmetick. A printing office has also been erected, the operation of which appears to be well adapted to their capacities. The girls learn common household affairs. There is also a riband manufactory to employ other girls, as well as those boys who cannot be engaged in printing. At seven in the morning they have prayers, and then proceed to church to hear mass. According to the first regulations, they were allowed to walk out every day; but now they are confined to three times a week. Every Sunday evening the institution is open to the publick.

The Oriental Academy

Contains twelve scholars, who are particularly instructed in the Oriental languages, as well as in the living ones of Europe, and other necessary sciences. When duly qualified, they are sent to the Austrian embassy at Constantinople; and either recalled when a vacancy takes place, to the chancery for Oriental affairs, or are appointed as consuls to Moldavia, Wallachia, and the islands of the Archipelago. When there is war with the Porte, they are attached to the army as interpreters.

* * * * *

No person can be buried at Vienna without having been previously inspected by the *Visitation Office*. Every physician, on the death of a patient,

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must draw up in writing the cause of his death, which is delivered to the above office. The object of this regulation is of great importance. If the deceased died of any suspicious disorder, the bed is carried away and burnt, or else thoroughly cleansed. Persons who die suddenly are examined whether they have been poisoned, or been killed by any violent means. In short, it is similar to our coroner's inquest. A daily list is published, specifying the name, age, condition, quarter of the city, and even the number of the house, and the disorder of the deceased. The smallest number of deaths per day is seven, the greatest thirty-six.

As wood is very dear, and an immense quantity is consumed in coffins, Joseph II. issued an edict in 1784, that for the future, all bodies should be merely sewed up in a sack, and put into the ground. This created general disgust. The Greeks first began, by representing the edict as contrary to their ritual. Those provincial families who had relations in Vienna were greatly alarmed. At last the emperour was obliged to issue a contra-edict, stating, that "as the living set such a value on their carcases, and wished them to be longer in rotting, he did not care how they were buried; and that in regard to the coffins, every man might do what he chose with his own corpse."

FROM THE LONDON ATHENÆUM.

Patent of Mr. Allan Pollock of Paisley, for a Stove on a new construction. Dated June, 1807.

IN Mr. Pollock's stove, the fireplace occupies but a small part of its cavity much nearer the back part than the front, and is in fact a small grate, like a common chamber grate, surrounded with a stove, or case of cast iron, containing the following parts.

The grate is enclosed at the sides and back with brick, or fire-stone. Behind the brick work is placed an apparatus of metal for heating the external air as it passes into the room, which consists of a case containing several parallel shelves, arranged one over the other, each having an aperture at the opposite end to the one adjoining to it. To admit the air to pass from the bottom of this case, a pipe proceeds beneath the floor to the outward air; and from its top, another, about five inches in diameter, passes upwards through the middle of the stove, to an ornamental vase at top, perforated with apertures through which it enters into the apartments, after becoming well heated in its passage through such a length of tubes; which are placed so as to obtain a due temperature, without any danger of their heat increasing so far as to produce bad vapours, or vitiate its respirability; from which they are defended by the interposition of the brick work at the part next the fire.

Above the fireplace a hollow column rises about three feet, divided into three or four chambers by horizontal partitions. These chambers have also vertical partitions which pass from the circumference to the centre of each; an aperture is made in each horizontal partition, through which the smoke passes, but so placed that it is at the contrary side of the vertical partition from the aperture in the adjoining one. By this means the smoke circulates near the sides of the column, and communicates heat to it, till it rises to the top, from whence it is conveyed by a pipe into the chimney.

At the bottom of the stove is placed a door, for removing the ashes, in which is fixed a register to regulate the admission of the air to the fire,

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and, of course, the degree of rapidity with which the air of the apartment is changed. In the front of the stove, which is several inches before the grate, is another door, through which coals are conveyed to the fire. This door, and two other apertures at each side of it, are furnished with plates of transparent talc, through which the fire is visible; which circumstance forms the most conspicuous distinction between this stove and those in common use.

Mr. Pollock mentions in his specification, that all the air tubes of the stove are lined with a sort of glazing, to prevent any bad effect on the air from the heated iron. The general appearance of the stove is elegant; the view of the fire through the windows has a pleasing effect, though from their smallness, the radiant heat which passes through them can be but very little, and it diffuses a very equable temperature over the chamber where it is used, the thermometers placed in various parts of it, for trial, having all uniformly indicated 60 degrees of Fahrenheit.

The contrivance used in this stove, for heating the air, is the same as that of the Philadelphia stove described many years ago in a publication of Dr Franklin's. The brick work interposed between this part and the fire, will certainly prevent the tubes from acquiring heat enough to decompose the air; but the possibility of glazing them, by merely coating the cores of the moulds in which they are cast, with lime, sand, &c. as mentioned in the specification, seems extremely doubtful.

The appearance of the stove, as well as its effect, would be much improved by increasing the size of the glazed apertures. The diminutive dimensions of those in that exhibited, makes them too much resemble the glasses of a raree show-box, though in other respects the stove forms a pleasing ornament to the chamber, and seems fully to answer the objects for which it was intended, of producing much heat with little fuel, and of admitting at the same time a due circulation of warm, fresh, and wholesome air.

NOCTURNAL AERIAL ASCENSION.

Letter from M. Garnerin to the editors of the Journal de Paris.

GENTLEMEN,

BEFORE I undertake the second nocturnal aërial voyage, which will take place at Tivoli on Saturday, the 19th of September, I ought to give some account of that which I performed in the night between the fourth and fifth of August last. My balloon was lighted by twenty lamps. Many persons felt some alarm from the number of these lights, and their proximity to the balloon, in case a diminution of the pressure in the upper regions should oblige me to let out the hydrogen gas by the lower orifices. They feared lest, in this case, the gas should find its way to the lights, take fire, and communicate the flames to the balloon. I had foreseen this inconvenience. In the first place, the balloon, which was the same in which I ascended at Milan, was only two-thirds filled, that I might defer the emission of the gas as long as possible. In the next, the nearest lamps to the balloon were fourteen feet distant from it: and lastly, conductors were placed in such a manner, as to convey the gas away in a

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direction contrary to the lights. Having made these arrangements, I felt no hesitation to undertake a nocturnal voyage. I ascended from Tivoli, at eleven at night, under the Russian flag as a token of peace There was not any decided current in the atmosphere, but only undulations, which tossed me about, I believe, a great part of the night. To this it was owing, that I was at first carried towards St. Cloud, and afterwards brought back over Vincennes, in a diametrically opposite direction. How favourable this circumstance would have been to the speculation of those who pretend to direct balloons! I was in the full force of my ascension when the fire-works of Tivoli were let off. The rockets scarcely seemed to rise from the earth. Paris, with its lamps, appeared a plane, studded with luminous spots. Forty minutes after my departure I attained an elevation of [illegible]0 fathoms. The thermometer fell three degrees below °. My balloon dilated considerably as it passed through a cloud in which the lights lost their brilliancy, and seemed ready to be extinguished It was as urgent to give vent to the hydrogen gas, dilated to such a degree as to threaten to burst the balloon, as it was interesting to collect some of the air of this region. Both these operations I performed at once, without difficulty, and the emission of the gas brought me to a milder region. At 12 o'clock I was only six hundred fathoms from the earth, and heard the barking of dogs. A quarter of an hour afterwards, I lost sight of all the lights on the earth, grew extremely cold, and could no longer perceive the stars, doubtless on account of the clouds At one in the morning, the cold still continuing, I was carried to a higher elevation. The hydrogen gas again expanded. About two, I perceived the stars, and saw several meteors dancing about the balloon; but at such a distance as not to give me any alarm. At half after two the day began to dawn with me, and having again descended, I perceived the earth, which I had not before seen since my departure. At a quarter to three, I heard country people speak, and remarking the illumination of my balloon. Having asked them, they informed me that I was over the department of L'Aisne. The sun gradually approaching, afforded me, at half past three, the magnificent spectacle of his rising above an ocean of clouds. The warmth of his rays acting on the balloon, the hydrogen gas again expanded. The atmospherick air became more rarified, while there was nothing to add to the quantity of the counterbalancing weight. The consequence was a new ascension, during which I was tossed about between Rheims and Chalons, and carried, at four o'clock, to an elevation of more than eight thousand fathoms. There, under a magnificent sky and resplendent sun, I experienced a cold of ten degrees. The balloon dilated much more considerably than it had yet done. The temperature was insupportable. Tormented by cold, hunger, and a disposition to sleep, I resolved to descend, in an oblique direction, which brought me to the ground in the commune of Courmelois, near the banks of the Vesle, five leagues from Rheims, not far from Loges, and forty-five leagues from Paris, after a voyage of seven hours and a half. The air collected, forty minutes after my departure, in a cloud in which the lights lost their brilliancy, and seemed on the point of going out, presented, on analysis, no remarkable difference from the air taken on the surface of the earth. There was only a very small additional portion of carbonick acid, but not sufficient to produce any change in the state of my lights. It was nothing but the density of the clouds, ready to be converted into rain, that diminished their brilliancy. Though I was carried, at four o'clock, to the height of more than three thousand fathoms, my head was not so swollen but that I could put on my hat. On the contrary, I felt

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such a pressure upon the temples and jaws, as to produce pain. The sun, at that elevation, lost none of its resplendence I never beheld that luminary so brilliant, and the loadstone lost none of its magnetick virtues. Thus falls the system invented by Mr. Robertson a few years since, and already discredited by reason. Thus the story of swollen heads; of air without oxygen, collected by a living being; of the sun without resplendence; of the loadstone without virtue; of matter without gravity; of the moon the colour of blood; and of all the wonderful things invented by the same aëronaut, can, in future, find a place only in the wretched rhapsodies of the celebrated Kotzebue.

GARNERIN.

Second Ascension by night, of M. Garnerin.

My second aërial journey by night will not afford an opportunity for the brilliant narratives which I have had occasion to make in the course of my forty preceding ascensions. I shall not have to describe the majestick appearances which nature continually offers to the eyes of an aëronaut who ascends in favourable weather. I can only give a narrative of an aërial tempest which was nigh terminating in a shipwreck. The obstacles which the wind caused to the inflation of the balloon, sufficiently apprized me of the approach of the storm; and to the difficulties of the weather was added the turbulence of a party, by which I was prevented from placing the cord of the valve, so as to regulate the tube, which, in case of expansion, was to conduct the gas into a direction different from the lights which surrounded the bottom of the balloon. I was to have been accompanied by M. de Chassenton; but the aërial storm, which continually increased until the moment of my departure, gave me reason to apprehend such a disaster as Mr. Blanchard, and another aëronaut, met with in Holland. M. de Chassenton was actually in the boat. I must bear witness to his determination; for I am convinced that nothing could have made this young man, remarkable for his merit, quit the boat, if the well grounded apprehension which I entertained, of seeing him exposed to certain destruction, had not suggested to me the idea of declaring to him, that the balloon was not capable of carrying up two persons. It was thus, in the most adverse weather, and exposed to the greatest opposition and the tumult of a cabal, the head of which it is easy to guess at, that I ascended from Tivoli, at half past ten o'clock, on the night of the twenty-first of September. An unexampled rapidity of ascension, but extremely necessary to prevent me from coming in contact with the adjoining houses, raised me above the clouds, and in a few minutes carried me to an immense height, the extent of which I cannot precisely ascertain, on account of the dangers and embarrassments which suddenly affected my imagination, and prevented me from observing the declension of the mercury in the barometer. Elevated in an instant to the frozen regions, the balloon became subject to a degree of expansion which inspired me with the greatest apprehension. There was no alternative between certain death and giving an instant vent to the gas; and this at the risk of seeing the balloon take fire. I gradually opened, with one hand, an orifice of about two feet diameter, by which the gas escaped in large volumes, while with the other, I extinguished as many of the lights as I could. During this effort, I several times was near overbalancing myself, and falling out of the boat. Deprived of the opportunity of regulating the valve, my balloon, like a ship without a rudder, floated in air, obeying the influence of the temperature, the winds, and the rain. Whenever the force of these made me descend, the storm, which kept still increasing,

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obliged me to throw out ballast for the purpose of avoiding it, and escaping from imminent shipwreck. At length, at four o'clock in the morning, after having been almost continually enveloped in thick clouds, through which I could seldom see the moon, all my means of supporting myself in the air were exhausted. Whatever skill I possessed was no longer of use to me. My boat several times struck against the ground and rebounded from thence. The tempest often drove me against the sides and tops of mountains. Whenever my anchor caught in a tree, the balloon was so violently agitated by the wind, that I experienced all the inconvenience of a violent sea-sickness. Plunged at one time to the bottom of a precipice, in an instant after I ascended, and acquired a new elevation. The violence of the concussions exhausted my strength, and I lay for a half hour in the boat in a state of insensibility. During this tempest I recovered. I perceived Mont Tonnerre, and it was in the midst of crashes of thunder, and at a moment which I supposed would be my last, that I planted upon this celebrated mountain the eagle of Napoleon joined to that of Alexander I was carried away for some time longer by gusts of wind; but fortunately some peasants came to my assistance at the moment that the anchor hooked in a tree They took hold of the cords which hung from the balloon, and landed me in a forest upon the side of a mountain, at half past five in the morning, seven hours after my departure, and more than 100 leagues distant from Paris. They took me to Clausen, in the canton of Waldfishbach, and department of Mont Tonnerre. M. Cesar, a man of information, and mayor of the neighbouring town, came and offered me every assistance in his power, and, at my request, drew up a narrative, of which he gave me a copy. I was splendidly entertained the next day at Deux Ponts by a society of Friends of the Arts, consisting of publick functionaries, the officers of the 12th regiment of Cuirassiers, and of the members of the lodge of freemasons.

GARNERIN.

LAPLAND MANNERS AND COURTSHIP.

To the Editor of the Literary Panorama.

SIR,

IT appears to me that the Panorama enters into the spirit of Pope's famous adage:

The proper study of mankind, is man;

for I have perused in it, with great pleasure, those accounts which it has presented of the customs and manners of different nations.

Certainly, mankind is so far of one family, that the same passions, desires, and aversions, which mark the disposition of the human mind, in one country, are equally vigorous and active in others. If we analyse the heart beneath the torrid zone, we shall find it influenced by the same sentiments and affections as beneath the frozen pole. There seem to be some which are innate and attached to it, as naturally as the qualities of certain animals are attached to them. Fidelity is the character of the dog, wherever he is taken under human protection; and intelligence is the character of the horse, wherever the horse is attended to

I have been lately reading Colonel Skioldebrand's Travels to the North Cape, from which I lately extracted a few thoughts, that you favoured by insertion. Some of the portraits of men and manners which it offers, I

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now transmit for your decision. The north produces men of stout proportions, and answerable bodily powers. It also produces women of athletick frame, pleasing manners, and virtuous carriage. The sensibilities of the sex, which are never lost on observers; the frank yet correct deportment which always meets with applause, and sometimes with admiration; the cheerful gayety which well knows where to stop, and to maintain its privilege of repulse are as well known, under the Arctick circle, as among our own amiable and modest females. As an instance, I beg leave to introduce to you the Colonel's account of Christina of Kolara.

"At Kolara, a village situated on the island of Yllessari, 3¼ (Swedish) miles from Kengis 0¼ miles beyond Tornea, one of those young lasses, who had visited us in our tent at Kengis, was there, and saluted us very politely. We learned afterwards, that her mother, the widow of a rich settler, was proprietress of the place.

"Christina of Kolara was a young beauty, of a fair complexion, and of Amazonian proportions: and we soon perceived that her bodily strength was fully correspondent to her size. She was fond of playfulness to a certain point; but she repulsed the smallest excess, with astonishing vehemence; and never failed to celebrate her victory by bursts of laughter. In the morning I bathed in water of the heat of 60°, to have the pleasure of being attended by her; for such is the custom when a stranger desires a bath, the handsomest girl of the village waits on him. Christina, lightly habited, was charming, and performed her office with a grace, and easy deportment, which heightened her charms. We quitted the village directly afterwards, at half past nine o'clock. Christina had dressed herself extremely neatly, took a small parcel which belonged to us, under pretext of carrying it to the river's side, where we were to embark, at half a quarter of a mile from the village. She followed us sportively, and amusing herself with the effect of her charms. But at the moment of our departure, changing the expression of her countenance, she took her leave with accents and looks replete with sweetness. As we increased our distance from the shore, we saw the reflection of Christina with her light hair, and her scarlet bonnet, in the watery mirrour. She dropped us a graceful little courtesy, and disappeared: but I acknowledge, that I fancied I still saw her, though she was no longer there." P 66.

Neither do the frozen zone, perpetual snows, and a half year's winter, deprive the sex of that coquetry in which some of them indulge. They like to see and to be seen, to be admired, to attract notice, to gaze and be gazed on. "The Laplanders," says the Colonel, "are the greatest gossips in the world. They talk all day long:" and we may suppose, that if this be the character of the men, the women are not famous for silence. They talk, and they like to be talked to. I doubt not but what this is as it ought to be. Nature has wise purposes to answer by every quality which is truly natural, and has not been sophisticated by circumstances in which art unhappily predominates. Take the portrait of a Lapland lass.

"On our way, I amused myself with remarking the young Lapland girl, who gave herself all the airs of the most finished coquette; and who was incessantly occupied in ogling through a twig of birch which she carried in her hand for the purpose of driving away the flies. Sometimes, without being pursued, she seemed to be running away; but with a slowness which left full exercise for the hope of coming up with her. Eighteen centuries ago Virgil wrote;

Et fugit ad salices, et se cupit ante videri.

The difference between the demeanour of this girl, and that of the frolick-

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some but virtuous Christina of Kolara, was the same as is generally observed between the manners of the Laplanders and that of the Westrobothnians."

We find that wealth has powerful charms, in this remote corner of the world, as well as among ourselves. The rent roll of an estate, the parchments and all the operations of lawyers preparatory to a marriage, are nothing more than counterparts to the estimated number of reindeer, pieces of silver, and other paraphernalia at which the Laplanders value their daughters. The manner of providing a fortune for those daughters, with the hospitality which detains the newly married pair a twelvemonth in the paternal dwelling, during which time a great increase of riches may take place, is deserving of attention. As to the assumed reluctance of the bride, it is a law of the sex, which has prevailed in all ages, and in all places, among nations the most savage, and the most refined, though it does not, on all occasions, require main force to drag a bride to church, among civilized and polite people.

" The marriages of the Laplanders are conducted in the following manner. The parents of a young man choose a spouse for him, and on these occasions riches are considered as the only merit. The father, followed by his near kindred, leads him, whether with his will or against it, to the tent where the young woman resides whom he has fixed on for a daughter in law, and begins by offering brandy to her father. If he refuses to drink, the whole is over; but if he accepts the liquor, the proposition is made, together with the price which is intended to be paid. This usually consists in so many reindeer, and pieces of silver, &c. During this treaty, the young man is bound by decorum to remain out of the hut, where he employs himself in cleaving wood, or rendering some other service to the family of his future spouse. At length he obtains permission to offer her some of the provisions which he has brought with him. At first, she declines them, as in duty bound; but at length she comes out of her tent, and the young man follows her. If she then accepts his presents, it is a mark of her consent. Often, the negotiation lasts during some years; because it is a settled custom, that every visit which the youth makes to his expected father in law, he should bring brandy with him. And as the Laplanders are fond of this spirit, the fathers sometimes prolong their enjoyments, by retarding those of the young folks. When going to visit his mistress, the lover amuses himself by singing verses, which he composes on his way, and which express his impatience to behold the object of his affections, especially, if it happens that the choice of his parents has coincided with his own inclination The melody is a wild strain, derived from his fancy. If the marriage does not take place, the quantity of brandy, which has been drunk during the negotiation, must be returned in full; but, if the agreement is completed, the price fixed on is immediately paid to the father of the bride. On the wedding day, the bride resists, with all her might, the proposed expedition to the church, and force is necessary to carry her to it. The wedding dresses are nearly the same as those for holydays. A silver crown attached to the hair; several ribands which flow over the shoulders and down the back; and a rose of ribands on the bosom, are the only additional ornaments. At the return from church, the bride's father gives a repast, which is composed in part of provisions brought by the guests. The son in law lives the first year with the father of his wife; after which his own father fetches him away, with his wife, and all his property, which consists mostly in a herd of reindeer. The custom is, that on the birth of a daughter, her father selects a couple of

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reindeer as her property, and whatever increase these may have belong to her of right, till she quits her father's house. These two deer if fortunate, may increase to a numerous troop to which the father adds, according to his ability. When his daughter leaves him, he also presents her with kitchen utensils, silver gobblets, spoons, &c. All her kindred, also, who have received presents from the bride, are bound to return equivalent on this occasion. In short, the young couple now procure a tent, and commence housekeeping for themselves.

"Conjugal fidelity is as scrupulously observed in Lapland, as in any country of Europe; and what has been reported of a community of women, has been the mere offspring of invention, or made up by some traveller who has formed his opinion of the whole nation from the conduct of some profligate individuals. The children are brought up to labour, and are taught what may be useful in their future life."

Such are the incidents of a Laplard courtship and marriage. The Colonel tells us, that he could not recover any of the tender effusions which the Laplanders are understood to compose *en paesant*. They are, perhaps, lost, dispersed in air, or having answered their purpose, are forgotten. A song composed by a Finland peasant girl, has so much nature and peculiarity in it, that I have attempted to present it in an English dress.

ABSENCE.

Ah would my true love but appear!
My well known friend, for ever dear!
My kisses soon should meet his lip,
Though wolves' black blood did from it drip.
How would I clasp his hand in mine,
Though serpents did his wrist entwine!
Hast thou no skill, thou passing wind,
No tongue to tell my love my mind,
To show my thoughts, how true they be,
And bring his kind returns to me?
I would renounce the Curé's fare,
The dresses gay his daughters wear;
Rather than from my lover part;
He whom I strove with honest art
To snare, when summer shot its flame,
And during winter's frost to tame.

Such are the simplicities of Finland affection and poetry!

HERMIT.

CURIOUS SPECIMEN OF COURTSHIP AT MADRAS BY PUBLICK ADVERTISEMENT.

THE hyperbolical compliments of the Orientals have long been notorious among the cold blooded nations of Europe. That which would be stared at as bombast, among us, passes current in India, as every day phraseology. We may smile at the language of passion, in that torrid region, but we caution against the adoption of its rant, amid the cool glades and perpetual verdure of the British islands.

We should be glad, also, to know the genuine opinion of the natives, whether Hindoos, or Mussulmen, on a people which differs so essentially from them in the article of marriage, and its perliminaries. What do they think of European courtship? What can they think of an advertisement like the following, copied from the front page of the Madras Gazette of May 23, 1807? Fancy beholds some good old Pundit, taking up this

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paper, to look for publick news, and casting his eye, in the first place, on this address—then lifting his hands in *wonderment* at the strange vagaries of this indescribable nation, which the inscrutable destiny of the *Cali-yug* had established as his governours!

"*O Rama! O Chrishna! O Bhavani! O Saramangala!*
How superiour are the genuine sons of Hindoostan!

A. U. M."

Advertisement.

To that lady on whom nature has been lavish in her gifts, whose amiable person and beauteous form receive redoubled lustre from the infinitely more estimable endowments of a truly noble and generous soul. To her, whose personal accomplishments are embellished and adorned with a disposition of mind that is loveliness intermingled with real dignity —And to her, whose every talent leads to fortune, teaches her to know its value, only as it ought to be known, and affixes her in that sphere of being, whose every movement discovers and places her above it.—You will perhaps conclude, noble fair, that the youth whose mind searches after and aspires to an alliance of this nature, will regard wealth and rank as but of secondary consideration. If so, madam, your inference is pronounced right, is just The native grandeur of your soul, and its favour (with that of his God) will ever be his first and great concern to deserve. Do not, therefore, consider this as held forth in idle sport, or view it in any other light than that the most honourable; for every information respecting the gentleman will be made known, on application, through whatever channel she will do him the honour to adopt, and that in a manner frank and unreserved. His miniature will not be denied. He trusts and doubts not from her character, but she will be equally ingenuous on her part. He also begs that mere punctilios, or a too nice notion of female delicacy, will not cause her to remain silent to this publick call; but that (as may be expected) she will show herself above the generality of the sex, neither (as is sure to be the case with a mind thus endowed, amiable and liberal) persuade herself that she is not the one he is in quest of; that she can make but a pitiful comparison with a character of such perfection, as he would be most ready to tell such, she certainly must!—The gentleman, rather than say any thing of himself, will refer the lady to whomsoever she will please to name, as it may better become such to speak on the subject. All unmeaning applications, &c. will be treated with marked contempt.—The lady may address her letter to the gentleman himself, sealing and directing it to be left at the office of this paper. A stranger begs leave to say, the gentleman is handsome in person, unexceptionable in mind, and a man of birth and fortune.

ANECDOTES.

WHEN Foote was tried in Dublin for the libel upon George Falkener, the printer (whom he had dramatized as Peter Paragraph) the late Judge Robinson was one of the bench. This was an old, crabbed, peevish gentleman, wore a wig of a singular shape, and had his forehead very much broke out in blotches, which (when in an ill temper) he was in the habit of picking off, and throwing down upon the clerks, attornies, &c. beneath the bench. Shortly after his trial, Foote appeared upon the stage as Justice Midas, with a costume, wig, and countenance so exactly that

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of the judge, and with the blotches which he picked and *distributed* with gestures so perfectly according to the model, that the whole audience, by most of whom he was known (especially in the gallery) were convulsed with laughter, many crying out, Robinson! Robinson!

Some gentlemen (of whom Sir Jonah Barrington, judge of the admiralty court in Ireland. was one) surveying the ruins of an old cathedral, and attending minutely to all the technical descriptive expressions, an individual of the party begged to be told distinctly what was the NAVE of a church: "Oh!" replied sir Jonah, "that's the *incumbent!*" A beneficed clergyman, on being told the above anecdote, observed, that sir Jonah had given a key [K] to the question.

Dominique de Vic, governour of Amiens, of Calais, and vice admiral of France, always made particular inquiry, in whatever place he commanded, for the merchants and artificers of reputable character, and on being informed who they were, and where they lived, he would visit them in the most friendly manner, and request them to dine with him. Of this amiable man, history relates these two affecting anecdotes.

In the year 1586, he lost the calf of his right leg by a gun-shot; and though the part was well cured, yet he could not attempt to ride on horseback, without experiencing the most excrutiating pain in his wounded leg, in consequence of which, he retired to Guyenne. He had lived there about three years, when he was informed of the death of Henry the third and the embarrassments of Henry the fourth, and the great need in which he stood of all his good servants. He directly had his leg cut off; sold part of his estates; entered into the king's service once more; and rendered him the most signal service at the battle of Ivri.

Two days after this great prince was assassinated, De Vic, going through the Rue de la Ferronerie, and seeing the spot on which this horrid murder was committed, fell senseless to the ground, and died next morning.

DRYDEN AND TONSON.

When Dryden had finished his translation of Virgil, after some deliberation with himself, he sent the MS to Jacob Tonson, requiring for it a certain sum, which he mentioned in a note. Tonson was desirous of possessing the work, but meanly wished to avail himself of Dryden's necessities, which, at that time, were particularly urgent. He therefore informed Dryden, that he could not afford to give so much for it as he demanded. In answer to this, Dryden sent the three following lines to Tonson, whom they were meant to describe:

> With leering look, bull-faced, and freckled fair,
> With two left legs, with Judas'-coloured hair,
> And frowzy pores that taint the ambient air.

When they were delivered to Tonson, he asked if Mr. Dryden had said any thing more. "Yes, sir," answered the bearer, "he said: Tell the dog, that he who wrote these lines will write more like them." Tonson immediately paid the money which Dryden had at first demanded for his Virgil.

THE PRETENDER AND A POOR GENTLEMAN.

A poor gentleman, who had taken no part in the rebellion, but whose humanity had led him to relieve the necessities of Charles, being apprehended before a court of justice, was asked how he dared to assist the king's greatest enemy, and why, having always appeared to be a loyal

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subject, he did not deliver up the pretender, and claim the reward of thirty thousand pounds offered by government for his person? "I only gave him," replied the prisoner, "what nature seemed to require—a night's lodging and a humble repast. And who among my judges, though poor as I am, would have sought to acquire riches, by violating the rights of hospitality, in order to earn the price of blood?" The court was filled with confusion and amazement at the simple eloquence of this untutored orator. The suit was dismissed, and the prisoner set free. So much stronger an impression does fellow-feeling and a sense of natural equity make on the human breast, than the dictates of political law, though enforced by the greatest rewards, or the severest punishments.

DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

Dr. Young was remarkable for his intimate acquaintance with the Greek authors. and had as great a veneration for Æschylus, as parson Adams in Joseph Andrews Indeed, it is said, that he was the gentleman from whom Fielding derived the idea of parson Adams, and whose character he so well delineates. Dr. Young was chaplain to a regiment which served in the war in Flanders. One fine summer's evening, he indulged himself in his love of a solitary walk. Whatever was the object of the doctor's meditations, whether the beauties of the hemisphere and the surrounding landscape engaged his attention, or some passage in his favourite Æschylus occurred to his memory, certain it is, that he was so absorbed in thought, that he proceeded in his walk till he unconsciously arrived in the enemy's camp. The repetition of *qui va la?* from the soldiers, with difficulty brought him to a recollection of himself. The officer who commanded, finding that the doctor had strayed thither in the undesigning simplicity of his heart, and perceiving in his prisoner an innate goodness which commanded his respect, very politely allowed him to depart, and to pursue his contemplations back again.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

The Crisis, which was published by Sir Richard Steele, January 19, 1714, was voted by the house of commons a scandalous and seditious libel, and Steele expelled the house. In his defence, in the house of commons, Steele confessed himself the author of the Crisis, and read the paragraphs complained of by the house, with the same cheerfulness and satisfaction with which he abjured the pretender. However, three days after, he took ample revenge on the Harleys and Foleys, who were his principal opponents, and whom he lashed under the name of the crabtrees and brickdusts, in the eleventh number of The Lover. It is said, that Mr. Minshull, Mr. Moore, Mr. Lechmere, bishop Hoadley, and Mr. Addison, were all concerned with Steele in the composition, revisal, and correction of the Crisis.

ANECDOTE OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST.

The day after his Majestie arrived att Southwell, walking about the town, as it was his practice to do, he went into the shop off one James Lee, a fanatical shoemaker. Finding his person was not known, he entered into conversation with Crispin, and in the end was measured for a pair off shoes. Lee had no sooner taken his Majestie's foot into his hand to measure him, than eyeing him very attentively, he was suddenly seized with a panick, and would not go on. The King, surprised att his behaviour, pressed him to proceed; but Crispin absolutely refused, saying, he was the customer himself had been warned off in his sleep the night before; that he was doomed to destruction; and those would never thrive who worked for him. The

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forlorn monarch, whose misfortunes had opened his minde to the impressions off superstition, uttered an ejaculation expressive off his resignation to the will off Providence, and retired to the palace, which was the place off his abode.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE HOLT.

The following anecdotes of Lord Chief Justice Holt, are sufficiently remarkable for our insertion.

The law and justice were never administered with more effect than when he presided in the King's Bench, and all their terrours sat on his brow.* It happened that a poor, old, decrepit creature was brought before him as a sinner of great magnitude. "What is her crime?" "Witchcraft." "How is it proved?" "She uses a spell." "Let me see it?" A scrap of parchment was handed to him. "How came you by this?" "A young gentleman, my lord, gave it me, to cure my daughter's ague." "Did it cure her?" "O yes, my lord, and many others." "I am glad of it. Gentlemen of the jury, when I was young and thoughtless, and out of money, I, and some companions as unthinking as myself, went to this woman's house, then a publick one: we had no money to pay our reckoning. I hit upon a stratagem to get off scot free. On seeing her daughter ill, I pretended I had a spell to cure her. I wrote the classick line you see; so that if any one is punishable it is I, not the poor woman the prisoner." She was acquitted by the jury, and rewarded by the chief justice.

MARSHAL WADE.

The following anecdote of Marshal Wade is related in Noble's Biographical History of England. The figure of Time on this general's monument, in Westminster Abbey, has no *forelock*, which circumstance is explained by a fault of this officer, who did not "take Time by the *forelock*," when employed in Scotland to suppress the *rising* rebellion of 1745.

Marshal Wade was greatly attached to gaming, and not very nice in the company he gamed with. Once, when at play, he missed a very valuable gold snuff box, richly set with diamonds. Enraged, he swore no man should leave the room until it was found; and insisted upon an immediate search. A gentleman, who sat on his right, dressed as an officer, with clothes much worn, and who, with great humility, had asked and obtained

* In the Banbury cause, he told the house of peers, that they ought to respect the law which had made them so great; presiding over which, he should disregard any of their decisions. He would not even condescend to give them a reason for his conduct. In the same manner he set the commons at defiance. *They* sent to demand reasons. He gave none. The speaker and a select number of the house went in person to the court of King's Bench. His answer was: "I sit here to administer justice: if you had the whole house of commons in your belly, I should disregard you; and if you do not immediately retire, I will commit you, Mr. Speaker, and those with you. Where there is a right," said he "there is a remedy." When it was urged, that no injury could be done by a returning officer refusing a legal vote, against the sense of the other judges, he directed a satisfaction to be given. Neither his compeers, nor the houses of parliament separately, could bend, or even both of them collectively, intimidate him. His invincible courage was equalled only by his incorruptible integrity. Queen Anne was compelled to dissolve the parliament, that the acrimony between the two houses might cease. A mob assembling before a trepan house, in Holborn, the guards were called out. "Suppose," said he, "the populace will not disperse; what will you do?" "Fire on them," replied an officer, "as we have orders." "Have you so! Then take notice, that if one man is killed, and you are tried before me, I will take care that every soldier of your party is hanged." Assembling his tipstaves, and a few constables, he went to the mob and explained to them the impropriety of their conduct: at the same time promising that justice should be done against the "crimps." The multitude dispersed.

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permission, four or five times, to go his shilling with the marshal, with great vehemence declared, upon the honour of a soldier, that he had not the box, nor knew any thing of it; but that he would die rather than be searched. He was willing, however, to retire to the next room and defend his honour or perish in the attempt. The marshal, who before had his suspicions, was now confirmed in them; and, as the sword was to be resorted to, instantly prepared for the attack; but to his confusion, in drawing, he felt the box in a secret pocket. Stung with remorse at having wounded the honour of a soldier, he said, as he hastily left the room: "Sir, I here, with great reason, ask your pardon, and hope to find it granted, by your breakfasting with me, and hereafter ranking me amongst your friends" At breakfast, the Marshal said: "Why, sir, could you refuse being searched?" "Because, Marshal, being upon half pay, and friendless, I am obliged to husband every penny. I had, that day, little appetite; and as I could not eat what I had paid for, nor afford to loose it, the leg and wing of a fowl, with a manchet, were then wrapped up in a piece of paper in my pocket. The idea of these being found there, appeared ten times more terrible than fighting the room round." "Enough, my dear boy, you have said enough! Your name. Let us dine at Sweet's to morrow. We must prevent your being subjected again to such a dilemma."

At Sweet's, the Marshal presented him with a captain's commission, and a purse of guineas to enable him to join the regiment. This exactly explains Wade's character. It does him honour. The poor officer, though evidently fond of fowl, was, it is still more evident, not "chicken hearted." By such extraordinary accidents does merit gain what it otherwise ought to have obtained.

HENRY FIELDING.

Fielding being one day in the shop of Andrew Millar, the bookseller, in conversation with some others, he was observing, that though he allowed Scotchmen a good deal of acumen and learning, they had little or no humour, and were besides very credulous. This being denied by one of the party, Fielding betted him a guinea he would tell Andrew Millar, who had just at that time stepped into the back parlour, a story that no man would believe but himself. The wager being accepted, and Millar returned to his shop, Fielding very gravely asked his advice about setting up a coach. Millar, who knew his circumstances, at once exclaimed against the extravagance and folly of it. "Nay, but," said Fielding, "you don't know how I intend to manage. This coach shall be ready at my office door, every morning at a certain hour, to carry the people who are brought before me as a police magistrate to their several destinations. Now, as I have, upon an average, five thousand people brought before me in a year, take the calculation only at two shillings a head, that will produce 500l. a year; which will give me the convenience and *eclat* of a coach, and put 300l. a year in my pocket. Well, what do you think of my scheme?"

Millar seemed astonished for a while. At last, breaking out into a passion, he exclaimed, it was the silliest, maddest scheme he ever heard of: that he not only would expose himself to the world, but would likewise run the risk of catching all kinds of those disorders which rogues and vagabonds were subject to. "Well, Andrew," replied Fielding, "I shall consider of what you say; in the mean time," looking at the gentleman whom he had betted with very significantly, "please to hand me over a guinea, which I believe you will acknowledge I have won." The other admitted the wager won, gave Fielding his guinea, and they all enjoyed the laugh at Millar's expense.

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POETRY.

THE SWALLOW.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE gorse is yellow on the heath,
The banks with speedwell flowers are gay,
The oaks are budding; and beneath,
The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,
The silver wreath of May.

The welcome guest of settled spring,
The swallow too is come at last:
Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,
I saw her dash with rapid wing,
And hailed her as she passed.

Come, summer visitant, attach
To my reed roof your nest of clay,
And let my ear your musick catch
Low twittering underneath the thatch
At the gray dawn of day.

As fables tell, an Indian sage,
The Hindostani woods among,
Could, in his desert hermitage,
As if 'twere marked in written page,
Translate the wild bird's song.

I wish I did his power possess,
That I might learn, fleet bird, from thee,
What our vain systems only guess,
And know from what wide wilderness
You came across the sea.

I would a little while restrain
Your rapid wing, that I might hear
Whether on clouds that bring the rain,
You sailed above the western main,
The wind your charioteer.

In Africk, does the sultry gale
Through spicy bower, and palmy grove,
Bear the repeated cuckoo's tale?
Dwells *there* a time, the wandering rail,
Or the itinerant dove?

Were you in Asia? O relate,
If there your fabled sister's woes
She seemed in sorrow to narrate;
Or sings she but to celebrate
Her nuptials with the rose?

I would inquire how journeying long,
The vast and pathless ocean o'er,
You ply again those pinions strong,
And come to build anew among
The scenes you left before;

But if, as colder breezes blow,
Prophetick of the waning year,
You hide, tho' none know when or how,
In the cliff's excavated brow,
And linger torpid here;

Thus lost to life, what favouring dream,
Bids you to happier hours awake;
And tells, that dancing in the beam,
The light gnat hovers o'er the stream,
The Mayfly on the lake?

Or if, by instinct taught to know
Approaching dearth of insect food;
To isles and willowy aits you go,
And crowding on the pliant bough,
Sink in the dimpling flood:

How learn ye, while the cold waves boom
Your deep and ousy couch above,
The time when flowers of promise bloom,
And call you from your transient tomb,
To light, and life, and love?

Alas! how little can be known,
Her sacred veil where Nature draws;
Let baffled Science humbly own,
Her mysteries understood alone,
By HIM who gives her laws.

POOR BARLEY CORN.

FROM FARLEY'S BRISTOL JOURNAL.

The following beautiful tribute to the genial virtues of our old English beverage, likely soon to be known rather by memory than taste, was written in the days of Charles II. and has probably remained in MS. to this day.

WHEN the chill north-east blows,
And Winter tells a heavy tale,
When pies, and daws, and doobs, and crows
Do sit, and curse the frost and snows,
Then give me ale.

Ale, that the absent battle fights,
And forms the march o' the Swedish drum,
Disputes the prince's laws and rights,
What's gone and past tells mortal wights,
And what's to come.

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Ale, that the ploughman's heart upleaps,
And equals it to tyrant's thrones,
That wipes the eye that ever weeps,
And lulls in soft and easy sleeps,
The tired bones.

Ale, that securely climbs the tops
Of cedars tall and lofty towers,
When giddy grapes and creeping hops
Are holden up with poles and props,
For lack of powers.

When the Septentrion seas are froze,
By Boreas his biting gale,
To keep unpinched the Russian's nose,
And save unrot the Vandal's toes,
Oh! give me ale.

Grandchild to Ceres, Barley's daughter,
Wine's emulous neighbour, if but stale,
Ennobling all the nymphs of water,
And filling each man's heart with laughter,
Hah! give me ale.

LINES,

Occasioned by a lady's being offended at her lover's mentioning that, in general, women, were inclined to loquacity.

ILL-NATURED wits, conceited, vain,
To thoughts sarcastick give the rein,
On lovely women's tongue:
Poor shallow things, whose tuneless souls,
Seraphick musick ne'er controls,
By angels sweetly sung.

What if the cheek of roseate hue,
And fine dark sparkling eyes I view,
And shape by beauty made;
And mind with wisdom amply blest,
Could these give rapture to my breast,
If—dumb my charming maid?

Free let her talk the live-long day,
Or wisely grave, or sweetly gay,
Oh! let her tongue but move:
Joy will pervade my inmost soul,
Rapture's deep tide will o'er me roll,
And melt my breast to love.

In rapt'rous strains let poets sing,
Of the wild choral lays in spring,
The lark and linnets song;
Faint are the pleasures they inspire,
My fair one's prattle I require
To charm me all day long.

Aside the fire e'en dog and cat
In their own way enjoy some chat;
One purs, the other barks;
Why then should man with lordly sway,
On women's tongues embargo lay?
Fie, fie, conceited sparks!

Vain ye may be of sense profound,
And say, with folly they abound—
But, can ye talk so well?
Loud is your speech, as cataracts deep,
Or night gales hoarse from rocky steep,
Or dull ill-omened knell:

Whilst lovely woman's accents glide
Smooth as the stream's unruffled tide,
Melodious as a rill;
Care flies at her mellifluous voice;
Ye cynicks! can I then rejoice
If her sweet tongue lies still?

How deaf to musick, dead to taste,
Are those who 'midst such pleasures chaste
Unjoyous ever sit!
To forests drear let them be sent,
And ever kept in banishment,
Till they regain their wit.

DEATHS,

WITH BRIEF CHARACTERISTICKS.

Drowned by shipwreck, off Memel, Colonel Pollen, only son of the Rev. George Pollen, of little Bookham, in Surrey. He was in the 33d year of his age, and, possessing a fine and vigorous understanding, highly improved by education, and by his extensive travels, there is no doubt, if he had returned to his native country (as he was attempting to do when this dreadful accident put a period to all his hopes) he would have proved a distinguished ornament to it. In 1796, on his coming of age, he opposed the interest of the Duke of Norfolk, for the representation of the populous borough of Leominster, which he carried by a majority of *one*. He afterwards raised a regiment of fencibles at his own expense, for the service of government, and attended with it on its being ordered to Halifax, in Nova Scotia; but for several years he has been constantly travelling on the continent. At St. Petersburgh, he married one of the daughters of Sir Charles Gascoigne (sister to the countess of Haddington, now married to

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Mr. Dalrymple) who was with him when the wreck took place, but who appears to be happily saved.

At Elynhill, Staffordshire, in the 86th year of his age, John Brotherton, labourer, a native of the parish of Cullybackey, Ireland During eighteen years of his youth, he served his country in the grenadier company of the 37th regiment, and fought with that corps in the battle of Minden. Boldness and intrepidity strongly marked the countenance of Brotherton. There was something noble in his whole appearance. An anecdote illustrative of the care of Divine Providence, deserves to be recorded in this account. Immediately on his leaving his native cottage to enter the army, Brotherton took with him a small Bible, determined to make it the constant companion of his marches. Previous to an engagement, he put the book upon his breast, between his coat and waist-coat, a practice to which he once owed the preservation of his life. In an action fought in Germany, while the 37th regiment was engaged in close quarters with the enemy, he received a thrust from a bayonet directed against his breast; the point of the weapon, after piercing his belt and coat, passed through the cover of the Bible, and perforated 52 of the leaves. This book now remains in the possession of one of his brothers.

In October 1807, at his residence in Maryland, in the 73d year of his age, Mr. Benjamin Banneker, a black man, and immediately descended from African parents. He was remarked in the circle of his acquaintance, by his correct and gentle manners, and known among scientifick men as a mathematician and astronomer. In early life, his acquirements were confined to the common elements of instruction; but afterwards, assisted by such books as chance threw in his humble path, and guided by his genius alone, he acquired a competent knowledge of the higher branches of learning. Mingling the calm pursuits of science with the active occupations of husbandry on his own lands, he devoted much of his time to study and contemplation. To no reading was he more attached than to that of the Holy Scriptures. Mr. B. was the calculator of an Ephemeris, adapted to and published for many years in Maryland, and the adjacent states. At his decease he bequeathed his library and several manuscript tracts on his favourite studies, to a friend, who, it is hoped, will lay before the publick such of the latter as may be found worthy of its attention, and thus rescue from oblivion the memory of this modest and interesting child of Africa.

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That ever I was born to set them right.
Shakspeare.

The better sort should have before 'em
A grace, a manner, a decorum! Butler.

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Mr. Cumberland has a novel in the press, to be entitled John de Lancaster. It is the work which he announces in his 'Memoirs,' in the follow-

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ing words: 'I have also planned, and in great part finished one more novel, upon which I have bestowed much time and care, anxious to leave something behind me, which may instruct the scholar as well as the idler; something which gravity may read without contempt, and modesty without a blush; a work of fancy, that may prove I have not quite exhausted my capacity to amuse, nor quite abandoned my endeavours to instruct.'

The late lamented Dr. Gregory, left an invaluable legacy to the literary world, and to the rising generation, in a work which he had finished but the week previous to his death, and part of the manuscript of which was in the hands of the printer. It consists of a Series of Letters to his son, on Taste, Literature, and Criticism. Perhaps a more correct idea cannot be given of it, than in the words of the author, contained in a letter to his publisher, on its completion; he there remarked: "that this work contained the result of the observations of his whole life, on every subject of taste and literature; and that, whatever might be the ultimate opinion of its merits, his reputation in the republick of letters would in a great degree depend on it." The work is printing in two volumes, corresponding with the Lectures of the same author, on Experimental Philosophy.

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Dr. Thomas Jameson, resident physician at Carlton House, has nearly ready for the press, in an octavo volume, An Inquiry into the Changes of the Human Body at the different ages: containing a concise history of the natural and morbid state of the organs, and the causes of the general mortality in each period of life.

Two more volumes of Espriella's Letters from England, and a new edition of the former volumes, will appear in a few weeks.

The Rev. Josiah Pratt has just completed his edition of the Whole Works of Bishop Hall, in 10 vols. 8vo. and has also published separate editions of the Bishop's Contemplations, in 2 vols.; of his Devotional Writings, in 1 vol.; of his Practical Works, in 2 vols.; and of his Divine Right of Episcopacy, in 1 vol.

The first folio edition of Shakspeare, published in 1623, is considered by the commentators of this great author as by far the most authentick and valuable; but it has long been so scarce and high priced (a copy being worth thirty or forty pounds) that but very few persons can have access to it. The author of the Diversions of Purley, and many other gentlemen of literary eminence, have suggested the utility of its being reprinted; and in consequence, a copy of this edition has been a considerable time preparing, and is nearly ready for publication. The greatest care has been taken to ensure its fidelity: during the time it has been in hand, the printer and editor have had the use of three copies of the original, with the advice and assistance of gentlemen deeply versed in the writings of Shakspeare. It is printed in the common type of the present day, but in arrangement, spelling, and punctuation, is literally and scrupulously, page for page, throughout the volume, an exact copy of the edition of 1623, with all its peculiarities, not a word being added, altered, or omitted.

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SELECT REVIEWS.

FOR MARCH, 1809.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Journey from Madras through the Countries of Mysore, Canara, and Malabar, &c. By Francis Buchanan, M. D.

[*Resumed from p.* 90.]

WE have already stated with sufficient distinctness, the general contents of Dr. Buchanan's volumes, and have given extracts that manifest the diligence and attention with which he discharged the duties of his appointment. It might be thought, that Dr. B. had already described a tribe of men the lowest on the scale of human nature. But the following appears to be still lower than that we transcribed in our former article. We the rather add the following account, because the popular idea of India is, that of a region "all gold and bounty," replete with wealth, and luxuries, abundant in all enjoyments, and the very seat of gain, both mercantile and political. India has certainly been highly peopled during many ages. The country is fertile, and in general is capable of cultivation: yet the human race does not more than maintain itself against the wild animals of the forest; and whenever, by adverse incidents, the number of inhabitants is diminished, the beasts resume their dominion, and support their *establishments*. The maintenance of this balance offers no unworthy subject of contemplation to an inquisitive mind. How is it, that the lord of the creation tolerates such adversaries as elephants, tigers, and panthers: and why does he not, by extermination, rid himself of these dangerous and destructive intruders? Perhaps Providence knows a reason for this, that man has not discerned, all-wise as he fancies himself; and is, on this, as on innumerable other occasions,

From seeming evil still educing good.

In this part of the country [*Garuda-giri*] there are many sheep, but few black cattle. The shepherds and their families live with their flocks. The men wrap themselves in a blanket, and sleep in the open air among the sheep. The women and children sleep *under hemispherical baskets about six feet in diameter*, and wrought with leaves so as to turn the rain. At one side a small hole is left open, through which the poor creatures can creep, and this is always turned to leeward, there being nothing to cover it. I have not in any other country seen a habitation so very wretched. Vol. III. p. 383.

Other tribes (and there appear to be many such) are little better off in the world. Some of them will form our introduction to several particulars which we have collected from sundry places, in reference to the ferocity of the tiger and the elephant.

The *Goalas* are herdsmen, and shut up their cattle in folds, which are strongly fortified with thorny bushes, to defend the cattle from tigers. These Goalas remove

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to different places for pasture. During the whole time that they are absent they never sleep in a hut; but, wrapped up in their blankets, and accompanied by their dogs, they lie down among their cattle within the folds, where all night they burn fires to keep away the tigers. This, however, is not always sufficient, and these ferocious animals sometimes break through the fence, and kill or wound the cattle. Vol. II. p. 11.

The fortifications at *Priya Pattana* are quite ruinous, the late Sultan having blown up the best works. In the inner fort there are no inhabitants, and tigers have taken entire possession of its ruins. A horse that strayed in a few nights ago was destroyed, and even at midday, it is considered as dangerous for a solitary person to enter. It was deemed imprudent for me, who was followed by a multitude, to enter any of the temples, which serve the tigers as shelter from the heat of the day, by which these animals are much oppressed. The outer fort contains a few houses of Brahmans, who are forced to shut themselves up at sunset. Vol. II. p. 96.

Of this latter calamity the Dr. gives a melancholy instance, in p. 426.

Speaking of *Cancan-hully*, he describes the country as having been fully cultivated, previous to Lord Cornwallis's invasion:

The devastation was commenced by Tippoo, who blew up the works, in order to prevent them from being useful to the British army. After this the Anicul Polygar ravaged the country, colonel Read having invited him back to his dominions. According to the accounts of the Amildar, this gentle Hindoo has rendered two fifths of the whole arable lands a waste; and, from the small number of inhabitants, the beasts of prey have increased so much, that, during the two last years of the Sultan's government, eighty of the inhabitants of Cancan-hully were carried away by tigers from within the walls of the fort. These have been since repaired, and the people can now sleep with safety. Tippoo destroyed the Hindoo temple, which kind of devastation was one of his favourite amusements.

But the tiger, though the most dreadful, is not the only scourge of India. Other beasts of his genus partake of his blood-thirsty disposition, and of his powers. One of these the Dr. describes.

In the forenoon a leopard was killed by the people of the village, in a garden near the town, and brought to my tent in great triumph, with every thing resembling a flag, and every instrument capable of making a noise, that could be collected. First, he had been shot in the belly, and then he was driven to the banks of a reservoir, where he stood at bay; and, before he was killed, wounded three of the men who attacked him with spears; one of whom was severely torn. He agreed very well with the description in Ker's translation of Linnæus, and was about four feet from the snout to the root of the tail. He had killed several oxen, and in this country, it is not unusual for leopards to attack even men. Although I have called this animal the leopard, there is reason to think, that it does not differ from the panther of India; for, I am persuaded, that we have no larger spotted animal of the feline genus. The Indian panther and leopard, I consider, therefore, as two names for the same animal. The African panther, may, however, be different, as certainly is the hunting leopard of India. Vol. II. p. 337.

Will it be believed, after such afflicting demonstrations of the tiger's ferocity, and that of his fellows, that superstition and ignorance could fancy the conversion of these creatures into guards, and guards too of the most endearing subjects of the human affections?

I took a very long and fatiguing walk to the top of the western hills, in order to see a *Cambay*, or village inhabited by *Eriligaru*. The love of the marvellous, so prevalent in India, has made it commonly reported, that these poor people go absolutely naked; sleep under trees without any covering; and possess the power of charming tigers, so as to prevent those ferocious animals from doing them any injury. My interpreter, although a very shrewd man, gravely related, that the *Eriligaru* women, when they go into the woods to collect roots, intrust their children to the care of a tiger.

The village that I visited contained seven or eight huts, with some pens for their goats; the whole built round a square, in which they burn a fire all night to keep away the tigers. The huts are very small, but tolerably neat, and constructed of *bamboos* interwoven like basket work, and plastered on the inside with clay.

These people take wild fowl in nets; and sometimes kill the tiger in spring traps loaded with stones, and baited with a kid.

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The Dr. mentions other tribes, to which this power of domesticating the tiger is attributed, which of course they deny; yet believe it of their fellow tribes.

The Elephant is no less inimical to man, though there seems to be less reason for it; as he does not live on flesh, or support his own life by depriving others of their's. His food is rice; his drink is water; yet is he equally fierce with the tiger.

We leave to the philosopher the explication of the peculiarity in the "elephant," of being "discontented," and forsaking his appropriate community; together with the circumstance, that when solitary, he is ferocious and desperate, though easily frightened when in company. Have such been expelled; or have they forsaken the society of their fellows? Are there *jacobin* elephants, among these "half reasoning" brutes, which, discontented with the present order of things, attempt revolutions, and are banished by the herd?

The woods are infested by wild elephants, which do much injury to the crops. They are particularly destructive to the sugar cane and palm gardens; for those monstrous creatures break down the betel-nut tree to get at its cabbage. The natives have not the art of catching the elephant in *kyddas*, or folds, as is done in Bengal; but take them in pitfalls, by which only a few can be procured. These are frequently injured by the fall. Vol. II. p. 117.

At *Hejuru*, I went into the forests about three cosses, to a small tank, further than which the natives rarely venture, and to which they do not go without being much alarmed on account of wild elephants. In this forest these animals are certainly more numerous, than either in *Chittagong* or *Pegu*. I have never seen any where so many traces of them. The natives, when they meet an elephant in the day time, hide themselves in the grass, or behind bushes, and the animal does not search after them; but were he to see them, even at a distance, he would run at them, and put them to death. It is stragglers only from the herds, that, in the day time, frequent the outer parts of the forest. The herds, that at night destroy the crops, retire with the dawn of day into the recesses of the forest; and thither the natives do not venture, as they could not hide themselves from a number. It is said, that at the abovementioned tank, there was formerly a village; but that both it and several others on the skirt of the forest have lately been withdrawn, owing to an increased number of elephants, and to the smaller means of resistance which the decrease of population allows. The forest is free from underwood or creepers; but the whole ground is covered with long grass, often as high as a man's head. This makes walking rather disagreeable and dangerous, as one is always liable to stumble over rotten trunks, to rouse a tiger, or to tread on a snake. These latter are said to be found of great dimensions, and have been seen as thick as the body of a middle-sized man. Their length does not exceed seven cubits. P. 127.

The *Cad Curubaru* are a rude tribe of *Karnata*, who are exceedingly poor and wretched. They watch the fields at night, to keep off elephants and wild hogs. Their manner of driving away the elephant is by running against him with a burning torch made of bamboos. The animal sometimes turns, and waits till the Curubaru comes close up; but these poor people, taught by experience, push boldly on, and dash their torches against the elephant's head, who never fails to take immediate flight. Should their courage fail, and should they attempt to run away, the elephant would immediately pursue, and put them to death. The Curubaru have no means of killing so large an animal, and on meeting one in the day time, are as much alarmed as any other of the inhabitants. These poor people frequently suffer from tigers, against which their wretched huts are a poor defence: and, when this wild beast is urged by hunger, he is regardless of their burning torches.

The *Cutari* rice is that most commonly cultivated, as it is less liable than the others to be injured by the herds of wild elephants; for these animals, though they eat rice, do not kill that kind when they tread on it. P. 333.

On strong, high trees, the guard has constructed two stages, to which the men fly when they are attacked by solitary, discontented, male elephants, who are not to be driven away by firing at them, unless the ball takes place in some sensible part.

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Herds of elephants come very frequently to drink at the torrent; but are easily alarmed, and run away at the first shot. P. 340.

The elephants are a dreadful nuisance to the farmers, who live near these forests, and have prevented much land, formerly deserted, from being again cultivated. A regular hunting of them would be a great relief, and might be done to advantage, if the company could afford to purchase the elephants.

But let it not be thought that these great creatures only are injurious. Animals of a lower class, if it be allowable to place anthropomorphous animals in a lower class, can do as much mischief by their numbers, as the huge elephant can do by his power. That they should be protected in their devastations, must be traced to causes not explicable by the principles of natural history.

The monkeys and squirrels are very destructive; but it is reckoned criminal to kill either of them. They are under the immediate protection of the *Daseris*, who assemble round any person guilty of this offence, and allow him no rest, until he bestows on the animal a funeral, that will cost him from 100 to 200 *fanams*, according to the number of Daseris that have assembled.

The proprietors of the gardens used formerly to hire a particular class of men, who took these animals in nets, and then by stealth conveyed them into the gardens of some distant village; but, as the people there had recourse to the same means, all parties have become tired of this practice. If any person freed the poor people, by killing these mischievous vermin, they would think themselves bound in decency to make a clamour; but inwardly they would be very well pleased: and the government might do it, by hiring men whose consciences would not suffer by the action, and who might be repaid by a small tax on the proprietors. Vol. II. p. 55.

The houses at *Mail-cotay* are roofed with tiles, and have an odd look, from being entirely covered with thorns. This is done to prevent the monkeys from unroofing the houses; for these mischievous animals are here very numerous, and to destroy them is reckoned a grievous sin. The very person who applauds his Guru for having ground the *Janas* [a set of people, with their priests and followers, whom he could not convert] in an oil mill, will shudder with horrour at the thought of a monkey's being killed.

What strange contradictions maintain themselves in the human mind!—Are similar anomalies restricted to India?

A good hint, perhaps, may be gathered from a remark of the Dr's, p. 343. Speaking of the *Corunga Munji Maram*, *Rottleria tinctoria*. Roxb. he informs us that this name signifies *Monkey's face-tree*, or *Mimusops*; for these animals paint their faces red, by rubbing them with the fruit. The natives deny all knowledge of the dying quality possessed by the red powder that covers the fruit; but, at different places in Mysore, I was told that the die was imported from this part of the country.—What are the nature and properties of this die?

That the Europeans in India have taken advantage of similar suggestions, and are turning them to advantage in a commercial sense, is evident from the following remaks.——This country affords ample scope for the spirit of speculation.

At *Bailaru*, I found two men whom an officer, now stationed at Arcot, employed in rearing cochineal. They have been in this country one year; have sent to their employer fifteen *maunds*; have fifteen *maunds* ready for sale, and before the insects have consumed all the *nopals* [*cactus*] that are near the town, they expect to have ten *maunds* more. When this happens, they will carry two men's load of branches filled with the insect, and apply these to the *nopals* of some other place, where they will remain until the insects breed, and consume all the plants. The *nopals* have been raised by the farmers as fences round their gardens, but were sold by the officers of the revenue for about a guinea and a half. The hedges will grow up again in three years, when it is expected that some other person rearing the insect will come and buy the plants. Vol. III. p. 399.

Dr. B. considers this plan as the most rational of any that has been hitherto proposed for rearing the cochineal in India. Unluckily, the insect is of the bad kind; and the plant is the native *cactus*.

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Among the vegetables of India in which we are most interested, as being most familiar to us, the pepper vine must be included. Its fruit, as is well known, forms an ingredient of our food; and use demands its flavour in sundry ways at our tables. The following account of its culture, as well in its natural, as artificial growth, may, therefore, be acceptable to our readers.

The pepper plant [*piper nigrum*] seems to grow spontaneously on the sides of all the narrow vallies in the interiour of *Haiga*, where the soil is so rich and moist, as to produce lofty trees close to each other, by which a constant moisture is retained. In such places the pepper vine runs along the ground and the roots of bushes, and propagates itself entirely by striking its roots into the soil, and then again sending out new shoots. The natives say, that without assistance it cannot ascend a tree; and that, unless it is exposed in such a situation to sun and air, it never produces flowers. In order to procure fruit from a hill which spontaneously produces the pepper vine, the proprietor cuts all the underwood and bushes, and leaves only the large trees, and a number of the young ones sufficient to exclude the violence of the sun, but to allow a free circulation of air. Four cubits from tree to tree is reckoned a proper distance. The ends of the vines, which were lying on the ground, are then tied up to the nearest trees. Any kind of tree answers the purpose; but those of about eight inches or a foot in diameter are preferred, as it is easy to climb such for the purpose of gathering the pepper. A quantity of leaves is then placed round the root of the vine, to rot, and serve as manure. In the course of the year, the vine, so far as it has been tied, strikes its roots into the bark of the tree; but the shoots above that, hang down. Twice a year afterwards these are tied up, and strike root, till they spread over all the large branches of the tree. In places where no vines have naturally sprung, the owner, after having dug a small spot round the tree to loosen the earth, propagates them by planting slips near the roots of the trees on which he wishes them to climb. The early part of the rainy season is the proper time for this operation. In five years, after having been managed in this manner, a hill begins to produce fruit, and in eight years is in full bearing. The vines live about thirty years, when others, that are found creeping on the ground in their natural state, are tied up in their stead; or, where these happen to be wanting, shoots or cuttings are planted near the trees. There is no difference in the quality between the pepper springing spontaneously from seed, and that growing from cuttings. Nor is the pepper growing in gardens either better or worse than that growing on a hill, managed as I am now describing. These hills producing pepper, require no trouble, but the tying [illegible] of the plants, keeping the forest clear of underwood, and collecting the pepper. They are manured in the following manner. In the month succeeding the vernal equinox, a hole three or four inches above the ground is made into the trunk of any very large tree that is situated near the top of the hill. Into this are put some burning coals, and, for an hour, a fire is kept up with fresh fuel. After this, the tree will burn inwardly for two days and is then killed. A large insect immediately takes possession of the trunk, and works its nest into the wood. In the next rainy season the whole falls down into a rotten dust, which the rain washes away, so as to disperse it over the face of the hill below.——The *amenta* are dried three days in the sun, and then are rubbed with the feet on a piece of smooth ground, to separate the grains; which, having been cleared from the husks and foot stalks, are again dried two days in the sun, and tied up for sale in straw bags. Vol. II. p. 158.

Notwithstanding the advantages attending this easy cultivation, Dr. B. informs us, that, "one half of these hills is waste, owing to a want of hands to cultivate them."

Other valuable spices are natives of India: and where they grow naturally, they surely might be improved to perfection, by the skill of the cultivator.

The wild nutmeg, and cassia, are very common. As the nutmegs ripen, the monkeys always eat up the outer rind, and mace; so that I could not procure one in a perfect state. They have little flavour; but by cultivation might be greatly improved. P. 161.

The cassia, also, might be greatly improved.

The *betel-leaf* is cultivated exactly like the pepper, and lives the same length of time. In this country, the *nog-wally*, or female plant, for it is *diœcious*, is that chiefly

used; but the *umbadi*, or male, may also be found. Here both frequently produce fructification, which I have not seen any where else. P. 224.

This last circumstance will not escape the observation of naturalists. May it not occur in other plants, and account for *seeming* errours among botanical writers?

Dr. B. also describes three different modes of cultivating rice; in one of which the seed is sown *dry*; in another, it is made to *sprout* before it is sown; in the third, it is *transplanted*, from a bed where it has shot up to about a foot high, into the fields where it is to ripen. But our limits do not allow us to enlarge. We shall, however, insert our author's account of the palm sago; as it is likely that some of our readers may have been amused, perhaps amazed, with descriptions of a tree in India, from which the natives procure not merely timber for boats and houses, with tiles for roofs; but garments for covering; food for support; and liquor for beverage, sometimes too for intoxication. There are many kinds of palms.

In Velater are many of the palms called by the natives *erimpana*, the *caryota urens* of Linnæus. Its leaves are the favourite food of the elephant; and the palm wine most commonly used here, is extracted from its young *spadix*, or flowering shoot. The seeds of the *erimpana* are planted, but it pays no tax. In general, it pushes out only one *spadix* annually; but that is so productive, that the *tiars* pay yearly a *fanam* for liberty to extract the juice of each palm. When this is old, and has become unfit for producing juice, it is cut; and the heart of the upper quarter of the stem is converted into a kind of sago, which the poor eat in the scarce season. This heart is divided into small pieces, and is exposed for five or six days to the sun. The pieces are then beaten in a large wooden mortar, like that used for removing the husks of rice. By this method a powder is separated from the stringy part. This powder is dried for another day in the sun; and in the evening, to separate some remaining strings, it is again beaten. From one tree, about a *poray* of clean powder, or of a very coarse sago, is procured. This having been washed in water, and the larger part of the water having been poured off, it is boiled with the remainder into a kind of pudding, which is eaten with salt, and *tyre*, or milk curdled, by having become sour. Vol. II. p. 454.

Nothing escapes this worthy traveller's observation. We recommend the subsequent extract to the notice of the students of nature. It should seem to evince, that the space wherein winds originate may be very contracted; and that, however some may traverse a great extent of space, and may take their rise, as it were, at large, over the vast bosom of the deep, yet that others are connected with shallow waters, and derive their character from operations more within our ken, and of course, more within our abilities to explain.

It is remarkable, that in many parts of India, during March and April, there are, on shore, strong winds, blowing directly from the sea; while, in the offing, it is a perfect calm. Thus in Bengal there are, at that season, very strong southerly winds; while in the bay, calms prevail till May or June. On the coast of Malabar, the southwest monsoon does not commence blowing with strength until the beginning of the rainy season; but on shore there are strong westerly winds from about the vernal equinox. P. 271.

We must now close our account of this valuable publication. The author gives us very intelligible delineations of ploughs, rakes, harrows, and other implements of husbandry, mostly calculated for the feeble exertions of a feeble people; therefore affording little that British farmers would esteem. He adds, also, figures of mills, tanks, and domestick utensils; of cattle, too, and of fish. Nor does he omit certain colossal statues of deities, which are, in fact, not the least curious subjects, when properly understood. A handsome map is prefixed, with the author's route marked on it. And this department is further embellished, by well executed portraits of *Krishna Raja*, the present *Curtur*, or sovereign of Mysore; and of

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three of Tippoo's sons; Fatah Hyder, his eldest illegitimate son; Mohay ud Deen, called Sultan; and Moiz ud Deen. Time and events may add to these names a celebrity which they do not now possess.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Vie du Comte de Munnich. Life of Count de Munnich, general Field Marshal in the Service of Russia. A free Translation from the German of Gerard Anthoine de Halem. Paris. 8vo. pp. 264.

THE information usually conveyed by biography is more congenial to the general feelings of mankind, than the recital of those great events which change the face of empires, and in which so few individuals can take a leading and active part. On perusing the memoirs of eminent characters, which have achieved their own greatness, we delight in beholding a hero in his youth, in discovering the latent seeds of those brilliant qualities, pledges of his future elevation. We interest ourselves in his fortunes, and exult or lament as they are variously affected by the vicissitudes of a checkered life. Those failings inseparable from human weakness, which a faithful biographer never fails to record, endear still more the party to us, by bringing him on a level with ourselves, and at the close of the performance, the reader, not unfrequently, exclaims with a sentiment of self-exultation: "Such might have been my fate, had circumstances favoured me."

The life of count de Munnich is, besides, peculiarly interesting, as intimately connected with the history of Russia for half a century. He was a principal actor in most of the revolutions which took place in that empire, during his long life. To him the Russians are indebted for that noble inland navigation which connects the Caspian sea with the Baltick. The *Oriental* plan, as it is called in Russia, and to which that country owes its fairest provinces, also originated with him. The paramount influence of Russia over Poland was prepared by his success against Stanislaus, and his French allies; and lastly, it was Munnich who washed away the stain the Russian arms had suffered at the Pruth, in the ignominious capitulation with the Turks, and who, by his new tacticks and by his brilliant victories, gave the Russian eagle that superiority over the crescent which it has maintained ever since. In short, he fully deserved the opinion entertained of him by Catharine II. which she manifested by these emphatick expressions: "If Munnich is not one of the children of Russia, he is one of her fathers."

For the particularities of count de Munnich's birth, life, and parentage, we refer to the volume itself; but from the numerous and interesting details it contains, we shall extract the two following transactions. By the first, Munnich gained the favour of Peter the Great, which he preserved to the death of that monarch. By the second, he reached the height of power, from which he was soon after precipitated, and sent into Siberia.

Peter, at the recommendation of Menzikow, had intrusted the direction of the works of the Ladoga canal, to major general Grègory Pisarew, who had studied mathematicks at Berlin, at the emperour's expense. Finding, however, that the works proceeded but slowly, he determined to call in an abler engineer. Munnich was hereupon consulted; and after taking time to consider the subject, he declared, that, in his opinion, the plan was radically bad, and he pointed out, at the same time, the only one which seemed practicable. Great was the uproar raised against Munnich on the

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occasion, by all the courtiers, with Menzikow at their head. The favourite even said, in his usual peremptory tone: "Munnich may be a good officer; but I do not think him fit to be intrusted with the direction of the Ladoga canal." Munnich, however, persisted in his opinion; and Peter, unable to determine between them, referred the matter to the senate. But the senators, overawed by the haughty Menzikow, remained silent; and at last declared, that they were not able to decide on the question. "Then I must see things myself," exclaimed the emperour. "That is what we all wish," was the unanimous answer.

In the autumn of 1723, Peter carried his resolution into effect, although he already began to feel that his strength was declining. He went to the place where the Newa issues from lake Ladoga, and there getting on horseback, he waded, with much difficulty, through the circumjacent marshes. The situation of Munnich was critical. Attacked by Pisarew as a calumniator, exposed to the envy of Menzikow, and of several others, he well knew, that his fortune or his disgrace were [was] at a stake, on the result of this journey. Trusting, however, to the goodness of his cause, and to the sagacity of the emperour, he followed him, full of confidence; and walking close by his side, convinced him, by the testimony of his own eyes, how impossible it was to establish, in marshes, a canal seven or nine feet above the usual level of the water in the lake. At last Peter exclaimed: "Yes; I see it; Munnich, you are a worthy man." These words he spoke in Dutch.

The day was almost spent when the emperour arrived, quite fatigued, at the village of Tshorna, where he passed the night, which was rather cold, under a wretched tent. The main object of this visit was unaccomplished; and Pisarew, who knew it well, had his own reasons to wish that the emperour should not carry his observations further, lest he should be convinced, with his own eyes, of the imperfection of the works he had undertaken on the side of the Dubna. The emperour's physician, Blumentrost, faithfully seconded his views. Assuming an anxious and important look, he went to Munnich, and told him: "It would be dangerous to take the emperour further on. He cannot go but on horseback; and he is weak. And if, after all, he should not find things as you have represented them, you might repent of it. Sir! take care of what you are about!"

But Munnich knew perfectly well *what he was about.* To prevent the physician from being before hand with him, he avoided contradicting him; but, on the contrary, proposed to go with him to the emperour. They found him preparing to dress. "God be praised!" said Munnich, entering the tent, "that your majesty has no objection to see the canal with your own eyes. You will know to day what you are to depend upon. Your majesty has seen nothing as yet. That you may give the necessary orders for the continuation of the canal, it is absolutely necessary that you should have the goodness to go as far as the Dubna."—"And why?" said the emperour, still fatigued, and with a look that did not denote him to be much inclined to prosecute the journey, "Why?"—"Because," said Munnich, not in the least cast down, "every thing that has been done, from the first twelve wersts to Beloferko, cannot remain as it is, and must be entirely changed. Your majesty must be convinced of this by your own eyes; for the changes to be made will occasion considerable expenses, and if your majesty is not convinced that they are absolutely necessary, whoever is put at the head of the works is a lost man." "Bring me my horse," said the emperour immediately, "I will go to the Dubna"—"God be praised," exclaimed Munnich, perfectly sure that his triumph was at hand.

Before he reached the Dubna, the emperour could see already that part of the canal, which, according to Pisarew's plans, was to be considered as completed. He remarked angrily, *these pitiful works!* Then, alighting from his horse, and lying flat on the ground, he pointed out with his hand, to Pisarew, that the banks of the pretended canal were falling away every where; that the bed was not of equal depth; that it formed many useless sinuosities; that in such a place a causeway was wanting, &c. &c. "Gregory" (that was the Christian name of Pisarew) "Gregory," said the emperour, with rising anger, "there are two kinds of faults; the first is when a man fails through ignorance; the second, and the most heinous is when he does not make use of his five senses. Why are not the banks of this canal kept up? Why is it so circuitous?"—"It is on account of the hills;" answered Pisarew trembling. The emperour stood up, looked round him, and said: "Where are these hills then? Verily, thou art nought but a rascal!" Every one present thought

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that, at that moment, the emperour would beat Pisarew; and poor Gregory would have asked no better, might he have then been forgiven more easily. Peter did not give him that *consolation;* but kept his hands to himself.

From that moment the victory of Munnich was complete. The canal was continued according to his plans, and in the course of the following year (1724) four wersts of it were entirely finished. The emperour went to visit these new works, with much complacency. He called for a spade. Munnich took another, and there they went both hard to work, at digging through the causeway which prevented the water from flowing into the new canal. Three months before his death, Peter, returning on the canal from Staraja Russa to Petersburgh, was asked by the empress about the state of his health, which was then precarious, when he answered: "The works of my friend Munnich have cured me. I hope yet to live long enough to embark with him at Petersburgh, and to cast anchor at the gardens of Golofkin in Moscow."

To some readers these details may appear trifling; yet we think that they give a better insight into the real character of Peter the Great, and of Munnich, than accounts of battles and of negotiations. We do not know which most to admire, the undaunted perseverance of a then little known individual and a foreigner, or the patience and sagacity of the sovereign, who suffered and encouraged it. But, in the mean time, we cannot but pity the fate of those princes, who nominally enjoy a despotick power, but in reality, are the dupes and the tools of designing courtiers. With any other man than Peter, the canal would probably have been abandoned, as impracticable; and Munnich would have been disgraced, for presuming to be right against the opinion of the favourite.

The other transaction that we shall quote is of a far different nature, and exhibits one of those revolutions so frequent in the government of Russia. Munnich's credit had stood, unimpaired, during the reigns of Catharine I. and of Peter II. Under that of Ann, which was graced by his triumphs over the Poles and the Turks, he had risen to the first situation in the state; and was considered as one of its supports. That princess had, on her demise, appointed as her successour the young prince Ivan, her grand nephew, then an infant; and had placed the regency in the hands of Biron, her favourite, to the exclusion of Prince Ulrick, of Brunswick, father to the young prince, whose ferocious disposition she dreaded. His wife, the Princess Ann of Mecklenburgh, was likewise excluded, as too much under the dominion of her husband. Munnich had seemingly consented to these arrangements which he had no power to oppose. But Biron soon proved unequal to his situation. Alarms and conspirations sprang up on every side. His authority was considered by the nation as a usurpation; and Munnich, who had personal reasons to complain of the regent, entertained, or feigned to entertain, fears for the safety of the young emperour.

Biron, surrounded with cares and alarms, had enjoyed his power twenty days, when, on the morning of the 8-19 of November, Munnich entered the apartment of the emperour's mother. In a few words he explained to her the grounds of his apprehensions. He represented, that, as a mother, it was her bounden duty to assume, herself, the reins of government. "As to me, madam," he added, "I take upon myself to put the regent into your hands the ensuing night; but you must cooperate with me. The presence of the emperour's mother will encourage the troops I want, and will deter the evil-minded." The princess, much surprised, and not a little confused, acknowledged that, in fact, she wished nothing better than to get rid of the regent; but she could not bring herself to witness the enterprise against Biron. Munnich then ceased to insist on that point. It was only agreed, that the princess should give the necessary order to the guards of the palace, that Munnich might come to her in the night; and that till then, she should not reveal the project to any one, not even to the prince, her husband.

It was not an easy matter to come at the regent; for all the officers of the guards on duty about him, had orders not to admit any person whatever, when once he had retired to rest; and all the sentries placed about his apartments had orders, likewise,

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to stop any person offering to enter, and to kill such a one in case of resistance. But, it so happened, that on the night alluded to, the regiment of Preobraschenski guards was on duty, both about the emperour, and about the regent. Munnich, who was commandant of that corps, might hope, therefore, to find no obstacles; and he had, accordingly, fixed on that very night for the execution of his plan.

In order to remove every suspicion, he that day visited the regent, as usual, and not only dined with him, but, on his pressing invitation, returned also to supper.—At eleven o'clock at night, they parted, as two friends usually do; but the blackest designs were hid, on both sides, under that appearance of mutual regard.

Munnich, on leaving the regent's palace, told his adjutant general, lieutenant colonel Manstein, that he should want him very early in the morning; and accordingly sent for him at two o'clock. They went together into a coach, and drove to the winter palace, which had been fixed on as the place of residence of the emperour Ivan, and his parents, ever since the death of the empress Ann. Without being discovered, and by means of a back door, left open on purpose, they arrived at the princess's apartment. She had retired to bed with her husband; but she had desired her bosom confidant, Miss Julia Mengden, sister to Munnich's daughter-in-law, to call her, without being perceived by her husband, as soon as the field marshal should arrive. The favourite went, accordingly, to call up her mistress, as gently as possible. However, the duke awoke, and asked why she was getting up. The princess pretended some indisposition; and the duke remained in bed; little suspecting that while he was asleep, his fate would be decided on.

When the princess appeared, Munnich attempted several times to persuade her to put herself at the head of the guards. He was unable to prevail on her:—"But, you must, at least, madam," said Munnich, "give the necessary orders to the officers of the guards."—She consented to this; the officers were called; the princess represented to them, in a few words, the humiliations which the young emperour was daily experiencing from the regent. "It would be shameful," said she, "to bear any longer such insults. To put a stop to them it is absolutely necessary to arrest the regent. I hope that, as men of honour, you will not refuse this service to your emperour. Follow the field marshal, and support him in his enterprise. Your fidelity shall meet with due recompense."

They all expressed their readiness to follow the field marshal. The princess kissed him; gave her hand to kiss, to the officers; and ejaculated many prayers for the success of their undertaking. The guard was immediately turned out, and Munnich imparted his design to the soldiers. They unanimously promised to follow him wherever he would lead them. They were bid to load their arms; an officer with forty men was left in the guardhouse, with the standard; twenty others followed the field marshal to the summer palace, where the regent had fixed his residence. The troops halted about two hundred paces from the palace. Munnich sent Manstein forward, to apprize the officers of the guards of the princess's intentions, and to request them to remain quiet, while things were going on. What Munnich had foreseen, took place accordingly. The guards, far from refusing the entrance of the palace, offered their assistance in arresting the regent.

Manstein was then ordered to go and arrest Biron; and he was directed to kill him on the spot, in case of the slightest resistance. He was to be supported by an officer and twenty men. But Manstein, wishing to avoid giving an alarm, left his troop behind him, and entered the palace alone.—He wandered, for a considerable time, in the several apartments, uncertain in which to find the regent: till at last he discovered a double folding door, which had been negligently fastened. This he easily burst open, and found himself in the bedroom of Biron, who was sleeping profoundly, as well as his wife, notwithstanding the noise Manstein had made in entering.

Manstein went to the bedside, drew the curtains, and said loudly, that he was come to speak to the regent. At his voice the couple started from their sleep, with exclamations of surprise and fear. Biron immediately rose; Manstein seized him, and held him fast, till the arrival of the guard, which easily got the better of him. An old soldier's great coat was thrown over his shoulders; he was conducted to a coach in waiting; an officer sat by him, and in that state he was brought to the winter palace. His wife, in her shift, had followed him into the street. A soldier took her in his arms, and asked Manstein what he was to do with her. "Take her back into her bedroom," said Manstein; but the soldier, finding the load rather too heavy, dropped her in the snow. The captain of the guards found

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her in that dismal situation, sent for her clothes, and brought her back to her apartment. On the very same day, the whole of the regent's family were shut up in the fortress of Schlusselburgh; from whence they were transferred to Pelim in Siberia; while the princess Ann was proclaimed administratrix of the empire, under the title of Grand Dutchess of Russia.

Munnich might expect every thing, under the government of a princess who was indebted to him for her elevation; yet, in the course of a few months, he retired from the ministry in disgust, and in the month of November, of the following year, the power he had raised, was overthrown by a revolution exactly similar to that which had established it. The princess Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, who then ascended the throne of Russia, was the personal enemy of Munnich. He was therefore arrested, tried as a traitor, and, on the most absurd and frivolous pretences condemned to be quartered alive. A conditional pardon was, however, announced to him, at the foot of the scaffold, and he was exiled to Pelim in Siberia; the very place, where, a year before, he had sent his rival Biron; who now obtained a less uncomfortable habitation, and was removed to Jaroslaw. The sledges of the two enemies met, in one of the suburbs of Casan. They were obliged to remain some time before one another at the passage of a bridge. Biron and Munnich knew, and saluted each other. They parted without exchanging a word; but what reflections must have filled the minds of them both!

Munnich supported his exile, which lasted twenty years, with the same manly firmness as that which he had manifested at his trial, and at the foot of the scaffold. He found, moreover, in that religion, to which he zealously adhered during his whole life, a never failing source of consolation.

Munnich was accompanied by a chaplain, Martens, who was not banished, but followed his fortune. The greatest loss which Munnich experienced was that of this worthy man, who died after seven years of exile. The field marshal afterwards discharged the office of chaplain. His whole family met at prayers, twice a day, when he delivered discourses of his own composing, which edified his auditors, and strengthened himself. He also composed thoughts on the most important articles of the Christian faith, and hymns, which have been printed. He cultivated his garden; composed works on engineering; instructed youth in the study of geometry; drew up plans for the king of Prussia, and memoirs relative to the expulsion of the Turks out of Europe. Such are the effects of science and mental powers, in softening the rigours of banishment to the most barren wastes.

After the death of Elizabeth, Munnich was recalled by Peter III. her successour. On his return, he suffered neither complaint nor reproach to escape his lips; but devoted himself to the service of that ill fated monarch, with all the energy of his younger years. In the revolution which cost that prince his throne and his life, Munnich never abandoned him for a moment; but the veteran's advices were all defeated, by the silly presumption of Peter, and by the fears and pusillanimity of his courtiers. When, at last, news was brought that Catharine, at the head of 20,000 men, was marching against her husband, who had only 3000 Holsteiners, Munnich still wanted to try the fortune of a battle. "Take a crucifix in your hands," said he to the emperour: "they dare not touch you; and I shall take upon myself the danger of the battle." On that very day, the fall of Peter was completed without resistance, and the authority of Catharine was every where acknowledged. The day after, Munnich appeared at court. "You wanted to fight against me," said Catharine, on seeing

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him: "Yes, madam," answered Munnich, firmly; "could I do less for the prince who delivered me from captivity? But it is now my duty to fight for your majesty, and this I shall fulfil with the same zeal." Catharine had sufficient generosity not to be offended at the old warriour's noble sincerity. She even suffered him to appear at court in mourning for his murdered master; and she constantly availed herself, for the good of her empire, of Munnich's transcendant faculties, which remained unimpaired to his death. This event took place October 16th, 1767, at the age of eighty-four years, five months, and six days.

Not having the German original before us, we are unable to ascertain the degree of credit to which the anonymous French translator is entitled; but we may recommend this volume as interesting, both by the subject itself, and by the manner in which it is treated.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

A philosophical Inquiry on the Cause, with Directions to cure, the Dry Rot in Buildings. By James Randall, Architect. pp. 66. Price 3s. London.

EVERY profession has a somewhat connected with it, which is a source of mortification to those engaged in it, and stands as a boundary to their science and skill. The investigating mind is not satisfied with superficial appearances, but desires to comprehend the whole of what it examines, if possible, both cause and effect. Sometimes it traces effects up to their cause; sometimes it conjectures the cause, and establishes conjectures by experiments; yet it often finds itself baffled by the constancy with which the subject of investigation maintains its properties and eludes detection. Such has been the character of the Dry Rot. Professional men have been vexed with it, times out of number; and those who thought themselves nearest to a cure for it, have been foiled when at their utmost skill. Mr. Randall, nevertheless, steps boldly forth, and explains the cause of this disease. He also proposes an infallible remedy: and if his remedy justifies his prediction of its powers, we freely forgive him for all the pains it has taken us to endeavour to understand some parts of his pamphlet; the philosophy of which appears to us to labour for utterance through a multiplicity of words. He observes:

The *rot* is known to builders by the prodigious quantity of fungus formed on every part of the decaying wood. Its appearance often varies, depending wholly on the situation where it is engendered. That which is most commonly found is fleshy to the touch, adheres firmly to the wood, walls, and every contiguous substance, and branches out into, apparently, strong fibrous roots. It occasions a gradual decomposition of the wood, beginning at the surface, and, finally, proceeding through the whole mass. If any portion, however, remains exposed to the atmosphere, the destroying principle of the fungus is arrested. Thus, floors often appear perfect to the eye, when nothing is left undestroyed but the part immediately in view. Painted wood work is wholly decomposed; the paint preventing a spontaneous oxydation of its surface.

That this is a subject of importance to builders, and to tenants also, appears from the following instances of it.

I saw it in a house at Whitehall, built by Sir J. Vanbrugh. The house is, I think, only two stories high. The plant had ascended to the upper story, committing devastation on the wainscot all the way. It will destroy half-inch deal in a year, says Mr. Johnson.

It is a well known fact, that the great dome of the bank of England, as originally built by the late Sir Robert Taylor, was destroyed by this rot, while no other part suffered. The timber framing of this dome was of good sound oak.

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This decomposition is, in some instances, effected so rapidly, that I have seen new wood in a few weeks utterly destroyed, leaving nothing but dust as a proof of its existence.

Mr. R. considers as the cause of this evil, a plant, the seeds of which "float in the air, and *constantly pervade all matter*, vegetating wherever *they* find a *pabulum*, and an elevation of temperature."

As this phenomenon appears to be the result of temperature and liberated gases, it will be necessary to examine the changes that they undergo in places affected with fungus rot. These changes being considerable, and owing to a volatilization of some of the vegetable principles, or of their parts, and these being very pernicious, and assuming various aspects, arising either from an absorption of part of the oxygen, or a combustion of the hydrogen, or probably from the formation of a certain quantity of carbonick gas, while these processes are going on, a part of the hydrogen may escape, carrying with it a small quantity of carbon, which being divided into minute particles by the aëriform solution, burns either at the same time or immediately afterwards. Thus the air, at the last term of its alteration, may be entirely deprived of its oxygen, contain also, a large portion of water, the greater part of which, not being preserved in a dissolved state, is precipitated, and becomes charged with a portion of vegetable matter in a state of vapour. Hence the formation of fungus, which this vapour impregnates in greater or less abundance, according to the quantity of seed that is present.

This fatal destroyer proceeding only from one cause, it may be removed by means of an artificial preparation. And, as it should act not only on the sap, but the wood also, it appeared to me, that the most effectual remedy would be *oxydation*. With this view, I oxydated several pieces of wood, both with nitrick acid and fire, and placed them in the most favourable situation among this pile. Portions of the same plank, and of similar dimensions, were placed constantly near them. During the first twenty days, no particular change was visible in either of the pieces. At the expiration of this period, on removing one of the unoxidated portions, I discovered particles of mould forming between the lamella of the wood, but not the least alteration was perceptible in the others, although surrounded by wood covered with and producing fungus. In sixty days, the pieces, and all that were near them, excepting the four previously oxidated, were entirely decomposed, exhibiting nearly the same appearances as have before been detailed.

From these facts, it is obvious, that oxydation is a certain remedy for the Dry Rot.

Mr. R. infers, that the whole superficies of any piece of wood being oxydated, whether by burning or by acids, no plant of any kind will grow on it; consequently, it may bid defiance to the dry rot fungus, as to all other. The practical remarks of practical men are always well entitled to attention; and we greatly prefer the experimental researches of this gentleman, to his theoretical reasonings.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

The Shepherd's Guide, being a Practical Treatise on the Diseases of Sheep, their Causes, and the best Means of preventing them, &c. By James Hogg, the Ettrich Shepherd. 8vo. pp. 338. Price 7s. London.

MR. HOGG'S talents as a poet, together with a sketch of his history, have been submitted by us to our readers already; but the present work shows, that in paying his addresses to the muses, he did not forsake the immediate line of his duty and profession. Part of this volume is original, expressed in a simple style, and evidently the result of observation. Part of it is collected from good authorities. By the addition of these Mr. H. has made a volume; whereas his own materials would barely have composed a pamphlet.

As we are favourable to original and practical remarks, we do not hesitate to wish, that some of those before us were extensively known. They

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are, indeed, derived from the North, and are calculated for Scotland; but they might be of service elsewhere; and, on a subject so important as the sheep, we need not fear a superfluity of knowledge—but then, let that knowledge be real. We insert the following as a specimen of the author's manner.

Of the Hydrocephalus; or Water in the Head; alias Sturdy.

This is the next disease which attacks them, and is commonly known by the latter denomination. A sheep affected by it becomes stupid; its eyes stare, and fix upon some different object from that which it is in fear of. It soon ceases from all intercourse with the rest of the flock, and is seen frequently turning round, or traversing a circle.

The water settles sometimes in one corner of the skull, sometimes in another; but whenever it begins, it continues to increase and gain upon the brain, until it is either extracted, or the animal so much wasted, that it dies as lean as wood, at which period the brain is commonly half wasted away, and the skull full of those noxious fluids. Somtimes it concentrates in the very middle of the brain, when it is very difficult to cure; and sometimes in the hinder parts, where it joins with the spinal marrow, when it is quite incurable. If this water is not extracted by some operation, the disease invariably terminates in the death of the animal.

In promoting the cure, the operator must feel for the part of the skull that is soft, and lay his thumb flat and firm upon that; then taking the wire in his right hand, push it up that nostril that points more directly for the place that is soft, where the disease is seated; and if he feel the point of the wire below his thumb, he may rest assured that the bag is perforated; and that if the brain do not inflame, the creature will grow better: but if he does not feel the point of the wire press against the soft part of the skull, on which the thumb of his left hand must be placed, it will be necessary to try the other nostril.

I have always observed that a sheep, on being wired, is sick, in proportion to the stiffness of gristle below the brain. If the wire is hard to go up, it is always very sick; but if it goes easily up, it puts it little off its ordinary. This I conceive to be occasioned by the wire taking a wrong vent, and perforating the most delicate and inflammable part of the brain. When one is wired, it is proper to take hold of it with both hands behind the ears, and shake its head loosely. This empties the bladder, and the water must find its way by the nose afterwards; for they will frequently grow quite better, though no water be seen to issue from the nostrils at that time. This makes them sicker for the present, but they are more apt to amend afterwards. If it were really necessary to extract the sack, or small bladder, which generally contains the water, the operation of trepanning would be, of all others, the most feasible; but if the water can be extracted, the sack is of little consequence, else so many could never be cured by wiring.

Another way is, to raise up, with a sharp knife, about the breadth of a sixpence, of the skin immediately over the part of the skull which is soft, then to raise about the half of that size of the soft skull, taking care not to separate them altogether, but let them keep hold of one side, folding them and keeping them back with the thumb, until the water is extracted; then fold them neatly down again, seal them, and cover all with a wax cloth, to defend them from the weather, &c.

FROM AIKIN'S ANNUAL REVIEW.

The Posthumous Works of Mrs. Chapone, containing her Correspondence with Mr. Richardson; a Series of Letters to Mrs. Elizabeth Carter; and some Fugitive Pieces, never before published. Together with an Account of her Life and Character, drawn up by her own Family. 2 vols. Foolscap. London.

A MODEST preface ushers in this work, apologizing for troubling the world with particulars of a life so little varied, so much spent in retirement, as was that of Mrs. Chapone. But for the appearance of certain false and spurious memoirs, in which unpardonable liberties were taken with her character, this view of it would never have been presented to the publick. That so unpleasant a circumstance should have occur-

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red, we regret; but we congratulate our readers on its consequence. It will surely be considered as a matter of general interest, especially to her own sex, to learn all that can be known, much or little, of so sensible a writer, and so respectable a woman. Mrs. Chapone was the daughter of T. Mulso, Esq. of Tavywell, in Northamptonshire. Born at a period in which female education was at a very low ebb, she does not appear to have enjoyed, in early youth, even its usual advantages. Her mother, partly from ill health, partly through an unworthy jealousy, neglected to give her daughter the instruction which it was otherwise much in her power to have afforded, and during her childish years, Miss Mulso's reading was chiefly confined to the romances then in vogue. Just as she arrived at womanhood, her mother died.

From this period (says the writer of her life) might be dated the commencement of the most important circumstances of Miss Mulso's life. At the same time that she took upon herself the management of her father's house, she also undertook the cultivation of her own understanding; and by dint of active exertion, and successful application, gained those mental improvements, that secured to her that subsequent distinguished and admired rank in the literary world, which she was universally acknowledged to support. Though chiefly self-taught, she was nearly mistress of the French and Italian languages, and even made some proficiency in the Latin tongue.

Her studies were useful as well as elegant. She not only read, but reflected. And so acute was her judgment, that no disguise of flowing diction, or ornamented style, could mislead it. At an age when, perhaps, few readers are capable of very deep discrimination, she would scrutinize and controvert every point in which her own opinions did not acquiesce. That she read the Holy Scriptures both with delight and benefit to herself, her excellent directions for the study of them, in her letters, is a sufficient testimony.

She had a turn for both poetry and philosophy; but whether it were, that from the sanguineness of her temper, she loved to look on the bright side of every object, and consequently shrank with dissatisfaction from the unpleasing picture of human nature that truth exhibited, or from some other unknown cause, certain it is, she never, till towards the latter part of her life, could bring herself to relish the reading of history.

She was careful to select her acquaintance amongst persons from whom she could derive profit as well as pleasure; and it was probably owing to her enthusiastick admiration of genius, and desire of seizing every possible opportunity of improvement, that she became, for a time, one of the worshippers of Mr. Richardson. But even the acknowledged authority of the celebrated writer of Clarissa, could not obscure the clearness of her perception, nor check the ardour of investigation. The letters on the subject of parental authority and filial obedience, which make part of this publication, will prove with what ingenuity she could assert, and with what dignity, tempered with proper humility, she could maintain her own well grounded opinions.

Among the friends of Mr. Richardson was Mr. Chapone, a young student of the law, between whom and Miss Mulso a strong and mutual affection soon arose. An engagement was consequently formed, though pecuniary difficulties long opposed their union.

Miss Mulso passed this period of her life in a state of content and tranquillity, for which she never failed to express a pious gratitude, both in her conversations with, and her letters to, all her intimate friends. Excepting the circumstance of a weakly constitution, which seldom allowed her the enjoyment of full health, she had little interruption to her happiness.

She lived with a father whom she tenderly loved, and was, with his consent and approbation, frequently indulged in the society of a lover, for whom the ardour of her affection never experienced a moment's abatement from its earliest commencement.

Miss Mulso, both from her natural talents and elegant acquirements, was peculiarly qualified to shine in society, and her company was coveted by all who had ever shared in the charms of her conversation. Added to the superiority her excel-

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lent understanding gave her, she was mistress of so ample a fund of humour, joined with an innate cheerfulness, as rendered her a most entertaining and desirable companion to all ages, as well as to both sexes.

Her musical talents, also, were such as occasioned her to be eagerly sought after by those who were lovers of real harmony. Though totally uninstructed, her voice was so sweet and powerful, her natural taste so exquisite, and her ear so accurate, that without any scientifick knowledge, she would give a force of expression to Handel's compositions, that long practice, and professional skill, often failed to produce.

Towards the end of 1760, Miss M's thirty-third year, she married Mr. Chapone. Short was her dream of happiness. In ten months time her husband was suddenly carried off by a fever. After this melancholy event, the life of Mrs. C. scarcely offers an incident. She spent her winter in London lodgings; for the narrowness of her circumstances no longer allowed her to keep house. Her summers were divided among the country residences of several opulent and respectable friends, to whom her many excellent and agreeable qualities rendered her an ever welcome guest. In 1773, she published her "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind;" a work replete with judicious, moral, and religious sentiments, with excellent remarks, to form the manners of young women, and direct them in the conduct of life. A work, in short, of practical wisdom and practical utility, which none of the numerous systems of female education since poured on the world, should be allowed to supersede in publick estimation, or to banish from the young lady's library. Two or three years afterwards appeared her little volume of "Miscellanies, in verse and prose, which," says the editor, "though allowed inferiour to her first publication, contains many specimens of the elegance and ingenuity of her mind." The remaining years of this excellent woman are only dated by her sorrows and losses. One by one, her friends dropped off. Her elder relations, her female friends, her nephew, her favourite niece, her beloved brother; all went before her. She and Mrs. Carter were almost the last relicks of a circle of intimates once large, once brilliant, once viewed with envy by the lettered and polite, and graced with the names of Montague, of Burrows, of Boscawen, and of Mulso.

The circumstances of the times would have added pecuniary difficulties to her other troubles; but these there were some still living who were eager to remove. Mrs. Chapone long bore up against misfortune with pious fortitude and native cheerfulness. Finally, she benefited by nature's last kind provision, and sunk into a gentle childishness. She expired in peace, on Christmas day, 1801, in the arms of her surviving niece, and "unremitting friend, Mrs. Amy Burrows." The friendship of Mrs. Chapone and Mrs. Carter began early, and endured full fifty years. The extracts from Mrs. Chapone's part of their correspondence, which these volumes contain, are for the most part interesting, even without the help of anecdote or incident, by the strong sense, the ingenious, liberal, and inquiring mind, as well as the affectionate disposition which they exhibit. We present a few extracts, to whet the appetite of our readers.

Miss ————, who wrote to you from Northend, I suppose gave you some account of our delightful party there. How earnestly did we wish you with us. Mr. Richardson was all goodness to us, and his health being better than usual, enabled him to read and talk to us a great deal, with cheerfulness, which never appears more amiable than in him. We had a visit whilst there from your friend Mr. Johnson and poor Mrs. Williams. I was charmed with his behaviour to her, which was like that of a fond father to his daughter. She seemed much pleased with her visit; showed very good sense, with a great deal of modesty and humility; and so much patience and cheerfulness under her misfortune, that it doubled my concern for her. Mr.

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Johnson was very communicative and entertaining, and did me the honour to address most of his discourse to me. I had the assurance to dispute with him on the subject of human malignity, and wondered to hear a man, who, by his actions, shows so much benevolence, maintain that the human heart is naturally malevolent, and that all the benevolence we see in the few who are good, is acquired by reason and religion. You may believe I entirely disagreed with him, being, as you know, fully persuaded that benevolence, or the love of our fellow creatures, is as much a part of our nature as self love, and that it cannot be suppressed or extinguished without great violence from the force of other passions. I told him I suspected him of these bad notions from some of his Ramblers, and had accused him to you; but that you persuaded me I had mistaken his sense. To which he answered, that if he had betrayed such sentiments in the Ramblers, it was not with design; for that he believed the doctrine of human malevolence, though a true one, is not a useful one, and ought not to be published to the world. Is there any truth that would not be useful, or that should not be known?

You hurt me to the heart, by the doubtful manner in which you answered my question concerning my poor friend. O, Miss Carter! how unsatisfactory is every connexion we can form in this life, unless we can look forward to the delightful hope of perpetuating it beyond the grave, and of sharing together a happiness without end or interruption! But I think there was always a difference in our opinions concerning the innocence of errour. My own has been much staggered by the reverence I have for yours on all subjects of this kind; and I have now no firm and settled opinion about it. The merit of faith, if you confine the sense of the word to mere belief, always appeared to me a point of great difficulty. I wish you would give me your thoughts at large on the subject; particularly I would ask wherein the merit of belief consists? how far is it voluntary? and also, whether you do not think it possible for demonstrable truths to be proposed to a mind incapable of perceiving the demonstration, though willing to receive truth, and this, exclusive of the cases of lunacy and folly. Incapacity must of course be innocent: and there are circumstances which I believe may render a person of sound understanding, incapable of sound reasoning on some one subject; and these circumstances may not be matter of choice, but necessity: as for example, the strong bias of education and early prejudices. Experience shows us how very difficult it is to get the better of these; and the question with me is, whether it is even possible to some minds to get the better of them. When I see the strange absurdities the human mind is capable of, and the infinite variety of opinions that prevail amongst men, I shudder at the thought of condemning any person for his opinion; and yet, when I consider that opinion is that which governs all our actions, it should seem that opinion alone constitutes the man good or bad; and that, on the due regulation of our opinions depends all our virtue, or our guilt. In short, I am lost and bewildered in the question, and want your guiding hand to lead me into truth.

Methinks these little romantick tendernesses, these 'fond memorials,' are as natural, and almost as pleasing, to friendship as to love. Are you, I wonder, superiour to all these unphilosophical indulgences of fancy? or do the woman and the poetess still keep their ground against the philosopher? I believe the last is true, and I should be sorry to find it otherwise. If I had not observed a few dear, comfortable signs of human weakness in you, my love would never have got the better of my reverence for you. What is the meaning, I wonder, that imperfections are so attractive? and that our hearts recoil against gigantick and unnatural excellence? It must be because perfection is unnatural, and because the sweetest charms and most endearing ties of society arise from mutual indulgence to each other's failings.

I have been reading Leland, and had begun by Miss ———'s desire to write remarks on it as I went along; but having seen hers, and your answer, I conceived it useless for me to go on, and have broken off in the middle, finished the book, and sent it home. I am much pleased with the work, though I have often wished that the scheme of it had allowed a larger scope to the answers in defence of Christianity, as his references would engage one in a dreadful long course of reading; such a one as I am sure I shall never attempt. In general, I think Dr. L. writes with candour and moderation, though I cannot acquit him of deviating a little from it in some few passages. Perhaps I am particularly nice in this respect. All reasoners ought to be perfectly dispassionate, and ready to allow all the force of the arguments they are to confute. But more especially those who argue in behalf

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of Christianity, ought carefully to preserve the spirit of it in their manner of expressing themselves. I have so much honour for the Christian clergy, that I had much rather hear them railed at, than hear them rail. And I must say that I am often grievously offended with the generality of them, for their method of treating all who differ from them in opinion.

I am grieved to hear that you have suffered so much with the headach; for though you have learnt, from your friend Epictetus, to talk of the headach as if it were no evil, I, who hold all that stuff in mortal contempt, and who know you, with all your stoical airs, to be made of nothing better than flesh and blood, like my own, am not at all comforted by any of your jargon, nor yet, by your desiring me not to concern myself about you. Till I have learnt the art of converting my heart into a flint, of your master Epictetus, who has not yet been able to teach it you, I must and will concern myself about you. And I expect you, like an honest Christian, to concern yourself about me, and to be very glad to hear that I am wonderfully amended; and that my spirits have been pure well for this week past, notwithstanding a great cold, which has given me numberless pains, and prevented my enjoying the fine weather as much as I wished. I find myself almost as philosophical as you, about all illnesses that do not affect my spirits, and am quite thankful and happy with a hundred headachs, as long as *they* hold up and enable me to be *agreeable*.

How much am I, and how much are the Miss Burrowses obliged to you, for the very valuable and delightful acquisition you have made for us in Mrs. Montague's acquaintance. We all congratulated each other, as on a piece of high preferment, when she was so kind to invite us to dinner the other day; as we looked upon it as a happy token of her inclination to admit us to something like intimacy. I begin to love her so much that I am quite frightened at it, being conscious my own insignificance will probably always keep me at a distance that is not at all convenient for loving. We had no other company at dinner, except Mr. ———, a very clever, agreeable man. I want to know something about his inside. Did you ever dissect his heart? or is it like another gentleman's, of whom Mrs. M. said, that to look into his heart, would be to spoil one's own pleasure; like a child that breaks his plaything to see the inside of it.

The abbé Raynal dined at Mrs. Boscawen's, at Glanvilla, about ten days ago, and she was so obliging to ask Mrs. A. Burrows and me to meet him in the afternoon. I was exceedingly entertained, and not a little amazed, notwithstanding all I had heard about him, by the unceasing torrent of wit and stories, not unmixed with good sense, which flowed from him. He had held on at the same rate from one at noon, when he arrived at Glanvilla, and we heard that he went the same evening to Mrs. Montague's, in Hill-street, and kept on his speed till one in the morning. In the hour and half I was in his company, he uttered as much as would have made him an agreeable companion for a week, had he allowed time for answers. You see such a person can only be pleasing as a thing to wonder at once or twice. His conversation was, however, perfectly inoffensive, which is more than his writings promise. His vivacity, and the vehemence of his action (which, however, had not any visible connexion with his discourse) were amusing to me, who am little accustomed to foreigners. Mrs. Boscawen is a very good neighbour to us here, and a most delightful companion every where. I never knew her in finer spirits than of late. One could not but make a comparison much to her advantage, between the overwhelming display of the abbé's talents, and that natural, polite, and easy flow of wit and humour which enlivens her conversation.

I suppose you have read (for every body has) "Pursuits of Literature;" and have felt the same indignation I did at the author, for making a she dog of Mrs. Montague; and the same contempt for his taste, his spleen, envy, and nonsense, in that line which displays them all.

"Her yelp, though feeble, and her sandals blue."

A she dog in sandals is not more absurd than a feeble yelp applied to one of the ablest as well as most ingenious criticisms that ever was written. Indisposed as I was against the author, by this and some other instances of ill nature, I cannot but acknowledge that some of his notes and prefaces testify a laudable zeal on the right side, both in politicks and religion, which should mollify our resentment against his scurrility and indecency.

The correspondence with Richardson, on the subject of filial obedience, which, at the age of three and twenty, Miss Mulso had the spirit to enter

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upon, does her the highest credit. Though a warm admirer of the genius of that celebrated novelist, she was sensible of his great deficiencies; his total want of learning; of enlargement of mind; and the spirit of philosophy. Her objections to his system of parental authority are stated with a clearness and energy which would do honour to the most practised writer and thinker.

A king is vested with power over his subjects, that he may maintain order amongst them, and provide for their safety and welfare. Parents have a natural authority over their children, that they may guide their steps during their infancy and youth, whilst their reason is too weak to be trusted with the direction of their own actions. But though this motive to obedience ceases when the children are grown up, and endowed, as it may happen, with stronger reason than their parents; yet then, love and gratitude take place, and oblige them to the same observance and submission to the will of their parents, in all cases except where a higher duty interferes, or where the sacrifice they are expected to make is greater than any degree of gratitude can require. For though gratitude may demand that those who, under God, were the authors of my life, and who provided for its support when I was incapable of doing it myself, should have a proper control over me, and that in all reasonable instances, my will should submit to theirs; yet you must allow that to suffer me to live, yet bid me destroy all the peace and happiness of my life, is to exact a much harder obedience; an obedience which no human creature can have a right to exact from another. Yet this was not all that was exacted from Clarissa by her father and family. She was not only commanded to sacrifice her happiness, but her innocence. The marriage they would have forced her to, would not only have plunged her into misery but guilt; a guilt no less black than that of solemn perjury before the altar of God. Can it then be made a doubt whether she had a natural right to refuse her obedience in this case, and, when brutal force was designed, to use every method her own prudence could suggest to get out of their power. Had she not a right to disclaim an authority which was made use of, not according to its true end, to promote her happiness, but to make her miserable; not to lead her to good, but to drag her to sin and perdition? If then, what she did was just and reasonable, why is she represented as continually afflicting her soul with remorse and fear, on account of this one action of self defence, and suffering as much horrour and dread from her father's diabolical curse, as if he had really the power of disposing of her happiness in the next world as well as in this! Why is Clarissa, who is drawn as a woman of so good an understanding, and who reasons so justly on all other subjects, to be so superstitious and weak in her apprehensions of parental authority? She is so fettered by prejudice that she does not allow her reason to examine how far her conduct is to be justified or blamed; but implicitly joins with her father to condemn herself, when neither reason nor religion condemns her. Does not this, in some measure, call in question the foundation of her other virtues, which, if not grounded on reason, but on blind prejudice and superstition, lose all their value? The enemies of virtue are too ready to accuse its followers of superstition, of laying themselves under restraints, which God and nature never imposed on them. I would therefore have those characters, which are drawn as patterns of virtue, keep clear of superstition; and show that the precepts of religion are most agreeable to reason and nature, and productive of our happiness, even in this world. Will you forgive me, dear sir, for making this objection to a character which is otherwise unexceptionable, and which is calculated to promote religion and virtue more than any fiction that ever appeared in the world? I dare say that you will be able to convince me, that I have considered this part of the character in a wrong light; at least, if you take the pains to try, you will convince me that you do not think my opinion below your notice; and that you have more regard for me than I can any way deserve, but by the sincere esteem and affectionate value, with which I am good Mr. Richardson's obliged humble servant,

HESTER MULSO.

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FROM AIKIN'S ANNUAL REVIEW.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Honourable Henry Home of Kames, one of the Senators of the College of Justice, and one of the Lords Commissioners of Justiciary in Scotland: containing Sketches of the Progress of Literature and general Improvement in Scotland during the greater Part of the eighteenth Century. 2 vols. 4to.

THE literary labours and publick life of lord Kames, were sufficiently distinguished to render him a fit subject of biographical memorial. Independently also of his personal claims, his connexions with men of literature in Scotland were so extensive, and subsisted during such a length of time, that the narration of his life must necessarily include no inconsiderable portion of interesting anecdote relative to the period in which he flourished. His present biographer is well qualified to render justice to his subject, by his knowledge of the character which he undertakes to delineate; the similarity of many of his pursuits; the extent of his literary information; and his acquaintance with many of the principal persons whom his subject incidentally brings to the notice of his readers. We are, therefore, in taking up these volumes, less alarmed than in many similar instances at the length to which they are expanded.

Henry Home was born at Kames, in the county of Berwick, in the year 1696, of an honourable, but not opulent family. To his early education, which was private, he does not appear to have been indebted for much proficiency. With a slender stock of learning, acquired under a tutor of apparently narrow attainments, he was, about the year 1712, bound by indenture to attend the office of a writer to the Signet in Edinburgh. An accidental introduction to sir Hugh Dalrymple, then president of the court of session, impressed him strongly with the idea of the *otium cum dignitate* to be attained by honourable and active perseverance in the higher departments of the legal profession. He therefore determined to abandon the more limited occupation of a writer, and to qualify himself for the functions of an advocate before the supreme courts.

He now began to apply himself with great diligence to remedy the defects of his domestick education, resuming the study of the Greek and Latin languages, and adding that of the French and Italian, together with the cultivation of various scientifick pursuits, which he carried on at the same time with the study of the law. His favourite pursuits appear, however, to have been of a metaphysical nature. In 1723, he was engaged in a correspondence with Andrew Baxter, the well known author of "An Inquiry into the Nature of the Human Soul," and of "Matho, sive cosmotheoria puerilis," who was then employed in superintending the education of the son of a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Kames. The correspondence related to topicks both physical and metaphysical, and was protracted by the perseverance of Home to a length which exhausted the patience of Baxter, who could feel little pleasure in carrying on a controversy with an adversary at that time deficient even in elementary information relative to the subject of debate.

In the same year Mr. Home, who seems to have felt a strong passion for metaphysical controversy, entered the lists with Dr. S. Clarke, whose books, on the being and attributes of God, at that time attracted much of the publick notice. Clarke "answered the objections of his correspondent briefly, but pointedly, and with the most perfect good temper; yet in such a strain, as to prompt to no further continuance of the controversy."

Mr. Home was called to the bar in 1724. His powers of oratory were not shining, and the first circumstance which brought him into notice,

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was the publication, in 1728, of a folio volume of "Remarkable Decisions of the Court of Session," from 1716 to that period, which are stated by lord Woodhouselee, a competent authority, to be executed with great judgment. By the solidity of his legal knowledge, and the ingenuity and success of his pleadings, though unadorned by any graces of external manner, Mr. Home now rapidly rose to great eminence at the bar.

In 1732, he published a small volume under the title of "Essays upon several Subjects in Law," &c. suggested in the course of his practice as a counsel, an analysis of which is furnished by lord Woodhouselee.

Mr. Home was at this time connected, in habits of close intimacy, with the principal persons of literary eminence who inhabited or frequented the Scotch metropolis, who furnished lord Woodhouselee with an entertaining chapter of anecdotes. The most remarkable of these is the celebrated David Hume, whose acquaintance with Mr. Home seems to have commenced about the year 1737, at the time when the former was engaged in the publication of his first work, the "Treatise of Human Nature."

In 1741, Mr. Home was married to miss Agatha Drummond, a younger daughter of James Drummond, Esq. of Blair, in the county of Perth, a lady who is characterized as possessing an excellent understanding, and most amiable temper. The following extract describes the mode of domestick life now adopted by him.

But with this laudable attention to economy, Mr. Home's mode of living was consistent with every rational enjoyment of social and polished life. He had accustomed himself, from his earliest years, to a regular distribution of his time; and, in the hours dedicated to serious occupation, it was no light matter that ever made him depart from his ordinary arrangements. The day was devoted chiefly to professional duties. He had always been in the habit of rising early; in summer between five and six o'clock; in winter, generally, two hours before daybreak. This time was spent in preparation for the ordinary business of the court; in reading his briefs; or in dictating to an amanuensis. The forenoon was passed in the court of session, which, at that time, commonly rose soon after midday; thus allowing an hour or two before dinner for a walk with a friend. In town, he rarely either gave or accepted of invitations to dinner, as the afternoon was required for business and study. If the labours of the day were early accomplished, and time was left for a party at cards before supper, he joined the ladies in the drawing room, and partook, with great satisfaction, in a game of whist, which he played well; though not always with perfect forbearance, if matched with an unskilful partner. Yet even these little sallies of temper were amusing, and seasoned with so much good humour, that they rather pleased than offended the person who was their object. At other times, he was not unfrequently seen of an evening at the theatre, the concert, or assembly room; and, possessing, to a wonderful degree, the power of discharging his mind of every thing that was not in consonance with his present occupations, he partook, with the keenest relish, in the amusements of the gay circle which surrounded him. It was delightful to see the man of business and the philosopher mingling, not only with complacence, but with ease, in the light and trivial conversation of the *beau monde*, and rivaling, in animation and vivacity, the sprightliest of the votaries of fashion, whose professed object is pleasure, and the enjoyment of the passing hour. The evening was generally closed by a small domestick party, where a few of his intimate friends assembled, for the most part without invitation, found a plain but elegant little supper; and where, enlivened often by some of Mrs. Home's female acquaintance, the hours were passed in the most rational enjoyment of sensible and spirited conversation, and easy, social mirth, till after midnight. Such was the tenour of Mr. Home's life, while engaged in the most extensive business as a barrister; and such, with little variation in the distribution of his time, it continued to be, after his promotion to the bench.

The seasons of vacation were usually spent in the country, in an intermixture of literary studies, and rural and agricultural pursuits, to which Mr. Home was attached in a degree which furnished matter of some sur-

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prise to the neighbouring Scottish gentry, who were at that time little sensible of the value of such labours.

In 1741, he published, in two volumes folio, "The Decisions of the Court of Session, from its institution to the present time, abridged and digested under proper heads in the form of a Dictionary." This work was the labour of many years; is said to be of the highest utility to the profession of the law in Scotland, the reports of the decisions of the supreme court not having been before methodized, and for the most part existing only in a few manuscript collections, not easily accessible, nor to be perused and consulted without much unpleasant labour. A supplement of two volumes was added to this work by lord Woodhouselee, under the direction and inspection of lord Kames himself.

During the rebellion in 1745 and 1746, the proceedings of the court of session were suspended for a period of eleven months. This interval was employed by Mr. Home in various researches into subjects connected with the history, laws, and ancient usages of his country. The result of his inquiries he published in 1747, under the title of "Essays upon several Subjects concerning British Antiquities," consisting of five dissertations, on the introduction of the feudal law; on the constitution of parliament; on honour and dignity; on succession or descent; and an appendix on the hereditary and indefeasible right of kings, in which he adopts whig principles.

In 1731, he published "Essays on the Principles of Morality and Natural Religion," which his biographer considers as intended to counteract the noxious tendency which he attributed to certain principles advanced by Hume, in his philosophical essays; especially that of utility or expediency, laid down by that author as the foundation of morals, and supported by him with much force of argument and ingenuity of illustration; and his theory respecting the connexion of cause and effect, as apprehended by the human mind, which has been much misunderstood, and, in combating which, lord Kames seems to have come to a conclusion differing little more than verbally from that of the author, whose doctrine he was contesting. In these dissertations, Mr. Home advanced a whimsical theory for the purpose of reconciling the opinions of liberty and necessity. By this work, undertaken in defence of the principles of morality and natural religion against the attacks of scepticism, the author had the misfortune to draw on himself the charges of impiety and scepticism.

In February 1752, Mr. Home was appointed a judge of the court of session, and took his seat, by the name of lord Kames, on the bench, which he adorned by his legal knowledge, his love of justice, and the general courtesy and moderation of his manners. From this time he continued to occupy a distinguished place, both in the literature and jurisprudence of his country. In 1755, he was appointed a member of the board of trustees for the encouragement of the fisheries, arts, and manufactures of Scotland, and a commissioner for the management of forfeited estates annexed to the crown, the revenues of which were to be applied to the improvement of the uncultivated tracts of Scotland. He continued his literary labours by the publication, in 1757, of the "Statute Law of Scotland, abridged, with Historical Notes," a work which is said to contain a clear and compendious view of the subject, and continues to be a book of authority with the practitioners in the Scotch courts.

Lord Kames was sensible of the bad effects resulting from the different systems of law by which the northern and southern divisions of the island are governed, and was engaged in a correspondence with the earl of Hard-

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wicke, then lord chancellor, on this important subject. His researches respecting it were given to the world in a volume of "Historical Law Tracts," printed at Edinburgh in 1759 in which he traces the history of law, and endeavours to point out the alterations which changes of circumstances render expedient.

The active mind of lord Kames did not confine itself to labours and studies connected with the profession in which he was engaged. In 1761, he published a small volume entitled, "An Introduction to the Art of Thinking:" the object of which was, to point out the means of improving the faculty or habit of abstraction, and the formation of general observations, and comprising various maxims, original and borrowed, illustrated by historical anecdotes and fables.

About this time Dr. Franklin, in company with his eldest son, visited Scotland, and received from lord Kames marks of attention which laid the foundation of an uninterrupted friendship and correspondence. The following remarks of Dr. Franklin on a picture, said to be that of Penn, are curious.

Your lordship's kind offer of Penn's picture is extremely obliging. But were it certainly his picture, it would be too valuable a curiosity for me to think of accepting it. I should only desire the favour of leave to take a copy of it. I could wish to know the history of the picture before it came into your hands, and the grounds for supposing it his. I have at present some doubts about it. First, because the primitive quakers used to declare against pictures as a vain expense. A man's suffering his portrait to be taken, was condemned as pride. And I think to this day it is very little practised among them. Then, it is on a board; and I imagine the practice of painting portraits on boards, did not come down so low as Penn's time; but of this I am not certain. My other reason is, an anecdote I have heard: viz. That when old lord Cobham was adorning his gardens at Stowe with the busts of famous men, he made inquiry of the family, for a picture of William Penn, in order to get a bust formed from it, but could find none. That Sylvanus Bevan, an old quaker apothecary, remarkable for the notice he takes of countenances, and a knack he has of cutting in ivory strong likenesses of persons he has once seen, hearing of lord Cobham's desire, set himself to recollect Penn's face, with which he had been well acquainted, and cut a little bust of him in ivory which he sent to lord Cobham, without any letter or notice that it was Penn's. But my lord, who had personally known Penn, on seeing it, immediately cried out: "Whence comes this? It is William Penn himself!" And from this little bust, they say, the large one in the gardens was formed.—I doubt, too, whether the whisker was not quite out of use, at the time when Penn must have been of the age appearing in the face of that picture. And yet, notwithstanding these reasons, I am not without some hope that it may be his; because I know some eminent quakers have had their pictures privately drawn and deposited with trusty friends: and I know also that there is extant at Philadelphia, a very good picture of Mrs. Penn, his last wife. After all, I own I have a strong desire to be satisfied concerning this picture; and as Bevan is yet living here, and some other old quakers that remember William Penn, who died but in 1718, I would wish to have it sent me, carefully packed in a box, by the wagon (for I would not trust it by sea) that I may obtain their opinion. The charges I shall very cheerfully pay; and if it proves to be Penn's picture, I shall be greatly obliged to your lordship for leave to take a copy of it, and will carefully return the original.

In 1762, appeared the "Elements of Criticism," one of the works by which the name of lord Kames is chiefly known to the general reader. The object of this work is the establishment of a philosophical theory of criticism, and the application of its principles to the appreciation of works of literature and taste; an ingenious production, but rather the offspring of speculation and reasoning, than of a quick and habitual perception of the grand and beautiful; and therefore dry and cold in its manner, and sometimes erroneous in its decisions.

In 1763, lord Kames was appointed one of the lords of justiciary, the supreme criminal tribunal in Scotland. Although at this period unen-

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gaged in any publick, literary labour, he maintained an extensive epistolary correspondence, on various subjects of speculation, with men of science and literary reputation. Among the names of his correspondents, we now find those of Dean Tucker, and Mr. Harris, of Salisbury.

The estate of Blair-Drummond devolving to the possession of lord Kames, he was induced, by his attention to agricultural subjects, to project and execute a variety of extensive improvements. Among these was the undertaking of clearing the moss of Kincardine, a level swamp about four miles in length, and from one to two in breadth, containing about two thousand Scotch acres. This extensive tract was covered with a stratum of moss, on an average from eight to nine feet in thickness, beneath which was known to lie a soil of rich clay and vegetable mould, which had been formerly overspread with forest trees. The scheme of lord Kames was, to float this immense body of moss into the Firth, by means of channels cut through it into the river. The practicability of the undertaking having been ascertained by experiments made on a small scale, it has been gradually carried nearly into complete execution, and is said to have succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations of the projector.

The commercial prosperity of his country was an object which likewise engaged the attention of lord Kames. In 1765, he published a pamphlet on the progress of the flax-husbandry in Scotland, with the view of promoting the cultivation of an article important to the national manufactures. His legal labours were resumed in the publication of a folio volume of "Remarkable Decisions of the Court of Session, from 1730 to 1752.

The disputes between Great Britain and her American colonies now began to occupy the attention and agitate the feelings of men of all orders. On the question of right, lord Kames has publickly expressed his sentiments in coincidence with the maxims unfortunately adopted by the British government. The question of policy he viewed in a different light. An interesting letter on this subject from Dr. Franklin is inserted, which displays the extent and wisdom of his political views. He unhappily met with the fate of other political prophets.

In 1774, lord Kames published his "Sketches of the History of Man;" a work which had, during a considerable period, occupied the hours which he was able to redeem from the exercise of his publick duties. The primary doctrine of his philosophy "that the savage state was the original condition of man in every part of the globe, and that all his advances to improvement and civilisation have taken place through the gradual operation of the instinctive principles of his nature," found, as might be expected, many opponents. Among these was Dr. Doig, of Sterling (little known, we believe, to the publick, but who appears to have been a writer of great ingenuity and learning) who replied to lord Kames in two letters on the savage state. An interesting account of this author is given by lord Woodhouselee.

It is a remarkable instance of the unabated activity of lord Kames's mind, that in his eightieth year he published a work on agriculture, to which he had at all times given much of his attention. He gave to this book the title of the Gentleman Farmer.

Lord Kames enjoyed, till the advanced age of eighty-five, the uninterrupted blessings of health, and the vigour of his intellectual faculties. He had nearly completed his eighty-sixth year, when he was seized with a disorder of the bowels, which he at first disregarded, but which, not yielding to medicine or regimen, began in a few months to threaten a fatal termination. The closing scenes are thus described.

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For the following interesting particulars, I am indebted to the information of his daughter-in-law, to whom alone they were known. And I am anxious to give them, as nearly as I can, in her own words.——A very few days before his departure from Blair-Drummond, in a short walk which he took with her in the garden, he desired her to sit down by him on one of the benches; saying, he felt himself much fatigued; and adding, that he was sensible he was now growing weaker every day. On her expressing a hope, that on going to town, his friend Dr. Cullen, who knew his constitution, might be able to give him some advice that would be of service to him; and that she flattered herself, his disease had been rather less troublesome to him for some time past: "My dear child," said he, looking in her face with an earnest and animated expression, "don't talk of my disease: I have no disease but old age. I know that Mrs. Drummond and my son are of a different opinion; but why should I distress them sooner than is necessary? I know well that no physician on earth can do me the smallest service: for I feel that I am dying; and I thank God, that my mind is prepared for that event. I leave this world in peace and good will to all mankind. You know the dread I have had of outliving my faculties. Of that I trust there is now no great probability, as my body decays so fast. My life has been a long one; and prosperous, on the whole, beyond my deserts: but I would fain indulge the hope, that it has not been useless to my fellow creatures. My last wish regarded my son and you, my dear child; and I have lived to see it accomplished. I am now ready to obey my Maker's summons."——He then poured forth a short, but solemn and impressive prayer. On leaving the garden, he said: "This is my last farewell to this place: I think I shall never see it more. I go to town chiefly to satisfy Mrs. Drummond—otherwise I could willingly have remained here. But go where I will, I am in the hands of Almighty God.

He left Blair-Drummond in the beginning of November; and the court of session meeting soon after for the winter, he went thither on the first day of the term, and took his seat with the rest of the judges. He continued for some little time to attend the meetings of the court, and to take his share in its usual business; but soon became sensible that his strength was not equal to the effort. On the last day of his attendance, he took a separate and affectionate farewell of each of his brethern. He survived that period only about eight days. He died on the 27th of December, 1782, in the 87th year of his age. A letter which he wrote within a few days of his death to lord Gardenstone, as a member of the Board of Trustees for Arts and Manufactures, and a personal application which he made within the same period, to his friend Mr. Arbuthnot, the secretary of the same board, in behalf of a very deserving man, who had fallen into indigence, bear testimony that his mind was occupied, even in its last moments, with matters of publick concern, and of private beneficence.

Such are the outlines of the life of lord Kames. The sketch is filled up in the volumes before us, by the intermixture of his correspondence; analysis of his works; biographical anecdotes of numerous literary and publick characters with whom he was connected; and digressive dissertations on law, literature and science. The style is pure and perspicuous; the materials and subject interesting; and the volume, though prolix, seldom wearisome.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

The History of the World, from the Reign of Alexander to that of Augustus. By John Gillies, LL.D. 2 vols. 4to. London.——This work is now publishing by Hopkins and Earle, Philadelphia, in 3 vols. 8vo. price $7. to subscribers: to nonsubscribers $8.

THE countries of Western Asia afford no very flattering precedent to those who, confident in the perfectability of mankind, see nothing but prospects of brilliancy before them, and anticipate ages of progressive improvement, with no danger of backward steps, and no boundary but the dissolution of the world. It is on the desolate plains, and among the degraded inhabitants of those regions, that we must look for the source of our arts, our letters, our religion, our population itself. There may seem

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to be a sort of compensation in the state of human society at different periods; and the polished kingdoms of Europe may be considered rather to have supplied the place of Egypt and Ionia, than to have been added to the permanent mass of civilized life.

The melancholy interest which the downfall of this portion of the globe has thrown over its history, is heightened by the difficulty with which that history is learned, and the mysteriousness which hangs over great part of it. It is lighted, indeed, in its earlier periods, with so faint and quivering a lamp of authentick testimony, that the acuteness and erudition of modern times has constantly been baffled in attempting to dispel the gloom. A stronger ray breaks upon us about the age of Cyrus, a period which, so far as that part of the world is concerned, forms a line of demarcation between known and unknown history. But, relatively to the state of society in those countries, a more important epoch is fixed by the subsequent conquests of Alexander. The Persian dynasty, like those still more ancient, was barbarian. It was under the dominion of Greece, and afterwards of Rome, that Asia became, for a period of 900 years, the seat of regular military discipline, of diffused opulence, of legal government, and of philosophy.

It is during the earlier and more splendid part of this term, the interval between Alexander and Augustus, that the present author has undertaken to relate the revolution of the Grecian world, enlarged as that was by the successes of the former conqueror. A more interesting or honourable labour could scarcely have been chosen by the historian; nor one which presents more frequent opportunities of beguiling his own task and that of his readers, by illustrations from various branches of ancient and modern literature. In a former history of Greece, which has long since been given to the world, and which still continues, as we are told by the author in his preface, to experience publick indulgence, Dr. Gillies deduced the narrative to the death of Alexander. The military exploits of that hero fell, therefore, within its compass; but his political institutions, which were destined to become the ground work of the Macedonian dominion in the east, seemed more properly reserved for the commencement of the present undertaking. Accordingly Dr. Gillies, in five preliminary chapters, has entered, as well upon these arrangements of Alexander, and upon the plans which were interrupted by his death, as upon the political geography of his dominions, and the history, so far as it can be known, of those considerable nations which had previously been melted down into the mass of the Persian empire.

In eleven years of perpetual victory, Alexander had traversed Asia from the Hellespont to the Hyphasis, and become the undisputed possessor of territories, nearly commensurate in their limits with the present kingdoms of Turkey and Persia. This conquest is not more memorable for the great and permanent revolution which it effected, than for the apparent inadequacy of the means. The throne of the successours of Cyrus, incomparably the greatest potentates who had hitherto existed within the limits of the ancient world, though protected, not more by the countless multitude of their own subjects, than by the disciplined valour of Grecian mercenaries, was subverted within two years, by an army which fell considerably short of 40,000 men. After the battle of Arbela, in which the Greeks, with incredible exaggeration, report 300,000 barbarians to have fallen, no further resistance was opposed by Persia. The remaining part of Alexander's career was employed, and, some may think, wasted, in reducing the fierce and independent barbarians of the Oxus and the Indus, with so pre-

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digal a display of personal valour. upon occasions comparatively unimportant, that we may reasonably suspect the ruling passion of his mind to have been not so much ambition, as the love of that frivolous glory which the foolish Greeks lavished upon the fabulous heroes of their poetical romances. Yet the death of Darius may have been of considerable importance to his success. It led the Persians to look upon him as a legitimate sovereign, whose title was sanctioned by conquest, and secured by the absence of competitors. It seems, indeed, a singular coincidence between his history, and that of the Roman hero most frequently compared to him, that each was relieved of his opponent by an assassination, in which he had no concern and of which he reaped the full benefit, with the credit of punishing the traitor, and lamenting the treason.

Triumphs so easily achieved, may justly lead us as much to contempt of the vanquished, as to admiration of the conqueror. The unwieldy Colossus of the Persian empire tottered at the slightest blow; the vast living masses which barbarian despotism mistook for armies, were never led to battle without discomfiture; and the experience of a century and a half, from the memorable engagements of Marathon and Salamis, had proved, that nothing but the disunion of the Greeks could have preserved the Persian ascendency upon the coasts of the Mediterranean. The weakness, indeed, of that monarchy seems greater than might have been expected, from the natural bravery of some of its constituent nations; and we are surprised to find, among those who so tamely submitted to the yoke of Alexander, the ancestors of those warlike and polite barbarians, who, under the Parthian kings, and the dynasty of the Sassanidæ, repelled the Roman eagles, and avenged the violation of their territory in the blood of Crassus and of Julian. But the Greeks overlooked this consideration in the splendour of their hero's exploits. He obtained the name of the greatest, as well as the most successful commander whom the world had seen; and is said to have been placed in this rank by some who might seem well entitled to contest it with him. Later writers, especially the Romans, who were jealous of his renown, came to dwell more upon the unfavourable parts of his character. His wild ambition; his disgraceful intemperance; his love for adulation and servility; all the spots and blemishes of his fervid temperament, became the theme of satirists and philosophers; and the conqueror of Asia has been held up in no other light than that of a madman, and a destroyer. The ingenious refinement of our own times has done justice, and perhaps more than justice, to his political institutions. He certainly appears to have conceived enlightened commercial projects; and the numerous cities, judiciously founded in different parts of his empire, are proofs of the precautions he took to secure its durability. Yet so much of vain ambition, and even mere geographical curiosity, seems to have actuated the mind of Alexander, that we may doubt whether the celebrated voyage of Nearchus, and the correspondent march of the army through Caramania, had any object more precise than that of discovering and subduing what had been unexplored before. It seems still more doubtful to us, whether his assumption of the Persian dress, and exchange of the liberal spirit of free Greeks, for the baseness of oriental homage, was rather founded in deep policy, than in the intoxication which prosperity naturally produces, in a mind fond of power and of flattery. By this conduct, which is applauded by Dr. Gillies, as it was by Robertson, he lost the affections of his Macedonian soldiers, which his own experience might have taught him to be more important, than those of the cowardly multitudes whom they had helped him to overcome. However generous the

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theory may appear, of regarding all denominations of subjects with equal favour, it should surely be effected rather by exalting the weak, than by degrading the strong. And, inconsistent with liberal government as we may think the vassallage of one nation to another, intermingled in the same territory, it has constantly recurred in the revolutions of the east, and is apparently inevitable, where great differences exist in the civil and military improvements of the two.

The predilection of Alexander for Persian customs will not appear the more judicious, if we consider his actual conquests as parts only of a scheme so extensive, that the countries east of the Euphrates would, had it been realized, have formed the least important portion of his empire. He bequeathed, as a legacy to his successours, the invasion of the Carthaginian dominions, and the task of bearing the Macedonian standard to the pillars of Hercules. Italy, it seems, would next have attracted him; and it has been matter of speculation, whether the power then rising in that country, and destined one time to plant its foot upon the neck of both his hereditary and acquired kingdoms, would have been found already ripe for the conflict. What Livy, like an indignant patriot asserts, Dr. Gillies, like a stanch admirer of Alexander, denies; and upon the whole, we do not quarrel with his conclusions. But we think him deceived in supposing, that the resistance of Rome would have been less formidable than that of Carthage. It seems one of those modern refinements upon history, of which we spoke above, to overrate the merits of that republick. Rich, without politeness or letters; active in commercial enterprise, without skill or courage in arms; she waged ignominious wars in Sicily with almost incessant defeat, and trembled for her own capital, on the incursion of a petty tyrant of Syracuse. But the strongest proof of her intrinsick cowardice and weakness is, that, in spite of her great maritime experience, she was unable to contend, during the punick war, with the first naval armaments that were fitted out from the mouth of the Tiber.

That part of Dr. Gillies's introductory chapters which relates to Alexander himself, is rather awkwardly interrupted with a description of the countries under his dominion, and long digressions upon their previous history. This is a fruitful and almost boundless field. Dark as the earlier ages of Asia appear, there are not wanting scattered notices and remnants of tradition, enough to establish a few truths, and to sweep away a pile of errours. They bear, however, in strictness, but a small relation to the main narrative; yet we have ever regarded as pedantry, the cold criticism which would bind a historian to the mere letter of his undertaking, and condemn the delightful episodes of Gibbon, as idle and irrelevant. In that writer, it is impossible to admire, sufficiently, either the prodigality with which he pours out his stores of knowledge, or the facility with which he preserves their disposition and arrangement. It is impossible to compliment Dr. Gillies with equal praise in either of these respects; but we can say, that we have read these preliminary chapters with pleasure, and that he appears to have collected, though we suspect by no means exhausted, the materials which are to be found in various branches of ancient and modern literature. It would have been well, perhaps, if he had dwelt more, and with clearer method, upon the civil condition of these countries, at the time of Alexander's conquests, and less upon ancient and uncertain events.

The history of Assyria occupies a considerable portion both of the second and third chapters; and with respect to this obscure and contested subject, Dr. Gillies conceives that he has discovered a satisfactory explica-

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tion. Such of our readers as have attempted to pierce the darkness of antiquity, are well aware that the received accounts of that country, including the exploits of those eminent personages, Ninus and Semiramis, rest principally upon the authority of Diodorus, who has expressly borrowed them from Ctesias, a writer notorious for want of veracity; and that the great extent assigned by them to the Assyrian empire, in times of high antiquity, is apparently irreconcilable with the account given in scripture of the progress of the Assyrian arms in the eighth century before the Christian era; till which time, the cities of Mesopotamia, in the very vicinity of Ninevah, seem to have been governed by small, independent sovereigns. Dr. Gillies, to reconcile all difficulties, supposes two cities to have existed of that name; one at Mosul upon the Tigris, the commonly supposed site of Ninevah; the other at 400 miles distance, in the Babylonian plain; and in this latter, he places the seat of the empire of Ninus, and of the great works which are ascribed to his name. So far, however, as we have attended to the point, there seems only one reason which countenances the supposition of this double Ninevah, and that reason is not distinctly stated by Dr. Gillies. It is, that Diodorus, differing herein, we believe, from every other writer, places the city built by Ninus, upon the Euphrates, instead of the Tigris. If this can be got over, there appears to us no great weight in Dr. Gillies's arguments. There is no doubt that Ninevah was a great and populous city, long before those conquests of the Assyrian kings, which established the first great monarchy in the east. It appears to have been properly what Mr. Bryant calls it, "a walled province," comprising a circumference of fifty one miles, within which were large pastures, and probably land in tillage. And this policy, we may remark, of walling in so great an extent, does not suggest to us the peaceful capital of a mighty empire. To the east, indeed, the Assyrians are said by Herodotus to have possessed dominion for several centuries, and especially over Media. The authority of that historian is deservedly great and the fact, perhaps, contains no improbability. At the same time, the account given by Herodotus of the election of Dejoces, first king of the Medes, after their revolt from the Assyrians, seems rather applicable to a people living in a rude and almost patriarchal state of society, than to one who had lately shaken off the yoke of a powerful nation; an enterprise which could hardly have been carried on, without some degree of confederacy and military government. It may be added, that the oriental histories of Persia, which, though not of much antiquity, acquire some credit by their great resemblance to what we read in Herodotus, appear to be silent with respect to the occupation of Media by the Assyrians. We suspect, however, that many of our readers may find themselves exceedingly indifferent about this profound question; and as they may be anxious to become better acquainted with Dr. Gillies, we shall present them with the following extract, taken with no particular preference, from the second section of his introduction.

The same rank which Bactra held in Ariaria, Pessinus appears to have early acquired in Lesser Asia. Pessinus stood in the finest plain of Phrygia, which was anciently the most important, as well as largest province in that peninsula. It was washed by the river Sangarius, and in the near vicinity of the castle and palace of Gordium, revered for its mysterious knot involving the fate of Asia, and which had remained for upwards of a thousand years untied, when it was finally cut by the sword of Alexander. Pessinus was thus situate in a district of high celebrity, and on the great caravan road which we formerly traced through the smooth and central division of the Asiatick peninsula. This road, in approaching the seacoast, split into three branches, leading into Mysia, Lydia, and Caria; small but important

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provinces, which shone in arts and industry many ages before their winding shores were occupied by Grecian colonies. From Lydia, then called Meonia, Pelops carried into Greece his golden treasures, the source of power to his family in the peninsula, to which he communicated the name of Peloponnesus. To the Lydians and Carians, many inventions are ascribed, bespeaking much ingenuity and early civilisation. The coast of Mysia was embraced by the venerable kingdom of Priam, the Hellespontian Phrygia; and the more inland Phrygians, who were said to have colonized that maritime district, pretended, on grounds, some of them solid, and others extremely frivolous, to vie in antiquity with the Egyptians themselves. The three nations of Phrygians, Lydians, and Carians, were intimately connected with each other by the community of religious rites, as well as by the ties of blood and language. They accordingly exhibited a striking uniformity in manners and pursuits, which, to a reader conversant with Roman history, may be described most briefly, by observing, that the principal features of their character are faithfully delineated in the effeminacy, ingenuity, and pompous vanity of the Tuscans, a kindred people, and their reputed descendants.

These industrious and polished, but unwarlike inhabitants on the coast of the Egean, were connected by many links with Upper Asia, but particularly by Pessinus, the ancient capital of the Phrygian kings, and at the same time the first and principal sanctuary, in those parts, of the mother of the gods, thence called the Pessinuntian Goddess, and more frequently the Idean Mother, Cybele, Berecynthia, Dindymené, names all of them derived from her long established worship on neighbouring mountains. The festivals of Cybele are selected, in poetical description, as among the most showy and magnificent in paganism; and both the commerce and the superstition of Pessinus continued to flourish in vigour even down to the reign of Augustus. But in his age the ministers of the divinity, though they still continued magistrates of the city, had exceedingly declined in opulence and power; and instead of being independent sovereigns with considerable revenues, might be described in modern language, in a work less grave than history, as a sort of prince bishops, vassals and mere creatures of Rome. To the west of Pessinus, the city Morena in Mysia, and, to the east of it, Morimena, Zela, and Comana, in the great central province of Cappadocia, exhibited institutions exactly similar to each other, and all nearly resembling those of the Phrygian capital. In the Augustan age, all those cities still continued to be governed by sacerdotal families, to which they had been subject from immemorial antiquity. They all stood on the great caravan road through Lesser Asia; and in all of them the terms marked by festivals and processions, were also distinguished by great fairs, not only frequented by neighbouring nations, but also numerously attended by traders from Upper Asia, and even by distant Nomades. Conformably with these circumstances in their favour, the routes of commerce traced a clear and distinct line of civilisation and wealth, thus visibly contrasted with the rudeness and poverty of many remote parts of the peninsula; with the savageness of the Isaurians and Pisidians; with the half barbarous Bithynians and Paphlagonians; in a word, with all those divisions of the country which lay beyond the genial influence of commerce introduced and upheld by superstition, and superstition enriched, embellished, and confirmed by the traffick which it protected and extended. p. 86.

The struggle for power among the generals of Alexander, which lasted from his death to the battle of Ipsus, 22 years afterwards, occupies the seven next chapters. During this period, events crowd upon the mind in the most rapid succession; interesting alike from the talents of the ambitious chiefs concerned in them, and from the novel combinations of political affairs which were perpetually taking place. The cruel Perdiccas, the selfish Ptolemy, the brave and generous Eumenes, the rapacious and unprincipled Antigonus, pass in review, like phantoms over the stage; and, in the conflict of their energetick ambition, we scarcely heed the sceptre of Alexander sliding from the feeble hands of his son and brother, and the sanguinary extinction of his family. The confederacy of four princes against the overgrown power of Antigonus, produced a more permanent settlement of the empire; and whatever may have been the case among the petty republicks of Greece, this seems to have been the first instance of a coalition to restore the balance of power by distant and powerful so-

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vereigns. The scheme of confederacy was planned with peculiar secrecy, and conducted with steadiness. Syria and the Lesser Asia at that time were governed by Antigonus; and his son Demetrius occupied most of the cities of Greece. The four confederates hung upon the frontiers of his monarchy. Elated with prosperity, the wily old man was for once taken by surprise. Lysimachus from Thrace, with the Macedonian auxiliaries of Cassander, burst into Phrygia; while Seleucus hastened to join him from beyond the Euphrates; and Ptolemy, though with more cautious marches, advanced from Egypt into Palestine. By the united armies of the two former, he was defeated and slain at Ipsus in Phrygia; and from the partition of his dominions were formed four kingdoms, which shortly were reduced to the three celebrated ones of Macedon, Syria, and Egypt. We give Dr. Gillies credit, upon examination, for sufficient fidelity to the materials from whence he has extracted his narrative; a notice which may seem the more necessary, as, in his translation of Aristotle's Ethicks and Politicks, he had indulged a most reprehensible license of loose paraphrase, or rather of interpolation.

Coincident with these events in point of time, though bearing no manner of relation to them, are the wars of Agathocles, tyrant of Syracuse, with the Carthaginians in Sicily: a country which, though at that time in its decline, possesses so many claims to our curiosity, that it might have been worth while for Dr. Gillies to have collected more of the scattered materials which remain, with respect to the splendour of its better days. From Sicily he speedily returns to Asia, and brings before our eyes the partial dismemberment of the great empire of Seleucus, by the rise of independent sovereignties in Bactria, Parthia, and Asia Minor; the desolating irruption of the Gauls into the fairest provinces of Greece and Asia, and the security, renown, and lettered opulence of Egypt under the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus But we enter our protest against the concluding chapter of the first volume, in which the author descants upon the early history of Rome; a subject especially in his matter-of-fact mode of treating it, too trite to justify so superfluous an episode. As we come lower down in the history, Rome begins more to appear upon the stage; and the greater part of the second volume is employed upon transactions, which are familiar to those conversant in the history of that republick. It is painful to follow the uninterrupted successes of unjust aggression; and these are not the times, in which the history of the steps by which the world was formerly absorbed into one empire, can be read, either with less interest or greater satisfaction than heretofore. In some instances, traces of resemblance between ancient and modern times, force themselves upon our attention. Who, indeed, that remembers the proclamations and conduct of the French in Italy about the year 1797, but must be struck with the resemblance they bear to the declarations of the liberty of Greece issued by Flaminius after the battle of Cynocephale. The same insincere professions of regard to their national freedom, were met with the same exultation at their release from a former yoke, and the same enthusiastick confidence in the delusive image of permanent independence. The parallel may seem more perfect, if we add to it their speedy spoliation, by the hands of their generous benefactors, of those works of art, which were not only the publick pride, but, in many of the smaller cities, the chief means of enriching the community.

A more pleasing scene is displayed in the rise of the Achean league, the second, but very inferiour spring, of republican freedom in Greece. It was most wisely planned for a country much decayed in power, and unable to assume that haughty tone of independence, which Pericles or

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Agesilaus would rather have perished than have relaxed. It was the humbler object of Aratus to render the kings of Macedon allies and protectors, though not masters of Greece; and, by deferring much to their influence, to preserve what was most essential, the free regulation of their internal concerns, and a security from foreign garrisons in their cities. This object would have been more completely attained, if the other cities of Greece had been less jealous of the league; and its failure was perhaps chiefly owing to Cleomenes, king of Sparta, whose merits have been a good deal exaggerated by Plutarch. The following account is given by Dr. Gillies, from Polybius, of the battle of Sellasia, fought about a century after the death of Alexander, between that prince and the united forces of Macedon and the Achean confederacy.

Before coming to Sellasia, Antigonus had to pass a valley, the entrance to which was overhung by two hills, Eva and Olympus, forming respectively its eastern and western defences. Between these hills the river Oenus flowed to join the Eurotas, and along the bank of the Oenus, and afterwards of the united stream, the road led almost in a direct line to the Lacedemonian capital. When Antigonus approached the valley of Sellasia, he found that the enemy had seized both hills, and also had thrown up intrenchments before them. Cleomenes, with the Spartans, had chosen Olympus for his post; his brother, Eucleidas, with the armed peasants, occupied Eva: the intermediate valley, on both sides the road, was defended by the cavalry and mercenaries. Instead of rashly engaging an enemy so strongly posted, Antigonus encamped at a moderate distance, having the river Gorgylus in front, and watchful of every opportunity to ascertain the distinctive qualities of the enemy's force, as well as the nature of the ground in which its several divisions were posted. He frequently alarmed them by shows of attack, but found them on all sides secure. At length, both kings, impatient of delay, and alike emulous of glory, embraced the resolution of coming to a general engagement.

Antigonus had sent his Illyrians across the river Gorgylus in the night. They were to begin the assault of Mount Eva, accompanied by 3000 Macedonian targeteers, troops less heavily armed than the phalanx, and equipped in all points like the Argyraspides, who make so conspicuous a figure in former parts of this work, only that their targets were plated, not with silver, but with brass. The Acarnanians and Cretans composed the second line. Two thousand Acheans, all chosen men, followed as a body of reserve. Antigonus's cavalry, commanded by Alexander, the son of Admetus, was ranged along the banks of the Oenus. It was not to advance against the enemy's horse, until a purple signal had been raised on the side of Olympus by the king, who, at the head of the Macedonian phalanx, purposed to combat Cleomenes and his Spartans. A white ensign of linen first floated in the air. The Illyrians, for this was their summons to action, boldly marched up Mount Eva, and were followed by the divisions appointed to sustain them. Upon this movement, the Acheans, forming the rear, were unexpectedly assailed by a body of light infantry, who sprang from amidst the ranks of the enemy's horse. The confusion occasioned by an onset, equally sudden and daring, threatened to give an easy victory to Eucleidas and his Lacedemonians, who, from the heights of Eva, might descend with great advantage against the disordered troops that had come to dislodge them. The danger was perceived by Philopemen. He communicated his apprehensions to Alexander, who commanded the Macedonian cavalry. But, as the purple ensign was not yet hoisted, Alexander disregarded the advice of an inexperienced youth.

The character of that youth, however, was better known to his fellow citizens of Megalopolis. They obeyed an authority derived from patriotism and merit, and seconded his ardour to seize the moment of assault. The shouts and shock of the engaging horsemen recalled the light troops who harassed the Macedonians in their ascent to Eva; by which means, the latter, having recovered their order of battle, routed and slew Eucleidas. Philopemen's exertions in the action seemed worthy of his generalship, in an age when example in battle was held essential to the enforcement of precept. After his horse fell under him, he still fought on foot, though pierced with a spear through both thighs, and was not born from the field till the victory was decided. Shortly after that event, Antigonus asked Alexander, who commanded his cavalry, "Why he had charged before orders:" Alexander said,

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"The fault was not his; for a young man of Megalopolis had, in defiance of authority, rushed forwards with his countrymen, and thus precipitated the engagement." Antigonus replied: "You acted the part of a young man; that youth of Megalopolis showed himself a great general."

Cleomenes, meanwhile, perceiving the total rout of his right wing under Eucleidas, and seeing that his cavalry also was on the point of giving way, became fearful of being surrounded. For retrieving the honour of the day, he determined to quit his intrenchments; and, at the head of his Spartan spearmen, to attack Antigonus and the phalanx. The king of Macedon gladly embraced an opportunity of bringing the contest to this issue. The trumpets on both sides recalled their light skirmishers, who obstructed the space between the hostile lines. In the first shock, the weight of the Macedonians was overcome by the impetuous valour of the Spartans; but Antigonus, who had drawn up his men in what was called the double phalanx, had no sooner strengthened his foremost line, by the cooperation of his reserve, than his thickened ranks, bristling with protended spears, bore down all resistance. The Spartans were put to the rout, and pursued with that merciless destruction which generally followed such close and fierce engagements. Cleomenes escaped with a few horsemen to Sparta.

In estimating the merit of Dr. Gillies's work, although we should be inclined to place it a good deal above Rollin, or the Universal History, we cannot express ourselves satisfied with its execution. Without waiting to extract the spirit of history, without developing national character, or political institutions, he goes on, in general, straight forward, through a mere narration of facts; and even in this narration, we desiderate that sagacious and sceptical criticism, by which, in a period remarkably destitute of regular ancient history, the steps of the modern compiler ought to be guided. We shall produce two instances of the latter fault. He gives the following account of the death of Antiochus the Great.

In the elevated region of Elymais, the southern appendage to Mount Zayros, there was a staple, or depository of this kind, at the meeting of the caravan roads connecting Media with Persia and Susiana. This temple, which had been adorned by the great Alexander, Antiochus determined to plunder. His assault was made in the night. The guards of the sacred enclosure defended their idols and treasures. They were assisted by hardy mountaineers, ever ready and armed, in its neighbourhood. A blind, tumultuary engagement ensued, in which the king fell, fighting at once against the religion, the commerce, and the arts of his country. Vol. II. p. 345.

At some distance, we find the death of Antiochus Epiphanes related in the following manner.

During the war in Palestine, so disastrous to the Syrians, Antiochus had prosecuted an expedition, not less disastrous, into Upper Asia. In the march thither, his proceedings are very imperfectly explained; but in the return, part of the army being left to collect tribute, Antiochus, with a powerful escort, advanced to plunder a temple and rich staple of trade in Elymais, the southern appendage to Mount Zayros, and the main caravan communication between Susiana and Media. In this impious attempt to rifle treasures under the protection of Venus or Diana, whose altars had been honoured and enriched by the great Alexander, he was defeated, with peculiar circumstances of disgrace, by the inhabitants of the surrounding district, and reduced to the necessity of making a speedy retreat to Ecbatana, the capital of Media. There he first learned the repeated discomfitures and routs of his armies; tidings which exasperated to fury the wounds which his pride had received, in the late repulse from Elymais. In the fire of his rage, he swore that he would render Palestine the sepulchre of the Jews; and, precipitating his march westward for that purpose, was overthrown in his chariot, and died of his wounds, at the obscure village Tabæ, situate somewhere on the mountainous confines of Assyria. p. 472.

Let us now see how he disposes of another Antiochus, surnamed Sidetes.

The obscure goddess Iranea, should seem to have held her seat among the defiles of Mount Zayros. Antiochus, on pretence that he came to betroth her, entered the temple, slightly accompanied, to receive her accumulated opulence by way of dower. But the priests of Iranea, having shut the outward gates of the sacred en-

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closure, opened the concealed doors on the roof of the temple, and overwhelmed the king and his attendants, as with thunderbolts from on high; then casting their mutilated remains without the walls, thus awfully announced to the Syrians, who waited his return, the disaster of their king, and the terrifick majesty of the goddess. p. 552.

That three kings of Syria, of the same name, should perish in similar attempts to plunder the same temple, or at least one in nearly the same place, is, one would think, too strange a coincidence to pass without suspicion. Dr. Gillies has, however, it seems, no leisure to marvel, and never hints at the possibility, that, in the confused and irregular notices which are come down to us of this part of history, the names of these princes may have been mistaken. We are much disposed to consider the second story, the death of Antiochus Epiphanes, as the foundation of one or both of the other two; since that is unquestionably true, being attested by Polybius, a contemporary, as well as by Josephus and Appian. We have little doubt that the third is wholly false, as it stands solely upon the authority of the second book of Maccabees, a work of small credit; while several historians give quite a different account of the death of Antiochus Sidetes. The only difficulty is, as to the circumstances related of Antiochus the Great: since we find this account of his death confirmed, independently of Justin, whom singly we should not much value, by Strabo and Diodorus; although the circumstances related by the latter bear a much nearer resemblance to what Polybius tells us of the death of Antiochus Epiphanes.

An inattention, almost precisely similar, seems to us to have taken place in the two following passages. A war is waged by Seleucus Callinicus against the Parthians, in which, Dr. Gillies tells us:

The royal invader fell into the hands of the enemy, after being defeated in a great battle, decisive of the independence and future dominion of the Parthians. His life was spared by Tiridates, who had assumed the place and name of his elder brother Arsaces, the author of the Parthian revolt. Seleucus was retained ten years in the roughest province, and among the fiercest people of Upper Asia; but, during all that time, treated by his conqueror with the respect due to his rank and misfortunes. Vol. II. p. 9.

More than a century afterwards, we are told of another Syrian monarch, a certain Demetrius Nicator; "that he was taken prisoner by the Parthians, and retained by them ten years in a loose and honourable captivity." p. 546.

The coincidence here, likewise, is suspicious, though less for the fact itself, than for the precise agreement in the number of years; which, we apprehend, Dr. Gillies has transposed from the second story to the first, through mere inattention. Atheneus, the authority whom he quotes for the captivity of Seleucus, says only, that he remained πολυν χρονον, a great length of time, in Parthia. But as Atheneus, who is no historian, mentions the subject only incidentally, while Justin gives an incompatible account, we are inclined to believe that the former writer has, through negligence, put one name in place of another.

In the following note an eminent writer is unjustly censured.

"Warburton's great merit, in the explanation of the origin and nature "of hieroglyphicks, is generally and justly admired; yet he has not ex- "hausted the subject, and I cannot reconcile all of his conclusions with the "only existing authorities concerning it; viz. Herodotus, l. 5. c. 36.—Dio- "dorus, l. 3. c. 4.—Porphyr. in Vit. Pythag.—Clemens Alexand. 5.— "Strom. p. 555. and a fragment of Manetho in Eusebius's Chronicle, p. 6. "In this fragment Warburton, instead of ἱερογλυφικοις γραμμασιν, substitutes "ἱερογραφικοις γραμμασιν. His reason for this correction is, that ἱερογλυφικοις "being always used by the ancients to denote characters of things, in op- "position to alphabetick letters, or characters of words, ought not to be "joined with γραμμασιν, which denotes characters of words only. Because

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"ἱερογλυφικα always denotes characters of things, Warburton concluded "that γραμματα always denoted characters of words. The conclusion is "illogical, and contradictory to one of the passages on which our whole "knowledge of the subject rests. Περι δε των Αιθιοπικων γραμματων των παρ' "Αιγυπτιοις ἱερογλυφικων καλουμενων. Diodorus, l. 3. c. 4. Conf. Divine Lega- "tion, b. 4. s. 4. Vol. I. p. 48.

Warburton is here misrepresented. Manetho, in the fragment quoted, speaks of pillars incribed by Thoth, the first Hermes, with hieroglyphick characters in the sacred dialect; and translated after the flood out of the sacred dialect into Greek with hieroglyphick characters, and deposited in the adyta of the Egyptian temples. Now, as hieroglyphicks, as Warburton seems to have proved, stood for things and not for words, it is obviously absurd to say, that an inscription in those characters was either in Greek or in any other language. It is upon this account that he changes the text from ἱερογλυφικοις to ἱερογραφικοις; and it must be confessed, that, if the text cannot be supported, the alteration is not violent. We are inclined, however, to think, that the original word is right; and we hope for indulgence from the reader, if we allow this to lead us into a short digression, which may possibly throw some light upon a very interesting subject.

The origin of alphabetical writing has never been traced; but that of the Egyptians has been convincingly proved, by the Comte de Caylus, to be formed of hieroglyphical marks, adopted with no great variation. We find no appearance, says Warburton, of alphabetick characters on their publick monuments.

This, however true at the time he wrote, cannot now be asserted; since the celebrated Rosetta stone, in the British Museum, is engraved with three distinct sets of characters, Greek, Egyptian, and a third resembling what are called hieroglyphicks. The only doubt that can be entertained is, whether these are strictly hieroglyphicks; that is, representations of things; or, rather, an alphabetical character, peculiar to the priesthood, and called hierogrammaticks. 1. The existence of this sacred alphabet is attested by Herodotus, Diodorus, and several other writers. 2. It went occasionally under the name of hieroglyphick, as appears not only by the passage quoted above from Manetho, if we do not alter the text, but from one in Porphyry, which may be found in Warburton. 3. It was, however, considered as perfectly distinct from the genuine hieroglyphick, which was always understood to denote things, either by mere picture writing, or, more commonly, by very refined allegory. 4. Works of a popular and civil nature were written in this character, as we learn from Clement of Alexandria; whereas the genuine hieroglyphick was exceedingly secret and mysterious, and the knowledge of it confined to the priesthood. 5. The inscription upon the Rosetta stone is said, in the terms of the decree contained in it, to be written in sacred, national, and Greek characters. Τοις τε ζεροις, και ογχωριοις, και Ελληνικοις γραμμασιν. 6. It could not be a mysterious character, such as the genuine hieroglyphick seems to have been, because it was exposed to publick view with a double translation. 7. It occupies a considerable space upon the stone, although an indefinite part of it is broken off; although the real hieroglyphick, as is natural to emblematick writing, appears to have been exceedingly compendious. 8. The characters do not appear to be very numerous, as they recur in various combinations of three, four, or more, as might be expected from the letters of an alphabet. But this argument we do not strongly press, because our examination has not been very long. It appears to hold out a decisive test; and we offer it, as such, to the ingenuity of antiquaries.

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Upon these grounds, we think, that the characters upon the Rosetta stone, which are commonly denominated hieroglyphicks, are, in fact, the original, alphabetick characters of the Egyptians; from which the others have probably been derived, by a gradual corruption through haste in writing. They are, however, in one sense, hieroglyphicks, being tolerably accurate delineations of men, animals, and instruments. If we are right in our conjectures, the value of the Rosetta stone is incomparably greater than has been imagined. We have no need of hieroglyphicks. Roman and Egyptian monuments are full of them. But a primitive alphabet, probably the earliest ever formed in the world, and illustrating an important link in the history of writing, the adaptation of signs to words, is certainly a discovery very interesting to any philosophical mind. Through what steps the analysis of articulate sound, into its constituent parts, was completed, if we can say that it ever has been completed, so as to establish distinct marks for each of them; and whether these marks were taken at random, or from some supposed analogy between the simple sounds they were brought to represent, and their primary, hieroglyphical meaning, are questions which still stand in need of solution. We offer these remarks with equal diffidence as to their truth and their originality. If to any of our learned readers they should not appear new, we entreat their candour for troubling them with opinions, which, so far as our limited information extends, have not hitherto been made publick.

In recompense to Dr. Gillies, we will quote a passage in which he has cleared up a difficulty which perplexed two eminent writers.

"The vastness of the palace, or rather the palaces of Alexandria, need "not surprise us, if we admit that the imperial palace at Rome was larger "than all the rest of that capital. Hume, in his Essay on the Populousness "of ancient Nations, p. 473, is justly incredulous with regard to this point; "and Gibbon endeavours to remove the difficulty by saying, that the em- "perours had confiscated the houses and gardens of opulent senators, "—therefore, included under the name of the imperial palace.—*Decline "and Fall*, c. 6. p. 161. But upon turning to the passage in Herodian, l. "4, c. 1. on which this incredible account of the magnitude of the impe- "rial palace wholly rests, the words convey to me a different meaning from "that in which they are taken by all Latin translators, not excepting the "learned Politian. The historian relates, that the sons of Severus, upon "their father's death at York, hastened by the shortest road to Rome, "never eating at the same table, nor sleeping in the same house. The "rapidity of their journey was urged by their desire of taking up separate "quarters in the amplitude of the royal palace, greater than any city, "παση πολεως μειζονι. Herodian institutes, not a comparison between the "magnitude of Rome and that of its imperial palace; he only intimates, "generally and indefinitely, the magnitude of the palace, in distinct wings "of which, Caracalla and Geta thought they would be safer from each other's "machinations than in the cities of Gaul and Italy, through which they had "to pass."

We thoroughly concur in this opinion. Indeed, it might be stated with more absolute confidence than it is by Dr. Gillies. It excites a suspicion that both Mr. Hume and Mr. Gibbon must have looked at *the wrong column* in the page of their Herodian. That historian seems to have spoken rhetorically, and called the royal palace at Rome greater than *any* city, merely as a hyperbolical expression to denote its prodigious extent.

Our opinion of Dr. Gillies's work may be justly collected from what we have said already. It does not appear to present such a luminous,

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and masterly view of the very interesting period which it embraces, as would have been given by Mr. Gibbon or Dr. Robertson; but it exhibits proofs of learned research, and may, upon the whole, we think, be read with pleasure and advantage. It deserves no praise on the score of style, which is commonly diffuse and overcharged; and often vulgar and slovenly. We cannot dismiss this subject, without remarking, that there are some interesting questions with regard to the Grecian monarchies after Alexander, which are scarce at all touched by Dr. Gillies. Such are the state of their armies, and the sort of troops of which they were composed,—their laws and government,—the tone of the national character and manners,—the state of the natives under their subjection,—and the symptoms of internal strength or weakness in their situation. We cannot justly be expected to make up this deficiency; but perhaps the reader will excuse us for putting together a few facts upon some of these points, which will not be found collectively in the work under our review.

I. The small Macedonian army of Alexander received frequent recruits from the same country during the course of his conquests; which, however, unless more numerous than ancient writers report them, could have little more than repaired the losses of war and fatigue during eleven years, and filled the place of those veterans whom, from time to time, he dismissed to their native country. The collective armies, however, of his generals, while they were disputing the spoil, almost immediately after his death, seem to have been very numerous. Antigonus brought 80,000 men into the battle of Ipsus. The opposite army was little inferiour; and the troops of Ptolemy were not engaged in this action. This too, was after twenty years of constant warfare, and many well contested and sanguinary battles. Macedon was, indeed, the mint of soldiers; but Macedon was a country of no vast extent, and, after it became divided from the rest of the empire, could not, it should seem, have furnished troops to foreign and often hostile sovereigns. The solution of this problem may be found by comparing scattered passages of antiquity. The great strength of all these armies was the Macedonian phalanx; one of those grand military innovations which have rewarded the genius of their inventors with supreme power and renown. For two centuries the phalanx was supposed to be irresistible. When complete, it consisted of 1024 files, 16 deep. Their charge in close order, presenting their Macedonian spears, which were of such a length, that those of the fifth rank projected beyond the front, was not to be withstood by the shorter weapons and less compact arrangement of the Greeks; much less by the rude and irregular multitudes of the Asiaticks. This phalanx, so early as the time of Alexander, was filled up with Persians. We are told by Arrian, that he formed the three first ranks of Macedonians, the twelve next of Persians, and placed another Macedonian in the last. By this judicious intermixture, the want of skill, and perhaps of bravery, in the Persians, was compensated. They acquired, with the arms and discipline, the spirit and self estimation of their conquerors; and we are almost inclined to suspect, that they were gradually confounded under the same name. Long at least after this age, and when few native Macedonians can be well supposed to have served in the troops of Egypt, in the sedition which followed the death of Ptolemy Philopater, the soldiery is addressed by Agathocles with that honourable appellation. Next in dignity to the Macedonians, or those at least who bore their name in the phalanx, were the mercenary troops who were raised, in great numbers, for the service of the two eastern kings, from the Grecian cities of Europe and Asia. These seem not to have adopted the Macedonian

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tacticks, but were ranged commonly on each side of the phalanx, and formed a very respectable part of the army. The great victory obtained by Ptolemy Philopater at Raphia, is ascribed, by Polybius, to the freshness of his Grecian mercenaries, which had lately been levied for his service; whereas, those of Antiochus were exhausted by the fatigue of long campaigns in the Upper Asia. A passage in Plautus throws light upon the recruiting or crimping system of that time. In the comedy of the *Miles Gloriosus*, Pyrgopolinices tells us that he was employed upon such a commission :—

> " Nam rex Seleucus me opere oravit maximo,
> Ut sibi latrones [*i. e.* mercenarios] cogerem et conscriberem."
>
> *Act* 1. *Sc.* 1.

In the plays, indeed, of that writer, and of Terence, the mirrours of the later Greek comedy, we find the stage character of the partisan, who has served in the wars of Asia, as much established as those of the slave and the parasite. It occurs three or four times in Plautus, and once in the well known Thraso of Terence: and although the sameness which pervades them may lead us to think that these authors rather copied each other than real life, there must have been a prototype in the received notion of the character, which the publick were able to recognise. In every instance, they are represented as having acquired inordinate riches, and as spending it a good deal in the same manner as an English sailor is supposed to get rid of his prize money. But the parallel will hold no further. The most ridiculous vanity, stupidity, and cowardice, are the constant attributes of the soldier in those comedies. A nation, one would think, must be sunk very low, in which the military character was never exhibited but as odious and contemptible. But, to judge from history, the picture must be somewhat overcharged. The Greeks of that age, though unable to cope with Rome or Macedon, displayed, occasionally, both skill and prowess. Perhaps it was unpopular thus to waste the blood of Greece in wars in which it had no concern; and publick indignation refused to the mercenaries of the Seleucidæ that admiration and sympathy which are the usual reward of a military life. The third class of troops, in the armies of these princes, were their their native subjects. Though the inhabitants of the finest climates of Asia were generally unwarlike, other parts, especially the mountainous districts, contained a hardy race of men. The skill which barbarians frequently acquire in missile weapons, is formidable to any army not possessed of artillery, and consequently obliged to fight near at hand. Media, the finest province of Asia, produced an incomparable breed of horses; and the kings of Syria, at one time, were able to reenforce their armies from the savage hardihood of the Isurian mountaineers, the obstinate bravery of the Jews, and the dexterity of the Parthian cavalry. The kingdom of Egypt seems to supply less military resources from itself. Yet, if 200,000 infantry and 40,000 horse obeyed the mandate of Philadelphus, so prodigious an army could hardly have been collected without great draughts upon the native population.

II It would be a more difficult task to attempt the satisfactory delineation of the internal state of society. If we were to judge from the personal character of the sovereigns, upon which, in a mere despotism, so much seems to depend, the condition of the eastern Greeks would generally appear deplorable. After the first or second generation, the successours of Seleucus and Ptolemy degenerated into effeminate luxury or portentous guilt; and the annals of Constantinople itself hardly contain a greater series of crimes, than sullied the royal families of Antioch and Alexandria.

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But this was compensated to their subjects by the peculiar advantages of their situation. They enjoyed the inexhaustible fertility of Syria, Babylonia, and Egypt. The ports of the Mediterranean were crowded with vessels, secure from maritime hostility; and the creation of almost numberless cities, bearing the names of Seleucus and his family, is the noblest evidence of the riches and magnificence of that dynasty. Atheneus speaks of the Syrians, as a people who, from the fertility of their country, had little need to labour, and consumed their leisure in banqueting and diversions. Antioch, the capital, was most distinguished for this character. The beautiful grove of Daphne, situated about five miles from that city, was the scene where its luxurious inhabitants abused the prodigality of nature in every enjoyment of voluptuous ease. It was the more honourable characteristick of Alexandria, to be the seat of literature; and the praise of her sovereigns to have bestowed patronage upon men who, however inferiour to those nursed in the bosom of Grecian liberty, surpassed them in erudition, and have formed a sort of epoch in the history of letters. Less regard seems to have been paid to science by the Selucidæ; but they cultivated the favourite and almost peculiar art of the Greeks, that of stamping metals with consummate beauty and ingenuity; and by their coins and medals, the imperfect remains of their history have often been illustrated. The condition of the native orientals is not easily to be distinguished. The remote and barbarous provinces, wherein but few Greeks were settled, probably felt little more than a nominal subjection, and retained such laws and customs as they might have of their own. Even in the city of Seleucia, Polybius seems to speak of magistrates or judges belonging to the native inhabitants. Their condition, however, where the Greeks were numerous, as in Syria or Cilicia, was probably little better than servile; at least those countries seem to have supplied slaves to the markets of Greece and Italy.

III. If we were to appreciate political vigour, merely by extent of dominion, the kingdom of Syria would appear incomparably the most powerful of those that were shared amongst the conquerors of Ipsus. But it was weakened by its own size, and by the difficulty of retaining in subjection nations distinct in their race, manners, and language. The distant provinces were necessarily intrusted to the care of viceroys, who sometimes became too powerful to continue subjects. Two successive revolts of Molo in the Upper, and of Acheus in the Lesser Asia, threatened the throne of Antiochus the Great; and although his victories for a time reestablished the Syrian power throughout Asia, yet, after his death, or rather, after the inglorious events of the latter part of his reign, it soon fell to pieces, and, in less than half a century, was reduced to insignificance. Even in its best days, we must not conceive, that the successours of Seleucus possessed that firm and well compacted sovereignty over all parts of their dominions, which notions, borrowed from modern Europe, would lead us to expect. They received assistance in war, and tribute in peace, from many barbarous nations, who maintained, in their own precincts, a virtual independence. The writ of the king of Syria, we suspect, did not run into the mountains of the Mardi or the Carduchi. But decisive proofs of their weakness appear in the countries which were successively dismembered from their dominions. In Asia Minor, the northern parts were occupied by the three petty kingdoms of Pergamos, Bithnia, and Paphlagonia and the more powerful one of Bontus; a horde of Gauls and the kings of Cappadocia shared part of the midland district; and latterly, a nest of pirates fastened upon the southern coast of Pamphilia and Ci-

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licia. In the east, their possessions were equally dilapidated. Immediately after the death of Alexander, an Indian chief, by name Sandrocottus, drove the Macedonians from the Panjab; and Seleucus prudently sold his claim to those distant conquests for 500 elephants. So little is heard afterwards of the provinces lying on the hither side of the Indus, about Candahar, that we may suspect them to have followed the example. Theodotus, a Greek, soon afterwards revolted in Bactria, and established a dynasty which lasted for near a century and a half, till it was swept away by an invasion of Tartars; which is attested at once by the historians of Greece and of China. This little kingdom, stationed, as it were, upon the out posts of civilized life, has excited some interest in modern times; and Mr. Gibbon has thought fit to give them credit for being the instructers of the Tartars, and even the Hindoos, in science. It was not, however, as has sometimes been imagined, insulated, till within a few years of its downfal; the kings of Syria retaining the adjacent province of Ariana, part of the present Khorasan and Sigistan. A far more important people occupied the western parts of Khorasan, the Parthians, who are thought, with much probability, to have been a Scythian clan, which at an early period had fixed itself in that region. Antiochus the Great kept them within bounds; but after his death they encroached upon Media, and finally usurped all the provinces to the east of the Euphrates.

The kingdom of Egypt, though necessarily more circumscribed than that of Syria, was less liable to dismemberment. Its limits were, however, various. Cyrene was its permanent appendage. It contained also, generally, Cyprus, and sometimes Celo Syria, which was its debatable frontier on the side of Asia. Two only of its monarchs seem to have achieved more extensive conquests. In the golden age of Ptolemy Philadelphus, Crete, Caria, and Lycia, were subject to Egypt. At a later period, Ptolemy Euergetes gained more unprofitable trophies, from an expedition into Nubia, the memory of which is preserved by an inscription discovered in that country about the sixth century. But when the Romans came to meddle with the affairs of the east, the kings of Egypt felt their inadequacy to contend; obeyed the mandates of the republick with humiliating obsequiousness; and were rewarded by that great Polypheme, with the privilege of being devoured the last.

In extent and opulence, the kingdom of Macedon was the least considerable of the three. In rating its effective power, we should perhaps make a different estimate. Though not very commercial, it contained mines of the precious, as well as the ruder metals. Its natives formed excellent soldiers, brave, faithful, steady, and patient. It was embraced, except on the side of the sea, by a strong, mountainous barrier; beyond which, to the north and east, dwelt fierce and warlike barbarians, which, though not always in very thorough submission, were commonly its auxiliaries in the field. By the resistance which it made to the Roman arms, we may judge of the intrinsick strength of Macedon. The contest was quite unequal. Rome had ceased to fight up hill, and had come to wield forces of every kind, far superiour to those of any competitor. Yet even under these disadvantages, the unpopular and spiritless Perseus was able to foil three successive Roman consuls in the defence of his country. The harsh measures to which the Romans resorted, prove the sense they entertained of the compatriots of Alexander. Macedon was divided into four districts, perfectly distinct in police, and government; and, to render the separation more perfect, intermarriages among their exclusive inhabi-

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tants were prohibited. There is one peculiarity which applies equally to the Macedonians and Greeks of Syria and Egypt. Though each of their royal families was placed upon the throne by no right but conquest; though they had supplanted and extinguished the ancient stock; though their own elevation was recent in the memory of man; their subjects appear to have felt for them, all that blindness of loyalty, which is commonly supposed to follow only long established and illustrious dynasties. No impostor, who made pretensions to royal descent, failed of temporary success; even though he claimed to draw his breath from the contemptible Perseus, or the frantick Antiochus Epiphanes. So irregular is the attachment of nations to their rulers, and so fallacious the reasoning of those who suppose that such sentiments cannot be felt for those whose possession is but of yesterday, and whose title is the sword.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Whistle for it. A Comick Opera, in two Acts. By the Hon. G. Lamb. 8vo.

WE have not had an opportunity of witnessing the exhibition of this little piece; but conclude that it must have excited considerable interest in the representation, containing so much that is popular, both in incident and scenery; viz. the unexpected meeting of two *captive lovers* of *rank* and *importance*, in the *subterraneous cave* of a troop of *banditti*; a grand *struggle* between *love* and *honour*; and a most *sudden* and *critical rescue* at the very moment the *dagger* and *gallows* are about to do their gloomy business.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Queen Hoo Hall, a Romance; and Ancient Times, a Drama. By the late Joseph Strutt, author of Rural Sports, and Pastimes of the People of England, &c. 12mo. 4 vols.

ACCUSTOMED to consider Mr. Strutt, and indeed to esteem him as one of the most diligent and most expert of our English antiquarians, we little expected to receive from his pen a work of fancy, and that too, of a superiour kind. We have been exceedingly entertained with this performance, which has many characteristick marks of a lively and well regulated imagination. Perhaps the low comick scenes, representing the manners of the domesticks in great families in ancient times, is extended too far; but the superiours themselves are entitled to our warmest praise. Some pleasing poetry is also interspersed, which we have read with great gratification and interest. Altogether it deserves a distinguished place among works of the kind. It will not easily be perused by those who are unacquainted with the phraseology of the times; but a glossary is added, which will remove every difficulty.

The drama of Ancient Times is also of considerable merit; but it might as well have been separately printed, which we recommend to be done in a second edition; and that this will soon be required, we have no hesitation in foretelling.

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SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

Biographical Anecdotes relating to the late Lieutenant Colonel John Mordaunt, of the Honourable East India Company's Madras Establishment.

THIS very singular and well known personage has been so much admired, so much reprobated, so much upheld, and so much decried, that some account of him may probably be acceptable to the publick.

He was a natural son of the late earl of Peterborough; and, together with an elder brother, by the same mother, was, at an early age, put out to nurse. Harry, the eldest, was a pining, spiritless starvling; while John, the subject of this memoir, was active, lively, and of an uncommonly fine form. He was more of the Apollo Belvidere, though more rigid in muscle, than any other person I ever saw.

Harry took a sedentary turn, and being tender in constitution, could not partake of those gymnastick exercises which John delighted in, and in which he, on all occasions, took the lead. In fact, Harry was more calculated for scholastick researches, in which he made the ordinary progress of a schoolboy; and would, probably, have shone under *Alma Mater*, had not his father, with the view of providing for him handsomely, and at a distance from the family in general, shipped him off as a cadet to Bengal.

John was too wild to learn much. His whole time was devoted to truancy; and, as he often said, "one half of his days were spent in being flogged for the other half." Hence he was in no danger of a professorship, if we except those arts in which the celebrated Breslaw, Jones, &c. took their degrees. In such, John was completely at home, and they were certainly of some use to him, as will be hereafter seen.

When John was taken from school, he was about as learned as when he first was sent there. However, when this was ascertained, and a quarrel was commenced on the occasion, he very handsomely stepped forth to exculpate his master, whose attention he declared to be unparalleled; and, slipping off his clothes, exhibited the earnestness of the good man's endeavours; humorously observing, that "as nothing could be got into his brain, his master had done his best to impress his instructions on the opposite seat of learning."

At the time that John was to pass muster before the India directors, he was out of the way, and it was nearly too late when he was found at marbles in Dean's yard. No time was lost in coaching him up to Leadenhall-street, where, being bent more on his pastime than on the grave questions put by his examiners, he was near being rejected as an ideot; when one of the quorum, who knew the youth's trim well, and who probably wished to see John appointed, asked him if he understood cribbage? John's soul was instantly roused; his eyes glistened; and, regardless of every matter relative to his appointment, he pulled out a pack of cards, so greasy as scarcely to be distinguished, and offered "to play the gentleman for any sum he chose."

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The youth now felt himself at home, and speedily convinced them that, however ignorant he might be of the classicks, he was a match for any of them at cards. He was passed, and despatched to Portsmouth, where he was to embark in an India ship ready to sail with the first fair wind; but as that was not to be had for some days, the person who had charge of him, put him on board, and returned to town.

John's gayety of disposition soon made him the fiddle of the crew. All on board loved him. He was elegant in his make; graceful in his movements (though he never could be made to walk a minuet by his dancing master) of a very animated countenance, strongly marked with good nature, spirit, and dignity; his features were regular and handsome; his eyes keen and commanding; and, on the whole, we may say he was such as is rarely seen.

Notwithstanding the rigid restrictions laid down by the person who had shipped him, such were the qualities of our young adventurer, that none could resist his wishes. The kindness he experienced, added to the novelty of the scene, made him completely happy, and attached him more to his new companions, than to his native soil. He could not bear to mope about the ship, whilst waiting for a wind, and frequently lent a pull in the boats, which occasionally were sent for provisions, &c.

One day, however, John strayed into the town, and got into company with some girls, who soon eased him, not only of his money, but of his buckles, handkerchief, and every thing that could possibly be dispensed with. At this unlucky moment, the wind being fair, the signal was made for sailing, and the boat's crew were compelled, after a short, but active search, to put off, with heavy hearts, thinking they had seen the last of their favourite.

John came down to the beach too late. The boat was just arriving at the ship, which was lying to for her, and sailed immediately from the mother bank. What was to be done? He had no money, and not a soul would put off on such a trip without being previously well paid. The matter was to all appearance come to the worst, when seeing two watermen at cards in the stern sheets of a boat, he was led, by an irresistible, impulse to see how matters went on.

The owner of the boat was losing his money at all fours, when John requested that he might play a hand or two for him; offering to abide himself by any loss during his own play. The man agreed, and John not only won back the losings, but eased his opponent of all his money. The waterman was asked to take him on board; but no promise of money could tempt him: "It was too far," and "mayhap might never get a penny by it;" "had been served so before;" and all the host of objections, common among interested persons, were raised. At length the waterman, taking hold of John's button, drew him aside from the many who were there laughing at his misfortune, and said he had observed, that in dealing, there seemed to be something uncommon; besides that, "he had turned up *Jack* plaguy often." "Now, young'ne, I've a notion that didn't come by nature; and if so be you'll show me how to do it, I will take you aboard at all risks."

The bargain was struck; the man, being instructed how to turn up *Jack*, with the aid of three of his friends, sailed and rowed with such effect as to get within notice of the vessel before dark. The sails were backed, and John facetiously observed, as he quitted the boat: "Now, my honest friend, you have turned up *Jack* in earnest;" meaning the waterman had fairly fulfilled his promise, by putting him, John Mordaunt, on board.

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On his arrival at Madras, John was received with open arms by all his countrymen, according to the practice of those days, when unbounded hospitality was prevalent. His letters of introduction, which had been prudently given in charge to the captain of the ship, were delivered; and there appears no doubt but he might have speedily obtained some important situation; but general sir John Clavering, who was then commander in chief in India, and who was, accordingly, second in council at Calcutta, having promised to provide for him, John went on to Bengal, where he was appointed an honorary aid de camp to that officer, still retaining his rank on the Madras establishment, where he was afterwards subjected to much ill will and obloquy.

The general had, no doubt, been preinformed of the gross ignorance under which our hero laboured, and was determined to put his abilities to an early test. Accordingly, after a few days entrance on his appointment, John was desired to write a letter, conformably to leading points furnished by the general, to one of the colonels, commanding at an upper station. John very readily undertook the office, and in a short time returned to the general's apartment with the letter, written according to the *data*.

Sir John did all he could to unravel the various pothook combinations, and to arrange them into any thing like penmanship; but in vain. The orthography was not a whit better. The general was amazed; but, being willing to know how John might have expressed what was intrusted to him to communicate, as the only means of obtaining that knowledge, desired him to read what he had written. In this reasonable expectation, the general was, however, completely foiled; his *protegé* very deliberately saying, "that was no part of *his* duty: he had obeyed the general's orders by *writing* the letter. It was the business of the *colonel* to whom it was addressed, to *read* it!"

It is truly wonderful, that, under the consciousness of being so very deficient in this branch, and in a circle which is so eminent for superiour education, such as the society in India may fairly claim to be, Mordaunt should have taken so little, if any, pains to improve himself. He surpassed in almost every thing he undertook; yet, seemingly, more by intuition, than by any study or effort to excel. This ignorance in regard to writing, was the more remarkable, as he generally conversed with perfect propriety; often, indeed, with elegance of diction, and with a precise appropriation of his words to the particular occasion. He spoke the Hindoo language fluently, and was a tolerable Persian scholar; yet he could not write two lines of English correctly. I once had occasion to borrow a horse from him for a day or two. He sent the animal to me with the following note.

"You may kip the hos as long as you lick."

His excellence of temper, under all the jokes to which this unhappy deficiency subjected him, was wonderful. He knew his failing, and allowed it to stand as a butt for the amusement of his friends; but was highly offended at the attempt of any one, whom he did not feel a partiality for, to excite a laugh at his expense; and more than once, in my hearing, has astonished persons of that description into the most complete humility. Once in particular, a very worthy young man of the name of James P—— who was rather of the more silly order of beings, thinking he could take the liberty of playing with, or rather upon him, in a large company called to Mordaunt, desiring him to say what was the Latin for a goose? The answer was as ready: "I don't know the *Latin* for it; but the *English* for it is *James P*——."

It should have been premised, that the foregoing question was put to Mordaunt, in consequence of his having, in a note, sent to a person who had

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offended him, required "an immediate *anser* by the bearer." The gentleman addressed, wishing to terminate the matter amicably, construed the word literally and sent *a goose* by the bearer; stating also, that he would partake of it the next day. This, to a man of Mordaunt's kidney, was the high road to reconciliation; though to nine persons in ten, and especially to those labouring under such a desperate deficiency in point of orthography, it would have appeared highly insulting.

It may readily be supposed, that Mordaunt was more ornamental than useful in general Clavering's office. However, the latter could not help esteeming him, and had he lived, would probably have effected Mordaunt's removal from the Madras to the Bengal army. But the general dying, no other person felt so bold, or so interested for him, as to labour at that which, though not unprecedented, was so hostile to the sentiments of the latter establishment. The Madras officers never failed to notice, sometimes, indeed, in rather harsh terms, the injustice of an officer being on their rolls, who never joined his regiment for nearly twenty years, and whose whole time was passed in the lap of dissipation.

Being on a party of pleasure to the northward, and near to Lucknow, the capital of Oude, and the residence of the late nabob vizier, Asoph ul Doulah, Mordaunt, of course, had the curiosity to see both the prince and his court. The free, open temper of Asoph pleased Mordaunt, whose figure and manner made a great impression on his illustrious host. The latter was fond of hunting and shooting. To cockfighting, indeed, he was so partial, that he has even neglected due attendance to business of importance with the several residents, while engaged in a main with "his dear friend Mordaunt," who was completely skilled in that branch of barbarity.

Though I cannot say it ever appeared to me as a very faithful resemblance, yet there is sufficient of character, and some other good points, in the portrait intended to represent Mordaunt, in the celebrated picture of the cockpit, executed by Zoffani, while at the nabob's court, to give some idea of the manly, dignified, and elegant person of the subject of this memoir. He is there represented as in the act of handing a cock, on which he bets highly, in opposition to a bird of his highness, the nabob, who is pourtrayed, in a loose undress, on the opposite side of the pit.

The figures in question, however, possess some merit, from the insight they give into the open, independent, yet unassuming air of Mordaunt, and the familiar manner in which the nabob stooped to join in diversions with him, and, indeed, with every European gentleman who wished to partake of such amusements as characterized that weak, idle, and contemptible prince.

Mordaunt became such a favourite, that he was retained by the vizier at his court, in capacity of aid de camp; though he never attended but according to his own fancy, and then, generally, either to shoot, or to gamble with him. The various applications and sarcasms directed against Mordaunt, as an absentee from his corps, for so many years, and at the distance of full two thousand miles, were alike disregarded by himself, and by the supreme government, of which all the individuals were personally attached to him. Some persons did not hesitate to assert, that he was kept by Mr. Hastings as a spy over the vizier, in consequence of the high favour and confidence the latter reposed in him; but those who could entertain such an opinion, must be in extreme errour; for neither the conduct nor the disposition of Mordaunt, ever gave the smallest opening for such an inference. He was candid, free, and generous; and, I think, he would have abruptly revolted at any commission which might impose it, either direct-

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ly, or circuitously, as a duty on him, to betray the secrets of the man who treated him with kindness and with respect.

Mordaunt was in the receipt of a handsome salary, and possessed many distinguished privileges under the patronage of the vizier, who often used to refer Europeans to him on occasions requiring his advice; though now and then he used to have recourse to the same excuse, when he did not wish to comply. On every such occasion Mordaunt was friendly, and on some rendered great service. Of this I shall quote instances.

Mr. Zoffani, in a humorous moment, had painted the nabob at full length, but in high caricature. The picture being at colonel Martine's, where old Zoffani resided, and the colonel's house being frequented by immense numbers of the natives, especially of those who, when the nabob wanted money, took his jewels to the colonel's to be pledged, it was not long before the prince was informed of the joke. In the first moments of irritation, he was disposed to make the painter a head shorter, and to dismiss the colonel, who was his chief engineer, and had the charge of his arsenal; but, as nothing could be done without his "dear friend Mordaunt," a message was despatched requiring his immediate attendance, "on matters of the utmost importance." This being a very stale mode of summoning Mordaunt, who would attend, or rather visit, only when it pleased himelf, would have probably been disregarded, had not the messenger stated, that the nabob was incensed against Martine and Zoffani.

Mordaunt found the nabob foaming with rage, and about to proceed with a host of rabble attendants to the colonel's. However, he got the story out of the nabob as well as he could, and argued him into a state of calmness, sufficient to let his purpose be suspended until the next day. So soon as could be done with safety, Mordaunt retired; and, as privately as possible, sent a note to Zoffani, with intelligence of the intended visit.

No time was lost, and the laughable caricature was in a few hours changed, by the magick pencil of Zoffani, into a superb portrait, highly ornamented, and so inimitably resemblant of the vizier, that it has been preferred to all which have been taken at sittings. The vizier did not fail to come, his mind full of anxiety for the honour of his dignified person, attended by Mordaunt, whose feelings for his friend's fate were speedily dissipated, when, on entering the portrait chamber, the picture in question shone forth so superbly, as to astonish the vizier, and to sully even the splendour which his whole equipage displayed on the occasion.

Asoph was delighted; hurried the picture home; gave Zoffani ten thousand rupees for it; and ordered the person who had informed him of the *supposed* caricature, to have his nose and ears cut off. Mordaunt, however, was equally successful in obtaining the poor fellow's pardon; and as the nabob would not detain him as a servant, very generously made him one of his own pensioners.

At another time, the *Hajam*, or barber, who cut his excellency's hair, happened to draw blood, by going a little into the quick. This is considered as an offence of the highest atrocity; because crowned heads, throughout India, become degraded, if one drop of their blood be spilt by a barber; over whom a drawn sword is always held, while performing his duty, to remind him of his fate in case of the slightest incision.

The nabob, actuated by the common prejudice above described, had ordered the barber to be baked to death in an oven; when Mordaunt applied for his pardon. He could only obtain it conditionally; and, to be sure, the condition was both ludicrous and whimsical. Balloons were just invented when this happened, and colonel Martine, being very ingenious,

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had made one which had taken up a considerable weight for short distances.

The nabob changed suddenly from great wrath to a sudden laugh, which continued so long as to alarm Mordaunt, whose pleasure was extreme, when he heard that, instead of being baked, the barber was to mount in the balloon, and to *brush* through the air according as chance might direct him.

It was accordingly settled. The balloon being sent off from his highness's forecourt, the barber was carried, more dead than alive, at a prodigious rate, to Poliergurge, distant about five miles from the city of Lucknow.

Mordaunt was little acquainted with the small sword, but was an excellent marksman, either with ball or small shot. With the latter he scarcely ever was seen to miss; and I have known him to come off winner when he has wagered to kill twenty snipes in as many shots. Although he missed one bird, he made up for it by killing two that were sprung at the same moment, and which, flying across each other's direction, were shot at the point of intersection. He was one of three, who, during one day, in the year 1786, shot such a quantity of game, chiefly snipes and teal, as loaded a small boat which conveyed the birds from Gowgautchy to Calcutta. His favourite sport was tiger shooting, in which he was often very successful; being vigorous, spirited, and expert; all which qualifications are indispensably requisite in that noble branch of the chace.

With respect to the use of a pistol, it was wonderful. I have often competed with him, but without the smallest chance of winning. He has frequently laid five to one, though he confessed I sometimes trod close on his heels. I have, more than once, seen him hit a common brassheaded nail at fifteen yards; and I would always have wagered on his side, when the object was an inch in diameter.

A curious circumstance happened to him while at Lucknow. An officer had taken offence at something he had said, and talked much of calling him to an account. He went to Mordaunt's with a friend, and there detailed the cause of his visit, in terms not clothed in all the politeness the dictionary could have helped him to. He was heard very patiently, and after a very short explanation, found himself to be in the wrong. Mordaunt convinced him of his errour, and reprimanded him for his manner of delivering himself on the occasion. After the matter was concluded, and they were perfectly reconciled, I happened to drop in to take a few shots, when the ability displayed by Mordaunt made his visiter look pale. He afterwards confessed to me, that it was well all was settled.

Yet, strange to say, when a few years after, Mordaunt and another gentleman engaged in a quarrel of a very serious nature, with a third, whom they had accused of some improper conduct at cards, he missed his adversary, who, on the other hand, wounded both Mordaunt and his friend desperately. This was not owing to agitation, but, as Mordaunt expressed, in very curious terms, at the moment of missing, to the pistol being too highly charged.

While speaking of cards, I must again state, that he was acquainted with all the ordinary tricks in the shuffling, cutting, and dealing way. Of this an instance is well known. Mordaunt observed that one of his adversaries at whist was remarkably fortunate in his *own* deals; and, as he was rather a suspicious character, thought it needful to watch him. When Mordaunt came to deal, he gave himself thirteen trumps! This excited the curiosity of all, but particularly of the gentleman in question, who

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was very pointed in his observations on the singularity of the case. Mordaunt briefly said: "Sir, this was to show that you should not have all the fun to yourself," and, rising from his seat, left the black leg to ruminate on the obvious necessity of quitting India. Here, however, Mordaunt's goodness of heart was prevalent; for he obtained a promise from the whole party to keep the secret; provided the offender instantly left the country; which he accordingly did by the first conveyance.

With respect to the ordinary rules of arithmetick, no man could be more ignorant than Mordaunt; at least he never showed the least knowledge of any thing relating thereto. He kept no books, but all his money concerns were on scraps, and under terms and figures intelligible only to himself. He had many extensive claims on the nabob; and he had immense losses and gains to register in the I,O,U, way. Yet, even the most intricate cases never puzzled him; and at settling times, he was rarely, if ever, found to be in errour. This was one of the points in which he was apt to be peremptory; for no sooner did he hear a claim stated, which did not tally with his own peculiar mode of accounting, than he condemned it, in round terms, and would scarcely hear the attempt to substantiate, what he so decidedly denied.

It was well known that he could arrange the cards according to his pleasure; yet such was the general, I may say, universal opinion of his honour, that no one hesitated to play with him, sober or otherwise, for their usual stakes. His decision, in cases of differences, was generally final; and many references have been made to him, by letter, from very distant situations, regarding points in gaming.

His spirited detestation of any attempt at the undue exercise of authority, was manifested on various occasions; in one especially. A fives-court had been built by subscription, near the resident's house at Lucknow, and was considered as publick property. A succeeding resident, who lately died immensely rich, took the liberty of pulling it down, as it interfered with that privacy he sought as a married man. In that point no body would have differed from him; but, as it was done without consent of, or even notice to the proprietors, or to the society then at the place, such an arbitrary proceeding naturally gave offence. None liked to stand forth, until Mordaunt, who was at the time of despoliation at Calcutta, returned and insisted on another fives-court being built at the resident's expense, on a site more convenient to all parties.

A new court was accordingly built for four of a side. It was ninety feet over-all, besides twelve feet of space beyond. The front wall was seventy feet high, and the court was forty feet broad. The inside was covered with black plaster, highly polished, and the floor terraced in a very superiour manner.

Mordaunt was so much master of his racket, and was so vigorous, that he would always wager on hitting the line from the over-all, a distance of thirty yards, once in three times. He could beat most people with a common round ruler.

If he ever did indulge in mischief, it was at this game, when his best friends were sure to receive some smart tokens of remembrance. I have had a ball or two from him occasionally, which kept my back in a glow for hours. But he used to be terribly severe on a very worthy, good natured civilian, Mr. Marcus Sackville Taylor, deputy to colonel now major general, Palmer, who was for some years resident at the nabob's court.

Being on a brotherly footing, Mr. Taylor used to take these unpleasant raps, as every body else did, in good humour; and endeavoured, though

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not with equal success, to pay Mordaunt in his own coin. One evening he received so many, and so forcible repetitions of the joke, that he requested of Mordaunt to discontinue it. The latter, however, did not desist, but soon after gave Mr. Taylor such a blow, as exasperated him highly, and induced him, in rather a vindictive tone, to declare if he were hit again, his racket should be thrown at Mordaunt's head. This threat produced a whimsical scene; for Mordaunt coolly told Mr. Taylor, that if he threw his racket, he would give him a good drubbing. Mr. Taylor no sooner heard the reply, than he fired with indignation; and said, that "as between gentlemen, suppositions were considered as facts, Mordaunt might consider the racket he threw to the ground, as being thrown at his head." "Very well, Sackville," answered Mordaunt, very drily; "then you may consider this aim I have taken with my racket, as being with a pistol, and that I have *shot you dead.*" Mr. Taylor was proceeding with his intentions, when Mordaunt observed to him, that as he was, according to his own suppositions, dead, of course he could not speak; and therefore, nothing further could be said or heard, on his part. The whole party present, who were chagrined to see the smallest difference between two worthy men, joined in the laugh with Mordaunt, and in silencing his *dead* opponent, who speedily was restored to *life*, and to good humour.

This curious controversy, afterwards called *the metaphysical duel*, was often significantly quoted, or alluded to, on occasions where matters that went to extremity in the cabinet, ended tamely in the field.

Mordaunt never allowed the nabob to treat him with the least disrespect, or with hauteur. Indeed, such was the estimation in which he was held by that prince, that, in all probability, the latter never felt any disposition towards exerting his authority. Something may be gathered from the following anecdote. The nabob wanted some alterations to be made in the howdah of his state elephant, and asked Mordaunt's opinion as to the best mode of securing it. The latter, very laconically, told the nabob, he understood nothing of the matter; he having been born and bred a gentleman; but that probably his blacksmith, pointing to colonel Martine, could inform him how the howdah ought to be fastened.

This sneer, no doubt, gratified Mordaunt; who, though extremely intimate with Martine, and in the habit of addressing him by various ludicrous, but sarcastick nicknames, seemed not to relish that fondness for money, and those various practices of which he was said to be guilty.

Martine was very rich, and had built two houses near Lucknow, both of them complete fortifications, and capable of holding out a long time, against such popular commotions as were hourly to be expected. He lent money to the rich natives, taking their own or their wives' trinkets in pledge. He was, besides, very extensively concerned in trade, to very remote parts of India. He built several ships, and was, on the whole, a very useful man. He died about four years ago, immensely rich; but being very little acquainted with the English language, though near forty years in our service, he made such a will as might be expected from a man so circumstanced, and who prided himself in being his own lawyer. The consequence has been, that the manifold contradictions and equivocal expressions it abounded with, occasioned the whole estate to be thrown into chancery, whence it will, probably, never make its escape.

Marquis Cornwallis was either unwilling to compel Mordaunt to return to the Madras establishment, or was prevailed on by the vizier to let him remain on his staff. The marquis, one day, seeing Mordaunt at his levee,

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asked him if he did not long to join his regiment. "No, my lord," answered Mordaunt, "not in the least." "But," resumed the marquis, "your services may be wanted, perhaps." "Indeed, my lord," rejoined Mordaunt, "I cannot do you half the service there, that I can in keeping the vizier amused, while you *ease* him of his money."

As a *bon vivant*, as master of the revels, or at the head of his own table, few could give greater variety, or more complete satisfaction than Mordaunt. He had the best of wines, and spared no expense, though he would take very little personal trouble, in providing whatever was choice or rare. He stood on little ceremony, especially at his own house; and, at his friend's, never allowed any thing to incommode him, from a bashful reserve. Whatever was, in his opinion wrong, he did not hesitate to condemn.

These observations were very quick, and generally not devoid of humour. His old friend, captain Waugh, dining with him one day, made such a hole in a fine goose, as to excite the attention of Mordaunt; who, turning to his head servant, ordered aloud, that, "whenever captain Waugh dined at his house, there should always be *two* geese on table; *one* for the captain, the *other* for the company."

The following anecdote will exhibit, that the above directions were not misapplied.

Captain Waugh commanded one of the six battalions which, under the immortal Goddard, penetrated through the heart of the Mahratta country, though opposed by at least a hundred thousand men, chiefly cavalry. When the peace was concluded with that power, in 1782, captain Waugh took his passage from Bombay to Bengal, in a vessel which was captured off Tranquebar, by Suffrein. That admiral treated him with great politeness, and invited him to his table. The French, according to their custom, began with their soup, &c. while Waugh commenced his attack on a goose, which happened to be near him. The bird was soon disposed of, and Waugh had just stuck his fork into a duck, when Suffrein, with great good nature, but under no small astonishment, observed, that he had forgot the English captain's name, but requested he would take a glass of wine. "My name is Waugh, and I will drink with you with all my heart," answered the captain. "*Bon, bon*," said Suffrein, delighted at what he thought was a joke of his guest's; "*mais, Monsieur* Waugh, *si vous restez oie ici, nous n'aurions pas une* oie *dans toute l'escadre*."*

The pun was rather a fortunate one for Waugh, who played such a tune with his knife and fork, as made all the Frenchmen stare, and induced Suffrein to set him ashore, on parole, at the first port.

After the arrival of the two brothers, Harry and John, in Bengal, they had but little intercourse. Harry seemed to be jealous and envious of his brother's qualifications, and of the general partiality in his favour; which was by no means the case with himself. He was haughty, reserved, tenacious, and satirical; consequently was not very likely to be much respected, or relished as a companion. His emaciated, bilious appearance, was not calculated to prepossess either sex in his behalf. Indeed, the ladies could not bear him. John always treated him with particular consideration; but, when having attempted to oppose, or to argue against him, used briefly

* The literal translation of this facetious reply of the admiral's would stand thus:—"Truly, Mr. Waugh, if you remain here, we shall not have a goose left in the whole squadron." But this is rather an inversion of the pun on the word *oie*, which signifies a goose. Indeed, I know not how it could be rendered in English, so as to retain that point which entitles it to our admiration.

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to put him down with: "Hold your tongue, Harry, you are a puny little fool, and fit for nothing but to be a lord." Nevertheless, John never allowed any person to speak disrespectfully of him.

Harry died of diseases which seemed to have been rocked with him in his cradle; while John, though possessed of a vigorous constitution, after arriving at the acmé of popularity, at least so far as related to all with whom he associated, and after performing feats in various exercises, which denoted the vastness of his powers, seemed to descend, as it were, down a precipice into his grave. He never, indeed, got completely better of the pistol shot in his breast; and, probably, actuated by that mistaken pride, generally urging men who have done wonders, not to allow their decrease of vigour to be noticed or suspected, he neglected the warnings given him by one or two serious attacks on his liver, and thus hastened that end which we may call untimely.

He died in the 40th year of his age, beloved and regretted by a numerous circle. I believe, setting aside the dissipation in which he delighted, he could not leave any past reckoning of vices to appear against him. His heart was formed for friendship. He was warm in his attachments, which were, however, very select; and, notwithstanding the peculiar bluntness of his manner, I cannot say I ever heard him utter a rude thing, or do an uncharitable act.

Such are the outlines of a man, who, had he been bred in courts, would probably have been the Rochester of his day; for he was inordinately fond of women; and seemed, when ill, to regret his situation chiefly as depriving him of their society.

INSTINCT OF SHEEP.

AMONG the speculations which occupy the intelligent, few are more generally interesting than those which relate to the manners of animals; but these can only be ascertained by familiarity with the creatures themselves, which does not usually happen to gentlemen who are accustomed to communicate their sentiments to the publick. We therefore take the opportunity of extracting, from works that have lately passed under our hands, such particulars as appear to us to deserve notice, in reference to that very important animal the sheep. *Lit. Panorama.*

The extensive mountains which form so considerable a portion of the whole county of Brecknock, are covered with innumerable flocks of sheep. The habits and manners of these animals and their keepers are little known to the world at large, and much less to the learned part of the community. After long hesitation and frequent doubts, courts of justice have at last agreed, though apparently against their conviction, to admit, that those who have been accustomed to the care of sheep can indentify their countenance, and describe with precision their general shape and make; but it is clear, that though juries give implicit credit to this kind of evidence, yet many gentlemen of the long robe entertain strong suspicions, either that these witnesses are too bold in their assertions, or else that there must be some mystery in this knowledge, which neither learning, nor great reading, can fathom. When the difference between one sheep and another in a flock is pointed out to them, it is acknowledged for a moment; "but," say these learned scepticks, "if the same animals be shown us a second

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time at the interval of an hour or two, we cannot recognise those features with which we believed we had formed an acquaintance." The same consequences would follow if an equal number of men were assembled, we'll suppose, at a fair or market; and they would be much more certain, if as many soldiers, or persons in the same dress, were drawn up in a line; if any two or three were pointed out at random, who had no striking, or uncommon, peculiarity of features, and the beholder could be spun round like a top, it is ten to one that when the rotary motion ceased, he would not be able to identify them a second time; but that there is as great variety in feature, in shape, and in make, as well as in *disposition*, in the brute creation, as there is in the human form and mind, will be as clear and as evident on minute investigation, as any problem in geometry. The shepherd who has been accustomed to follow his flocks, to watch them late and early, and to study their habits and manners, preserves the perfect recollection of them; without scientifick, or systematick, order, it is true, but with unerring accuracy. He is competent not only to mark their physiognomy, but to discriminate their voices, and even to develop their characters. He describes one as active, another as slothful, a third as thievish, another honest, one is domestick, another given to straying; nay, though their disposition be in general gregarious, some are more sociable than others; some are frequently seen grazing at a distance, though in sight of the flock, as if courting the protection of their neighbours in the hour of danger, though shy of their company, in their general demeanour and habits.

If there can be any doubt of the intimate knowledge which this class of men possess on the subject, let an experiment be made, from which no skilful shepherd will ever flinch. Let a flock be driven from the mountains or their pastures, with their lambs; let them be divided; the dams placed in one fold, and the young in another, out of the sight and hearing of each other; and then let the shepherd be introduced, for the first time, and he will instantly select the dam and her young one, or *vice versa*, and bring them together, without erring once in a hundred times. The most skilful physiognomist will hesitate before he tries the same experiment with mankind.

Nor are these animals themselves without talents or without peculiarities. Their general characteristick is, an amiable mildness, which submits, without complaint, to every injury they may sustain from either man or the brute creation. When they are accompanied by their young, they appear to assume a courage, which is almost ludicrous, when we know how short lived it is likely to be. The dam, placing her offspring in the rear, turns round, looks at the barking cur, stamps with her foot, as if challenging an attack and provoking the affray. Nay, even the whole flock form something like martial array, and put on "a swaggering outside;" but, the moment the enemy charges, they disperse in all directions, seek their safety in flight and become the same defenceless creatures as they are during the greatest part of their lives. Their dispositions, however, vary in different parts of the kingdom. In England they are docile and domestick. They may there be confined by enclosures, and are patient of control. They are driven into their nightly folds, without difficulty, and are collected without labour by the shepherd, while ours in Wales resemble their aboriginal masters, in manners, and in their mode of life. While they are depastured in fields and low lands, and boundaries are prescribed to them, they have a mischievous activity, which baffles human ingenuity to correct. Place them on a mountain, where they are apparently free, and

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may roam whither they please, and they stick to a favourite spot, as if they were surrounded by a wall. Here again the *lawyer* stumbles when he hears that a sheep is stolen from a hill; he cannot be persuaded to believe that they can be *localized* in such a wild and open country; but the fact is, that after they have been accustomed to graze upon a particular part of a mountain, if they are not disturbed when at rest at nights, they are prisoners by choice, and cannot be removed from thence without difficulty. This is perfectly well understood, by proprietors of sheep in this country, who sometimes avail themselves of their knowledge in a very artful manner. When there is a right of intercommoning, which is frequently the case here, the shepherd who wishes to prevent a new flock from depasturing on the same bank, or hill, with those called the *old settlers*, comes at the dusk, or in the middle of the night, rattles some stones which he carries in his pockets, throws up his hat, or takes up clods and throws them about him, in all directions. This, one would suppose, disturbs his own sheep, as well as his neighbour's. It is, indeed, particularly disagreeable and unpleasant to both; but the new settlers, not being so much accustomed, and of course not so much attached, to the spot, give up the walk, and leave it in the sole possession of the old occupiers.

When sheep are first driven to the hills from the low grounds, the old sheep, with that affection which is, however, not peculiar to this animal, mount to the highest eminence, and leave, or rather confine, the yearlings and youngest to the lowest part of the hill, showing them by their conduct, perhaps informing them in their language, that they are not so capable of enduring cold, as those which have been accustomed to a more bleak and elevated situation. It is very certain, also, that Providence has implanted in them, for the preservation of their species, a *presentiment* of the approach of hard weather, particularly of snow, sometimes so fatal to them. A day or two before it falls they are observed to avoid the ditches and other situations where drifts are likely to be formed, and sometimes, though seldom, they have been known to quit the hills entirely, to overleap all enclosures, and to come down into the vales a day before a storm commenced.—There is also a peculiarity, as it is said, in the sheep bred in Glamorganshire, when sold and delivered into Brecknockshire, which is very remarkable; but, incredible as it appears, it is attested by the universal voice of those who are conversant in this species of traffick. They assert, positively, that if a lot of sheep be brought from the former country into the latter, the purchaser is obliged to watch them for a considerable time, more narrowly, and with greater care, than the other part of his flocks. They say, that when the wind is from the south, they *smell it*, and, as if recognising their native air, they instantly meditate an escape. It is certain, whatever may be the cause, that they may be descried sometimes standing on the highest eminence, turning up their noses, and apparently snuffing up the gale. Here they remain, as it were, ruminating for some time, and then, if no impediment occurs, they scour with impetuosity along the waste, and never stop, until they reach their former homes. *Jones's History of Brecknockshire, p.* 320, *&c.*

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Let the farmer take the ewes of each distinct hill, hop, or ridge, and, about the middle of July, select from each of these divisions of the best lambs, a number sufficient to replace the aged, infirm, and eild of that certain department. Let these be kept in a parcel by themselves, or with the eild sheep, until the milk is gone from the ewes, and then turn them again at large to pasture, with the old sheep, each on his own native

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hill all the rest of their lives; for no sooner are they set at liberty, than they draw to their respective places, and commonly again join their dam and former acquaintances. Thus, in a few years, every little department of the farm becomes stocked with a distinct clan of friends, who will in no wise separate; and though they be ever so thoroughly mixed with other clans during the day, they will all sunder voluntarily, and draw to their own layers at even.

It is very wonderful, that though a number of individuals of a flock often go quite blind for months together, very few of them will stray from their own walk. Nay, unless when they lose themselves during the first three days, they are as sure to be found at home as any of the parcel. Their necessity teaches them a wonderful sagacity, in following the rest of the flock by the scent; and a friend generally attaches itself to the sufferer, waiting on it with the most tender assiduity, and, by its bleating, calls it back from danger, and from going astray.

Coarse *whale oil* drives away flies, although they have settled on sheep, and torment the whole fold. *Hogg on Sheep.*

To the Editor of the Literary Panorama.

INVESTIGATION OF CERTAIN PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE, ON PRINCIPLES NOT HITHERTO ADOPTED.

SIR,

IT gives me pleasure to be informed, that any of your correspondents, although most are, I doubt not, more learned than myself, should have expressed satisfaction with those feeble efforts which, in compliance with your solicitation, I transmitted for your work. Being thus incidentally drawn into a correspondence, I beg leave to submit a conjecture of mine, to the opinion of those to whose judgment I readily defer.

It is well known that many verbal variations are found in the present MS. copies of our Sacred Books: and much diligence and learning have lately been employed, very laudably, in ascertaining those variations. It is known also, that conjecture has been extremely busy in forming suppositions as to their origin and causes: but although almost all kinds of imaginations have been indulged on this subject, nobody, so far as I know, has proposed the notion of a *second edition* of an inspired writer's works having been published *by himself*. Yet, if we reflect on the question without prejudice, we shall not discover, as I apprehend, any valid reason to the contrary.

It cannot, indeed, be considered as very likely, that St. Paul should go over the whole of the epistles which he wrote, with a view to their publication in one body; because, we know that they were, many of them, written on the spur of the occasion, and that he was almost continually changing his residence. Nevertheless, he might, when at Rome, for instance, keep copies of those letters which he sent into Greece. These he might review and revise, occasionally, and might give, to persons who desired copies of his writings, permission to transcribe from MSS. so revised by himself. What is there in this, contrary to good faith? Do we not see it done every day by writers of the highest repute, without the smallest imputation? If any one objects, that the very *words* of the first edition being inspired they could not be varied without guilt; I answer, that even our blessed Lord himself did repeat his sentiments a second time, in words not the

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same as those which he had used the first time; not from any imperfection in the phrases which he had at first adopted, but from condescension to the understandings of his hearers, who had, as he perceived, misunderstood, or not fully comprehended, his meaning. And, what he, who was inspiration itself, did in speaking, why should not his apostles do in writing?

It is probable that St. Paul, when writing to the Corinthians, for instance, would use Greek terms, current in Corinth, in the same sense as they were used in that city; whether or not those identical words expressed the same identical ideas, without variation, at Athens, at Rome, or elsewhere than at Corinth. We know that nearly or quite every city in Britain has some phrases, or terms, which are employed by its citizens, in their own peculiar sense. Suppose then, a person at Rome was desirous of perusing St. Paul's letter to the Corinthians; would it not become the writer to explain in what sense such or such a Corinthian word was used by him, or to substitute such other word as the Roman reader would understand to express the sentiment or idea intended? This is not only no impeachment of the moral character of the apostle, but, whether it would not, on the contrary, have been such an impeachment, had he put into the hands of his reader, words which he would not understand, or would understand in a wrong sense, may be submitted, without hesitation, to the judgment of your readers.

It is not, however, principally in reference to St. Paul, that I propose the present hints. He was an active man: but, if there was another apostle who was more stationary, who for many years together resided in the same city, whose life was lengthened out to extreme old age, who was *solicited* to write, and who, in compliance with such solicitations, did write *his last work*, is there any thing unlikely or unnatural in the conjecture, that when he published his last work, he also revised his former works, and delivered this revision, together with his new production, to those persons who had urged him to favour them with these labours? Would any body suppose there was any harm in his publishing a *second edition* of tracts, composed by him fifteen or twenty years before? But, to bring this question to the test of an instance:

Whoever has attentively perused the first Epistle of St. John, must have remarked, that the language perpetually fluctuates from time present "I write"—to time past "I *have* written." Let us try the two first chapters: chapter I. verse 4. these things *write* we: chap. II. 1. I write: 7. I write: 8. I write: 12. I write: 13. I write: 14. I *have* written: 21. I *have* written: 26. I *have* written.

I think it absolutely impossible, that any author would change his phrase from "I *have* written," in his first edition to "I *write*" in the second edition. He would never adopt that form of the verb. But I see no improbability in supposing, that, in his second edition, he might vary the "I write" of the first, to "I *have* written."

I think it extremely unlikely, that any author, having stated a position both affirmatively and negatively, in his first edition, would diminish the effect of his statement, by expunging either branch in his second edition; but, I see no improbability of his adding to the strength of his first edition, by rendering the second more complete: for instance, chap. II. 23.

FIRST EDITION.

Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father.

SECOND EDITION.

Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father, (*but*) *He that acknowledgeth the Son the same hath the Father also.*

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Your readers will judge, whether this edition is not precisely in St. John's manner: yet it is marked as *doubtful* in our publick version, by being printed in Italicks, because it is not extant in all copies.

* * * * *

There is a yet more decisive instance, as I think, of such rewriting, in verses 12, 13, and 14.

FIRST EDITION.

I write unto you little children, because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake.

I write unto you young men, because ye have overcome the wicked one.

I write unto you fathers, because ye have known Him who is from the beginning.

SECOND EDITION.

I have written unto you little children, because ye have known the Father.

I have written unto you young men, *because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you*, and ye have overcome the wicked one.

I have written unto you fathers, because ye have known Him who is from the beginning.

* * * * *

On this passage I beg leave to make a few remarks.

1. I think it impossible any writer should designedly insert two passages, one following the other, of the same ideas, and so perfectly correspondent, in any edition of his works, published by himself.

2. I cannot bring myself to think, that any copier would dare to *add* two sentences to the words of an inspired writer. This would be a crime committed on set purpose.

3. Though it is much more easy to omit two sentences, than to insert one *fresh* sentence; yet I am extremely unwilling to impute such gross negligence to the Christian transcribers.

4. No writer of taste or feeling, having described the young men as *being strong, and having the word of God abiding in them*, could expunge these ideas; but (as our foregoing instance consisted of an *addition* which strengthened the sentiment) these ideas appear to be *added*, with a design to complete the passage. I leave this argument to the feelings of all who are judges of composition.

5. I must observe, that the copies do not agree in offering the same reading. Some omit the second address to fathers; and none has preserved the *natural* order of the parties addressed. If we begin with the children, we must place the young men second, and the fathers last. If we begin with the fathers, we must place the children last; whereas it stands in our copies, 1. children; 2. fathers; 3. young men: an order for which no reason can be assigned, but totally subversive of the order of nature. Your critical readers will judge of the arrangement I have offered, and of other minor variations.

You will not understand me, sir, as pleading for any change of *sentiment* in the apostle: I have only considered *words*. Those who do not think every *word* that flowed from a sacred writer's pen was inspired, will find no difficulty in giving a fair consideration to my hypothesis. It appears to me to be well calculated for solving some of those perplexities which have embarrassed the learned. You will also perceive, that I conclude that we have in our present copies, transcripts of *both* editions. Now there is no harm in having this duplication: and I hope there is nothing dishonourable in my mode of accounting for it. It surely needs no apology for supposing,

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that an ancient copyist, meeting with a copy of each edition, inserted them both in one copy, from which association our present copies are descendants. It is impossible to conjecture over what extent of country either edition might prevail; but the *first* edition was, in all probability, the most generally dispersed.

In my next, I propose to to inquire what effect this view of the subject would have on the contested text of the *heavenly witnesses*; and I am, &c.

FIDELIS.

Suppose the passage were completed by combining the two editions thus:

I have written to you little children, because ye have known the Father, and your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake.

I have written to you young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one.

I have written to you fathers, because ye have known Him that is from the beginning.

Love not the world, &c.

Biographical Notice on the Marquis de Pombal, formerly Secretary of State, and Prime Minister of Portugal.

DON SEBASTIAN JOSEPH CARVALLO MELHO, so well known by the title of marquis de Pombal, was born in 1699, of a noble Portuguese family, of the second rank. Eminently gifted with advantages of person, he married in the early part of his life, a Portuguese lady, of birth superiour to his own, and this ill sorted union embittered his days. He, however, attempted, by means of his new connexions, to make his way at court; but all his endeavours proved at that time fruitless. Disappointed in his ambitious hopes, he shut himself up in his country residence; and, to avoid, as much as possible, the intolerable company of his lady, he gave himself up entirely to study. The laws of his country, and the laws of nations as publickly avowed in Europe, were the principal objects of his researches; and from that kind of study, he contracted a diffuse and pedantick manner of writing, which was afterwards conspicuous in all his productions.

After several years of political seclusion, Carvallo saw at last the long wished-for prospect opening to his view; he had been a widower for some time, when, in 1745, he was sent to Vienna, on a secret mission. He was then forty-six years of age; but neither his time of life, nor his diplomatick occupations, prevented him from paying his addresses to a young countess of the Daun family, whom he married shortly afterwards. This marriage was the principal cause of his fortune. The court of Vienna, where his lady's family was highly considered, interested itself powerfully in favour of Carvallo, and at the death of John V. king of Portugal, in 1750, king Joseph, his successour, appointed him secretary for foreign affairs. In this situation he remained five years, without any marked pre-eminence over his colleagues; but, a calamitous circumstance soon gave him an opportunity of displaying the superiour powers of his mind. Every one knows, that in 1755, Lisbon was visited by an earthquake, which laid the whole city in ruins. In that awful situation, the king, his ministers, and his courtiers, unmanned by terrour, were incapable of any resolution, and vented their fears, in womanish superstitions. Meantime, fires had broken

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out in many places among the ruins, and numerous banditti were ransacking the desolated city, as their lawful prey. Carvallo alone, undismayed in the general consternation, gathered some soldiers, and at their head, perambulated the ruins. He stopped the progress of the flames; punished the banditti on the spot; and, with the utmost presence of mind, and the greatest activity, established regulations which saved the remnants of Lisbon. The king recovered at last from his panick, and appreciating the courage of Pombal, from the extent of his own fears, considered him as a being of a superiour order; and this minister's ascendency over his weak mind, was thus established for ever.

Pombal abused this ascendency but too much. He kept his master in a state of almost degrading subserviency; while he was himself surrounded with all the outward pomp and trappings of absolute power, to dazzle the eyes of the gaping multitude. He obtained a body of horse guards, under pretence of his personal protection. Wherever he went, his coach was preceded by eight or ten horsemen, with drawn sabres, making way for him; and a smaller number followed it. But the object he had most at heart, was that of humiliating the high Portuguese nobility. There was an absolutely exclusive distinction established in Portugal, between seven or eight families of that class, and the rest of the nobility. They boasted of being free from all blots; such as intermarriages with Moors, Jews, and negroes, judgments of the inquisition, &c. To preserve this purity spotless, they intermarried among each other only. M. Pombal attempted to annihilate this distinction, so humiliating to the rest of the nobility. It was a customary thing for him, to make use of the king's authority, to further his own designs; and he had recourse to it in this undertaking. He forbad, in the name of his majesty, such and such marriages, which he knew were in contemplation, between members of these exclusive families; he thus forced them to stoop to the second class for connexions, which answered the double purpose of lowering their pride, and of elevating that class to which he himself belonged.

Before Pombal's administration, the Portuguese noblemen made it a constant practice to set at defiance even the most sacred laws; but he soon curbed their licentious spirits, by the most inflexible restrictions; they murmured, but they trembled, and obeyed—Even the continuation of their titles depended on the king's will, and consequently on the minister's whim. By the custom of Portugal, the son of a deceased nobleman cannot assume his father's title, till it is confirmed to him by the king. This confirmation Pombal often withheld for eight or ten years. By such means he reduced them to the blindest submission, though accompanied with the most inveterate hatred. It was, especially, on his birth day, that he received from them those unanimous testimonies of seeming obsequiousness, which he well knew how to appreciate. This was a day of triumph for his pride, and for his malignity. He then beheld collected in his palace, the most illustrious, and the proudest grandees, of Portugal. In that crowd of suitors, he took a secret pleasure in remarking such a one, whose father he had brought to the block; such another, whose brother lay at that very moment in a dungeon, by his orders, &c.

This unlimited power extended even over the ministers, who seemed to share with him, in a certain degree, the king's confidence. The marquis of Pombal was nominally minister of the interiour only; but, in fact, he presided likewise over all the other departments. His colleagues, decorated with empty titles, did nothing but through him, as they sometimes were forced to own. M. Pombal often kept them in ignorance of the

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business of their own offices. Every thing went through his hands; and he entered into the minutest details. A note was once brought to him for signature, containing only a permit for a traveller to take post horses. He found fault with the style, and dictated another. He was indefatigable in the labours of his office; busy from the dawn of day, he never had fixed hours for his meals; he usually dined very late, and ate most voraciously; for which he was visited by frequent indigestions. After dinner he used to take a ride in a coach, with a monk, a relation of his, who was said to be a man of uncommon stupidity. This man was his sole company; and that ride was his only recreation. He soon afterwards returned to his closet, where he remained occupied till late at night. He had two secretaries to write under him. They were mere machines, without any understanding, without eyes. He had trained them himself, and they were constantly at his disposal. One of them was a German, whom he had brought from Vienna. He made him at first his footman, then his porter, and lastly, his secretary. These two poor scribes were often so overloaded with business, that both were ill at the same time.

Notwithstanding his excesses in living, and his laborious life, the marquis de Pombal enjoyed a state of health so robust, that he indulged the strong hope of a long career. At the age of seventy-seven, shortly before his disgrace, he used to talk about finishing the rebuilding of Lisbon, and even of building a palace for the king; as if he had been in the vigour of youth. Excessively attached to life and to honours, he was no less addicted to the love of money. He even committed the most shocking vexations to gratify his rapacity. He often confiscated the property of those whom he sacrificed to his ambition or to his resentment. Born to a small fortune, he had accumulated about 15,000l. a year; an immense revenue for Portugal. He had built on his estate of Oeyras, the finest mansion in the country; but that magnificent residence displayed no taste, because he was himself deficient in that respect; and he had employed only Portuguese artists. For the same reasons, Lisbon, which he has raised from its ruins, is far from gratifying the eyes of *connoisseurs*. Monstrous defects are strikingly obvious in the finest quarters of the town; and above all, in that famous square *Prazo del Comerçao*, where he has placed a monument to the late king.

This capital, however, in its restored state, evinces in a striking manner, the power, and the activity, of the marquis de Pombal. The other parts of the country, also, were gradually assuming a new face under his administration. He used to say, that "he could not do every thing at once; and that time only could show the advantages to be derived from his operations." For instance, he was the protector of the useful, and even of the fine arts, so far as his judgment, none of the surest in that respect, could direct him. He had established woollen manufactures; he had attempted to form architects, and sculptors, in Portugal. After the expulsion of the Jesuits, which was in a great measure his work, he went to visit the university of Coimbra, over which they had exerted a great influence. Here he made many reforms; among others, he established several Italian professors, who had the reputation of being learned men. The Jesuits were not the only religious order that he persecuted. He never disguised his aversion for monks, in general; and he gradually undermined the power of the inquisition. It was, perhaps, with a view to further these designs, that he allowed the dangerous works of Voltaire, and those of Rousseau, to be translated into the Portuguese language; but, on the other hand, he exerted all his power to prevent the introduction of maxims, or of i deas,

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which might have stood in contradiction to his despotick principles. Never, for instance, would he allow the post to arrive in Lisbon more than once a week, although the Spanish mail was received twice at Badajoz, the frontier town. For the same reason, he never permitted the establishment of a Portuguese gazette. He feared, above all things, that the people should conceive a liking for arguing on politicks. He wished them to be ignorant of whatever was passing in the rest of Europe; and that no news from Portugal should transpire but through him, as its channel. Among his commercial regulations some were of real advantage to the country. Thus he succeeded in drawing a considerable benefit from the smuggling trade, which has always subsisted between Spain and Portugal; because he had the good sense to lessen the duties, while the Spanish government was following principles directly opposite.

This leads us to examine the conduct of the marquis de Pombal in his relations with foreign courts. In this branch of administration, this man, in other respects so haughty, and so overbearing, assumed a new character, and conscious, perhaps, of the weakness of his country, had recourse to duplicity, and to deceit. Indeed, he considered the most sacred engagements as a mere matter of form; fit only to gain time, as the Spanish minister, Grimaldi, experienced to his great vexation, in 1776. A dispute had taken place between the two courts, respecting the limits of their respective colonies in South America. Things had been carried to such a length, that a European war seemed to be the natural consequence. In these circumstances, the marquis de Pombal affected the most earnest and most sincere wishes for an amicable settlement. He called upon the courts of London and of Versailles for their mediation. He even insisted that the matters in dispute should be entirely referred to those two powers; and that Spain and Portugal should abide by their decision. "People talk so much about your Family Compact," he used to say to the French ambassadour, "it is represented as a most formidable league against all other nations. You see I do not consider it as such. I trust entirely to you. I put myself into your hands." In short, he had succeeded, in making the courts of Madrid, London, and Versailles, adopt his plan for negotiation. A congress had been actually appointed, to meet at Paris, when news arrived that the Portuguese troops had advanced on Rio Grande, and taken forcible possession of the territory in dispute. Pombal, availing himself of the contempt in which his nation was held by the Spaniards, had prepared much better means of defence than he was supposed to possess. He had, without being noticed, raised the army to 40,000 men. The fortresses were amply provided with every necessary, and experienced officers had been received into the Portuguese service. The marquis de Pombal was, however, well aware of the inferiority of his country compared to Spain; but he relied on the assistance of England, on the difficulty of maintaining an enemy's army in Portugal, on the nature of the country, intersected by large rivers, and by ridges of mountains, &c. However, the death of the king, and the dismissal of the minister, soon put an end to all warlike preparations.

The marquis de Pombal had, for a long time, apprehended that event. The king's health was precarious; and he knew the general hatred he had incurred. To guard against impending danger, he had sought all the means of embroiling the affairs of the kingdom in such a manner, as to make his assistance necessary to the new sovereign, to guide her steps in a maze whose intricacies were known to him alone; and his plan was near succeeding. Hardly had king Joseph paid the last tribute, when the young queen, her present majesty, went to consult her mother, as to what line of conduct

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she should follow. *I suppose*, said the queen dowager, *that you are going to dismiss Pombal.* The young queen, who was of a mild disposition, and felt the danger of her new situation, answered in a faultering tone: *I suppose I must; since every body wishes it. In that case*, answered the queen-mother, *cease from this moment to transact business with him.* She foresaw that in seven or eight audiences, the crafty minister would have obtained a complete ascendency over the mind of the young queen; and would have persuaded her that the country could not be saved, but by him.

The marquis de Pombal, after his disgrace, retired to his estate of Oeyras; where he sought, and found, the means of ending his days in peace: a circumstance not very usual for disgraced ministers, in that country. A single trait will show the line of conduct to which he was indebted for that signal favour. His estate lay at no great distance from Coimbra, the bishop of which city had been for several years shut up in a dungeon, by order of the marquis of Pombal. On the disgrace of that minister he was reinstated in his see, amidst the acclamations of his flock; and to enjoy his triumph more fully, he immediately set about visiting his diocese, before the enthusiasm of the people had time to cool. In the course of his apostolical journey, he stopped, perhaps, on purpose, at the village belonging to Pombal, and close to his residence. This circumstance excited universal expectation. As soon as the ex-minister knew of the arrival of the bishop, he sent to inquire, at what hour he would be pleased to receive him. He was punctual to the time appointed, and began by throwing himself at his feet; nor did he rise till he had received his blessing. They afterwards remained in conversation for a quarter of an hour. The bishop returned the visit, punctually. As soon as Pombal saw the coach entering the gate, he ran to meet it; flew to the carriage door, and threw himself again on his knees, to receive the good prelate's blessing. At the foot of the stairs, the bishop met Pombal's daughter, who went through the same ceremonies, &c. The exiled minister followed the same line of conduct towards the monks, whom he detested and despised so much. And to many this may seem to imply no ordinary degree of meanness. But the clergy were all-powerful under the new reign; and the slightest want of respect to one member of this body, might have provoked the resentment of the whole. Pombal had, besides, in the person of the queen's husband,* a personal enemy, eager to seize every opportunity of avenging his private injuries, on the discarded minister, who now wished only to end his days in peace.

In his retreat, Pombal continued to indulge his fondness for study. Well informed people affirm, that he kept a constant correspondence with the queen, on the various objects connected with government. Several political publications were expected as the produce of his leisure hours; but those expectations have been disappointed; whether through the interference of the Portuguese government, is not known. He died on May 8, 1782.

Were we to give our opinion on the character of this famous statesman, we should not hesitate in saying, that the marquis de Pombal was a man much above the ordinary level of mankind. Circumstances, indeed, eminently favoured the display of his great abilities, in a contracted sphere. An earthquake brought his country to a chaos-like confusion; thousands of con-

* Don Pedro, who was at the same time her uncle. He never forgave Pombal: because that minister advised king Joseph, his brother, to have him arrested, as being implicated in the conspiracy of 1756.

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comitant disorders were to be remedied, or prevented; a capital was to be rebuilt; soon after, a conspiracy was formed against the life of his sovereign; great and powerful criminals were to be punished; a powerful society, the Jesuits, had become dangerous to the state, and was to be suppressed; Pombal had, besides, two wars to maintain, with inadequate means; his country wanted establishments of commerce and manufactures; he had ancient prejudices to silence, and powerful enemies to humble, &c. Surely an ordinary man would have been crushed under the accumulated weight of so many enterprises. M. de Pombal boldly undertook them, and succeeded. He had vices, no doubt; but men must be strangely blinded by partiality, to deny his eminent qualities. Above all, he possessed that firmness of mind, that undaunted resolution, which, indeed, lead sometimes to the commission of crimes, but without which, no man ever achieved great things.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IT often happens that some of the limbs of fruit-trees, trained against a wall, are blighted, and die; while others remain in a healthy and flourishing state. This evil is, by gardeners, generally attributed to the effects of lightning. But, if this were the case, would not the violent action of the electrick fluid produce a laceration of the branch and stalk of the tree? No such effect is to be perceived. It therefore appears to me that we must seek some other cause for this evil, and I flatter myself that I have discovered the real one.

A few years since, when Galvanism was first introduced to publick notice, I constructed a pile, consisting of about one hundred plates of copper, and as many of zink, each about two inches square. Among other experiments, I applied it to the branch of a tender plant (a species of the ficoides). Having left it for about an hour, on my return I found the branch withered, and hanging close to the stalk. It immediately occurred to me that Galvanism might be the cause of the abovementioned defect in wall fruit trees, occasioned by the oxidation of the nails, by which they are oftentimes fastened (for I conceive Galvanism to be produced, in a greater or less degree, by every metal passing into a state of oxidation). Recollecting that the limb of a cherry tree in my garden had, nearly a year before, been fastened to the wall with an iron cramp, I instantly examined it, and found it dead; though, when fastened, it was a flourishing, healthy limb, at least an inch in diameter, and nine feet in length.

I have since examined several peach and nectarine trees; and wherever I discovered a limb dead, I invariably found that one or more of the nails which fastened it, were *in contact with the bark*. A limb of a peach tree puzzled me for some time. It was dead, but I could not perceive that any of the nails were in contact with it (the scraps of cloth being left pretty long). After a narrow search, however, I found the mud, of which the wall was built, considerably stained with rust immediately under the branch; and on digging into the wall with my knife, I brought the hidden mischief to light—It was part of a very large spike nail, and which lay about an inch below the surface.

On mentioning some of those circumstances to a friend, he observed, that about a year before, he had fastened some currant trees to a wall with *iron* hooks. On examination, almost every limb so fastened *was dead*.

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The effect of the Galvanism in these cases will probably be found to be greater in rainy seasons, as the oxidation then goes on more rapidly than it does at other times.

I could have wished to have made some further observations on this subject, before I communicated them to the publick; but at present I have not the opportunity; but I hope some of your numerous correspondents will attend to the subject, and communicate the result of their further observations through the channel of your valuable Magazine. Your's, &c.

May 30, 1808. OBSERVATOR.

ANECDOTES.

ORATOR HENLEY.

THIS eccentrick preacher, of whom it is not yet settled whether he was inspired or deranged, resided at one period in Craven-buildings, Drury Lane; and, we have been informed, used to dress like a beau, and frequent publick amusements. The celebrated Mrs. Bracegirdle lived in a house opposite to him. He is said to have aimed at the restoration of the ancient eloquence of the pulpit: but this is not correct. He affected, whether from motives of ridicule, or with a view to display his erudition, the mysterious denunciations of the *Salian* priests, combined with the inexplicable doctrines of the Sophists. And when he had sufficiently entangled the intellects of his auditors, would burst at once upon them with observations scriptural, classical, and elegant. From these he would sometimes again diverge to ludicrous descriptions of common life; instruct butchers how they should cut their joints; taylors, how they should make clothes; shoemakers, in the expeditious mode of executing the business of the *gentle craft*; and mingle sense, absurdity, and enthusiasm in such a manner as to render his entertainments highly agreeable to the palates of his various guests.

One of his advertisements, for Sunday, the 29th of September, 1729, is curious:

"At the Oratory, the corner of Lincoln's-in-fields near Clare-market, to morrow, at half an hour after ten, 1. the postell will be on the turning Lot's wife into a pillar of salt. The sermon will be on the necessary power and attractive force which religion gives to the spirit of man with God and good spirits."*

* * * * * *

"The Monday's orations will be shortly resumed. On Wednesday, the oration will be on the *skits* of the fashions, or a *live* gallery of family pictures, in all ages, ruffs, muffs, *puffs*, manifold shoes, wedding-shoes, two-shoes, slip-shoes, peals, clocks, pantofles, buskins, *pantaloons*, garters, shoulder-knots, perriwigs, head dresses, modesties, tuckers, farthingales, corkins, minikins, slammakins, ruffles, round robbins, toilets, fans, patches; dame, forsooth, madam my lady, the wit and beauty of my grannam, Winifred, Joan, Bridget, compared with our Winny, Jenny, and Biddy, fine ladies pretty gentlewomen: being a general view of the *beau monde* from before Noah's flood to the year 29. On Friday will be something better than last Tuesday. After each A BOB at the times."

* We dare not quote the next passage, for a reason which that *useful* divine, Jeremiah Collier, has given, in his View of the Impiety of the English Stage.

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One of the advertisements of this singular character, we have heard, invited the licensed victuallers of the metropolis to a lecture on "Social Morality." After which he promises to inform them, "how they shall sell more porter than they do at present."

It is little to be doubted, but that the Oratory was, on this important occasion, crowded with publicans. The orator was particularly animated and entertaining. He explained to them the nature of their situation; their duties; descanted on the various characters of their guests, and many other collateral circumstances. At last, he said: "My brethren, to perform my promise, and, by explaining to you how you shall sell more beer, endeavour to inculcate a moral duty, I must apprise you, that my instructions can never be forgotten, because they are comprised in three words:—"FILL YOUR POTS!"

GARRICK AND PREVILLE.

When Garrick was in France, he made a short excursion from the capital with the celebrated Parisian performer, Preville. They were on horseback, and Preville took a fancy to act the part of a drunken cavalier. Garrick applauded the imitation, but told him, he wanted one thing, which was essential to complete the picture; he did not *make his legs drunk*. "Hold, my friend," said he, "and I shall show you an English blood, who, after having dined at a tavern, and swallowed three or four bottles of port, mounts his horse in a summer evening to go to his box in the country." He immediately proceeded to exhibit all the gradations of intoxication. He called to his servant, that the sun and the fields were turning round him; whipped and spurred his horse until the animal reared and wheeled in every direction. At length he lost his whip; his feet seemed incapable of resting in the stirrups; the bridle dropped from his hand; and he appeared to have lost the use of all his faculties. Finally, he fell from his horse in such a death-like manner, that Preville gave an involuntary cry of horrour, and his terrour greatly increased when he found that his friend made no answer to his questions. After wiping the dust from his face, he asked again, with the emotion and anxiety of friendship, whether he was hurt? Garrick, whose eyes were close, half opened one of them, hiccupped, and with the most natural tone of intoxication, called for another glass. Preville was astonished, and when Garrick started up, and resumed his usual demeanour, the French actor exclaimed: "My friend, allow the scholar to embrace his master, and thank him for the valuable lesson he has given him."

There are two members in the house of commons, named Montagu Mathew, and Mathew Montagu; the former a tall handsome man; and the latter a little man. During the present session of parliament, the speaker, having addressed the latter as the former, Montagu Mathew observed, it was strange he should make such a mistake, as there was as great a difference between them as between a *horse chesnut* and a *chesnut horse*.

An Irish footman, having carried a basket of game from his master to a friend, waited a considerable time for the customary fee; but not finding it likely to appear, scratched his head, and said: "Sir, if my master should say—Paddy, what did the gentleman give you; what would your honour have me to tell him?"

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POETRY.

ODE TO THE WEST WINDS.

BY JOHN HODGSON.

Whither, ye timid zephyrs, have you flown,
Ye people of the west wind, tell me where
You stretch your aromatick wings,
And in what gardens of the sun,
At morning, breathe
Your pleasant coldness? Have you southward fled,
With spring to linger on the breezy shores
Of Ebro, or the olive's leaf
To paint with everlasting green
On Tajo's banks?
Perhaps, you sport upon the golden sands
Of Niger, and, in heat meridian, dip
Your wings upon Anzico's plains;
Or, in the cocoa-vestured isles,
Beyond the line,
Kiss the young plantain, and to dance and song
The simple natives call. O! ministers
Of health, and medicines that cure
The soul with sickness wo begone
O! back return,
And brace my languid limbs, and on my cheek,
With hands benevolent, your crimson lay:
Come, and repair the dreadful waste,
Committed by the ruffian tribe,
That rule the north.
From the fair pastures of the bright horn'd bull
Descending, on the orient shafts of day,
A thousand sylphs of heat are come
To strow your grassy road with flowers,
And bid you hail.
Already has the primrose decked for you
Her fragrant palaces, and wide unfolds
Their vestibule with yellow doors.
The purple spotted orchis, too,
Prepares his halls
Of curious workmanship, where you may spend
Your festal mornings, or, beneath the gloom
Of solitary midnight, rest
In caves, that azure crystal seem
To eyes like yours.
Come, in the globe-flower's golden laver wash
Your little hands with dew drops, and in seas
Of evening tears, upon the leaves
Of alchemilla, gently plunge
Your beauteous limbs.
Will you not sip the woodruff's oderous lymph
And banquet on th' ambrosia it affords?
Will you not in the wortle sit,
And luscious nectar drink beneath
Its ruby dome?
O! you shall revel on Eliza's lip;
Madden with rapture on its coral bloom,
And, in her gentle eye, behold
The infant softness of your forms
Reflected bright.
Come then, O genial winds, and in your way
Visit the fairest fountains of the sky;
And in the hollow of your hands,
Bring each a precious drop to cheer
Returning spring.

TO ——

BY GEORGE GORDON.

Oh! had my fate been join'd with thine,
As once this pledge appeared a token,
These follies had not, then, been mine;
For, then, my peace had not been broken.

2.

To thee, these early faults I owe;
To thee, the wise and old reproving;
They know my sins, but do not know,
'Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.

3.

For, once, my soul like thine was pure,
And all its rising fires could smother;
But now, thy vows no more endure,
Bestowed by thee upon another.

4.

Perhaps his peace I could destroy,
And spoil the blisses that await him;
Yet, let my rival smile in joy,
For thy dear sake, I cannot hate him.

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5.
Ah! since thy angel form is gone,
My heart no more can rest with any;
But what is sought in thee alone,
Attempts, alas! to find in many.

6.
Then fare thee well, deceitful maid,
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee;
Nor Hope, nor Memory yield their aid,
But pride may teach me to forget thee.

7.
Yet all this giddy waste of years,
This tiresome round of palling pleasures,
These varied loves, these matron's fears,
The thoughtless strains to Passion's measures.

8.
If thou were mine, all had been hush'd:
This cheek now pale from early riot,
With passion's hectick ne'er had flush'd,
But bloom'd in calm domestick quiet.

9.
Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
For Nature seemed to smile before thee;
And once my breast abhor'd deceit,
For then it beat but to adore thee.

10.
But now I seek for other joys,
To think, would drive my soul to madness;
In thoughtless throngs, and empty noise,
I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

11.
Yet, even in these, a thought will steal,
In spite of every vain endeavour;
And fiends might pity what I feel,
To know, that thou art lost for ever."

DEATHS,

WITH BRIEF CHARACTERISTICKS.

IT is not a part of the plan of this Journal to originate. Our promised duty to our readers is simply to select. We shall never, however, reject an original review or essay of merit. It will flatter us and gratify our patrons when *Genius* and *Taste* use our pages to amuse or to instruct. Although we claim neither of these, we trust that the following brief and imperfect obituary article will neither weary nor offend any one who may turn over our pages in search of abler productions.

THERE is usually so little novelty in the *manner* of recording the loss of one whose virtues were confined chiefly within the limits of the social circle, and so little to interest the publick in the *matter*, that obituary notices are glanced at with a careless eye. But the claims of friendship, although forgotten by the world, are neither the less sacred, nor the less to be neglected, by those few survivers who know the worth of a parted friend. If, in any case, the virtues of those who adorned the fireside circle, unambitious of a more extended fame, deserve to be recorded, we shall not err in speaking of MRS. MIRIAM GRATZ. In the possession of almost every comfort; cherished and valued by friends; *deservedly adored* by her family; in full health, and at no advanced period of life, this excellent woman was suddenly attacked by a disease, whose violence in a few days proved fatal.

Although she had for many years to sustain the shock of severe afflictions, which professional skill could not subdue, and which *filial affection* alone can alleviate, she was yet blessed in the best treasure which this life can give to a mother; the affectionate attachment of her children. Her parlour was the unvaried scene of content, and witnessed the unceasing interchange of grateful kindnesses;—the gratitude of children, eager to reward the long and anxious watchings of a fond mother, and the gratitude of that mother for the endearing exertions of children to repay

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the debt. She knew that cheerfulness is the charm of the domestick circle, and she was always cheerful. She knew that, where *home* is pleasant, children will prefer it to the fleeting gayeties of life; and it was her study to make their home pleasant. She banished from her circle all selfishness but that which springs from the endearments of affection, and she taught her inmates to center all their affections, their desires and their hopes at their own fireside, and to expect *there* that happiness which was never absent. Could children part from such a mother and feel only the transient emotions of a fleeting sorrow? No; their grief is sacred. When she died, others lost a friend,—always active, always kind, always benevolent. Her intimates lost a companion, and the poor lost a protector. To such, their loss may be supplied. But where are children to seek or to find the affection of such a mother? *Where?* In the love of that BEING, who, for His own wise ends, hath parted them for a few years; but WHO, we humbly hope, hath not forbidden us to seek in *another world*, for a re-union with those who have been endeared to us *in this* by the strongest ties.

At Northampton [Eng.] Thomas Percy, L. L. D. one of the senior fellows, and vice president of St. John's college, Oxford. Dr. Percy was nephew to the celebrated bishop of Dromore; the last edition of whose valuable and interesting "Relicks of Ancient English Poetry," he edited. To this work he was preparing the addition of a fourth volume, which was announced so long since as March, 1807, and which will not, we trust, even now be withheld from the literary world, to whom Dr. Percy's taste and information on this subject are well known.

Drowned by shipwreck, off Memel, Lord Viscount Royston, eldest son of the earl of Hardwicke and M. P. for Riegate. We understand, a more promising young nobleman was never given to a country's hopes, or more untimely snatched away. At an age when most are content to study the ancient authors, with a view only to attain the language in which they wrote, his lordship was so thoroughly master of their contents, that he translated the most obscure of them, with a spirit and clearness which surpassed the original. It was from the desire of adding, to the store of ancient and modern learning which he possessed, the advantages that result from personal observation and from travel, that his lordship quitted the splendour of an affluent home, and encountered the dangers under which he finally perished.

In St. Gilesgate, Durham, in the 96th year of his age, William Cloyd. Among the many eccentrick tricks of his youth he once undertook to descend, upon a rope, from the steeple of St. Giles's church, to the Bower Banks adjoining, and accomplished it unhurt. In 1739, he was with admiral Vernon at the taking of Porto Bello and Carthagena. In 1742, he was deprived of his eyesight by lightning, upon the African coast; and after that, became famous for dressing sheep's feet, which proved a very profitable trade to him, and enabled him to procure his quantum of ale, of which he consumed no small quantity. At cards and bowling matches Cloyd was generally one of the foremost, and frequently betted very freely. He enjoyed, in general, a very good state of health, and within the last twenty years has been seen to run round the feet of a large stool turned topsey-turvey, with his boots on. About twenty-six years ago, he was at a bowling match on Gilesgate moor, when a violent altercation arose about the position of the bowls, which had nearly ended in blows; when Cloyd, starting from the crowd, cried out: "Lead me to the place where the bowls are." On his arrival there, after groping awhile for the bowls, he

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cried out; "Any body may see that bowl is first." This created a loud laugh, and put all the parties in good humour again. About 18 years ago, he received one of Hetherington's benefactions of ten pounds a year to blind men, upon which he subsisted till his decease.

In the 53d year of his age, Charles Henry Wilson, Esq. late of the Middle Temple. Mr. Wilson was several years editor of *The Gazetteer*; and there are few daily or periodical publications of any standing which have not been occasionally indebted to his contributions. He was the author of *The Wandering Islander*. *Polyanthea*, *Brookeana*, *Beauties of Burke*, and many more original productions, compilations, and translations, to none of which would he suffer his name to be prefixed. His attainments were almost universal. He was deeply versed in the antiquities and literature of the Gothick, Scandinavian, and Celtick nations. With an inexhaustible fund of learning, he was "a fellow of infinite jest—of most excellent fancy." His wit and humour, were truly original. The factitious jester, the Joe Miller wit, in vain attempted to enter the lists with him; he was speedily distanced by a simile, or an expression which never could enter the imagination of his rival, but so ludicrously apposite to the subject in hand, as never to fail to "set the table in a roar." He was a native of the north of Ireland, and migrated to the metropolis upwards of twenty years ago. Born to no fortune, he ran his career of life, without doing more than providing for the day which was passing over him; a fate not uncommon to men entering the world under the same circumstances, and possessing similar endowments, joined to a strong relish for social enjoyment.

At Hammersmith, in his 85th year, John Rice, Esq. a character miserable and penurious. Mr. Rice was born in Westminster, and having received a musical education, he resolved to try his fortune in America. He sailed for New York, where he settled, and got an appointment as organist. In this situation, denying himself the common necessaries of life, he accumulated a considerable sum of money, and returned to England. His habit was that of the most indigent beggar; and so deplorably miserable were his garb and appearance, that he was turned out of two lodgings that he took. At length he obtained a room at a glazier's shop, near Marsham-street, where he was taken ill. He requested that he might be decently clothed and conveyed to Mr. Boyce, at Hammersmith, whose father, he said, was his most intimate acquaintance. He was accordingly taken to the house of Mr. Boyce, where he only survived a few days. After his death, his will was opened; by which it appeared that he bequeathed 20,000l. to Mr. Boyce, and 10,000l. to the bishop of New York. He is said to have died worth 40,000l.

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of Johnson, and the pronunciation of Walker. The third edition. By A. Picket, author of the "Juvenile Expositor." &c.

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The Embargo, or Sketches of the Times; a Satire. Together with the Spanish Revolution, and other poems. By William Cullen Bryant.

Monthly Anthology and Boston Review, for January 1809. Vol. VI. No. 1.

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PROPOSED BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Mathews and Leigh, announce their intention of publishing Sir John Carr's new work, a Tour in Scotland, which will appear early this season. The work will form one handsome volume in quarto, with highly finished plates, from drawings by the author.

Dr. Carpenter, of Exeter, is preparing for publication, an Account of the Structure and Function of the Eye, principally intended to illustrate the arguments contained in the first and second chapters of Paley's Natural Theology. It will be printed to correspond in size and type with that work, so as to bind up with it, if wished by the purchasers.

Mr. Bower has made considerable progress in a work which is intended to exhibit a complete delineation of the Life of Luther, and of the effects of that life upon the great revolution to which he has given a name. Mr. Bower has explored the original and voluminous documents respecting Luther, with which his own times, and those immediately succeeding, abounded; he has carefully analysed the whole of Luther's writings; and is persuaded that the materials which he has collected, furnish much information which has not hitherto been laid before the British publick, respecting the character and progress of this extraordinary man, respecting the gradual formation of his mind during the period of his education, the gradual expansion of his views during his efforts for the reformation of the church; and the character which the peculiarity of his mind stamped upon the reformation itself.

PHILOSOPHICAL AND ECONOMICAL INTELLIGENCE.

GERMANY.

We have already had occasion to notice the intended travels into the East, of captain Hogelmuller, under the auspices of the Archduke Charles of Austria; and his invitation of questions respecting the countries to which his visits were designed to extend. The term fixed for the transmission of these questions, was till the end of February, 1808, and before Christmas he had received five hundred. Among the learned bodies by whom they were sent, were the academies of Petersburgh, Copenhagen, and Turin, with several universities of Russia, Germany, Holland, and Italy. Several statesmen had also contributed their inquiries.

The first volume of a Dictionary of the Teutonick Language has lately been published by M. Le Camp. It forms more than one thousand pages in quarto, containing 26,735 articles, and yet includes only the first five letters of the alphabet. The author admits all the dialects of the Teutonick tongue, and the technical terms of every art.

Among the new works published at Munich, one, entitled *Gemählde aus dem Nonnenleben*, Pictures of Monastick Life, has lately excited considerable sensation. It is compiled by M. Limpowsky, from the archives of the suppressed nunneries in Bavaria.

FRANCE.

A projector at Paris has offered to construct a press capable of printing in twelve hours, 1200 copies of a work not exceeding twenty-four sheets, either in the common way or in stereotype. He further announces a press capable of working 30,000 sheets, with ordinary types in twelve hours, and also a new method of composition, much more expeditious than that now in use.

ITALY.

Experiments lately made at Venice show, that the oil of the Chinese radish is preferable to any other kind known, not only for culinary purposes, and giving light, but also as a medicine. From the experiments lately made by Dr. Oliviero, it is found to be extremely useful in rheumatick and pulmonary affections, and has been employed with much success in convulsive coughs. It is not liable to spoil by keeping, like other oils, nor is the plant injured by the hardest frosts. The seed, which is very abundant, is gathered in May and June.

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SELECT REVIEWS.

FOR APRIL, 1809.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Letters from the Mountains; being the real Correspondence of a Lady, between the years 1773 and 1807. The third edition. In three volumes. 12mo. London.

IN Mrs. Grant's volume of Poems, published in 1802, there was much to interest the feeling reader; and we remember that in reviewing them, we endeavoured to catch some features of the author's history, from the internal testimony of the poems. We had then no knowledge of her but what was thus obtained, nor have we now any, except what is further supplied by these letters. But the addition is considerable, and we are now enabled to trace her almost from her childhood to the present day, in a manner which makes her ten times more the object of attention and regard. Without any attempt to form a narrative, she gives us in her letters, which have every mark of being written under the impression of real circumstances and genuine feelings, a view of her friendships before marriage; of the marriages of her friends and herself; of the gradual increase of her family, and the loss of some branches of it; the sudden and unprepared loss of the amiable pastor to whom she was united; with some particulars of her subsequent struggles and sufferings. We can truly say, that very seldom, indeed, has any invented tale so strongly arrested our attention, or so warmly interested our feelings, as this genuine picture of real life. It is perfectly plain also, that a large part of the publick has felt with us; since the letters have arrived at a third, if not a fourth, edition, before we have found an opportunity to express our sentiments upon them.

It appears by the 34th letter of vol. 3, and some others near it, that the poems which we praised, were revised for the press while the loss of her husband was recent; an exertion of fortitude, which, considering the warmth of affection thus abruptly deprived of its object, is not one of the least considerable displayed in her history. The fortitude of Mrs. Grant appears to be the work of a strong mind, building on the sincerest and firmest principles of religion. That her mind is naturally strong, appears by many proofs in her letters; but natural strength would have sunk, in many instances, in which we see her rise to the occasion, by the buoyancy of religious faith and hope. In her mind we see the unusual combinations of ardour with steadiness; imagination with sound judgment; tenderness with fortitude; and the proofs of these qualities are brought together, by

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the mere reunion of a series of letters, not one of which seems intended to express any thing but the feelings and sentiments of the moment. If this testimony from persons entirely unknown to her, shall reach her in some remote spot, let her receive it without the suspicion of any motive but the love of truth; and if any one should repeat to her, in future, the foolish cant that professed criticks have no feelings, let her do us the justice, in return, to say that it is false.

To select, from a book where there is so much to give us pleasure, is not easy; or rather, it is not easy to cease selecting. That we may keep within bounds, we shall confine ourselves to three passages. The first is a literary anecdote, being an account of the death of James Macpherson, of Ossianick memory.

Laggan, Feb. 20, 1796.

"Why dost thou build the tower, son of the winged days? Soon wilt thou depart with thy fathers. The blast from the desert shall rush through thy hall, and sound upon thy bossy shield," &c. &c. Do you recollect, dear madam, when I stopped with you at the gate of B—e, I repeated those lines, and observed what a suitable inscription they might prove for the front of poor James's new house. It would appear I was moved by a prophetick impulse, when I predicted that he never would see it finished. Friday last, C. V. R. dined there. James had been indisposed since the great storm, yet received his guests with much kindness; seeming, however, languid and dispirited. Towards evening he sunk much, and retired early. Next morning he appeared, but did not eat, and looked ill. R. begged he would frank a cover for Charlotte. He did so, and never more held a pen. When they left the house he was taken extremely ill, unable to move or receive nourishment, though perfectly sensible. Before this attack, finding some inward symptoms of his approaching dissolution, he sent for a consultation, the result of which arrived the day after his confinement. He was perfectly sensible and collected, yet refused to take any thing prescribed to him to the last; and that on this principle, that his time was come, and it did not avail. He felt the approaches of death, and hoped no relief from medicine, though his life was not such, as one should like to look back on at that awful period. Indeed, whose is? It pleased the Almighty to render his last scene most affecting and exemplary. He died last Tuesday evening; and from the minute he was confined till a very little before he expired, never ceased imploring the divine mercy in the most earnest and pathetick manner. People about him were overawed and melted by the fervour and bitterness of his penitence. He frequently and earnestly entreated the prayers of good, serious people of the lower class who were admitted. He was a very good natured man; and now that he had got all his schemes of interest and ambition fulfilled, he seemed to reflect, and grow domestick, and showed of late a great inclination to be an indulgent landlord, and very liberal to the poor; of which I could relate various instances, more tender and interesting than flashy or ostentatious. His heart and temper were originally good. His religious principles were, I fear, unfixed and fluctuating; but the primary cause that so much genius, taste, benevolence, and prosperity, did not produce or diffuse more happiness was his living a stranger to the comforts of domestick life, from which unhappy connexions excluded him. Tavern company, and bachelor circles make men gross, callous, and awkward; in short, disqualify them for superiour female society. The more heart old bachelors of this class have, the more absurd and insignificant they grow in the long run; for when infirmity comes on, and fame and business lose their attractions, they must needs have somebody to love and trust, and they then become the dupes of wretched toad eaters, and slaves to designing housekeepers. Such was poor James, who certainly was worthy of a better fate. His death, and the circumstances of it, have impressed my mind in a manner I could not have believed. I think we are somehow shrunk, and our consequence diminished, by losing the only person of eminence among us. 'Tis like extinguishing a light. Vol. III. p. 32.

The second specimen shall be one of the letters which were written soon after the melancholy event of Mr. Grant's death.

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TO MISS DUNBAR,* BOATH.

Laggan, Jan. 1, 1802.

DEAR MADAM,

So young, and such a novice in sorrow, you have not yet learnt the weakness, the extreme languor, into which the mind sinks when the first violent bursts are over; incapable of raising itself to the true source of consolation, and ready to lean on every reed. In this state sympathy is most availing, and in this hopeless and dispirited state your letter found me.——Why then apologize for what excites my warmest gratitude? Your dear, worthy mother and you I have long known and esteemed, through the medium of your humble friend. This proof of your goodness to so great a stranger, convinces me that you are all I have been taught to imagine you. You wish to know how I bear the sudden shock of this calamity. I bore it wonderfully, considering how very much I had to lose. Still, at times, the Divine goodness supports me in a manner I scarcely dared to hope. Happily for me, anxiety for a numerous orphan family, and the wounding smiles of an infant, too dear to be neglected, and too young to know what he has lost, divide my sorrows, and do not suffer my mind to be wholly engrossed by this dreadful privation, this chasm, that I shudder to look into. A daughter, of all daughters the most dutiful and affectionate, in whom her father still lives (so truly does she inherit his virtues, and all the amiable peculiarities of his character) this daughter, is wasting away with secret sorrow, while, "in smiles, she hides her grief to soften mine."————I was too much a veteran in affliction, and too sensible of the arduous task devolved upon me, to sit down in unavailing sorrow, overwhelmed by an event which ought to call forth double exertion. None, indeed, was ever at greater pains to console another, than I was to muster up every motive for action, every argument for patient suffering. No one could say to me, "the loss is common." Few, very few indeed, had so much happiness to lose. To depict a character so very uncommon, so little obvious to common observers, who loved and revered without comprehending him, would be difficult to a steadier hand than mine. With a kind of mild disdain, and philosophick tranquillity, he kept aloof from a world, for which the delicacy of his feelings, the purity of his integrity, and the intuitive discernment with which he saw into character, in a manner disqualified him, that is, from enjoying it; for who can enjoy the world without deceiving or being deceived? But recollections crowd on me, and I wander. I say, to be all the world to this superiour mind; to constitute his happiness for twenty years, now vanished like a vision; to have lived with unabated affection together even thus long, when a constitution, delicate as his mind, made it unlikely that even thus long we should support each other through the paths of life!————What are difficulties, when shared with one whose delighted approbation gives one spirits to surmount them? Then, to hear from every mouth his modest, unobtrusive merit receive its due tribute of applause; to see him still in his dear children, now doubly dear; and to know that such a mind cannot perish, cannot suffer; nay, through the infinite merits of that Redeemer, in whom he trusted, enjoys what we cannot conceive—Dear Miss Dunbar, believe me, I would not give my tremulous hopes, and pleasing, sad retrospections, for any other person's happiness! Forgive this; it is like the overflowing of the heart to an intimate; but your pity opens every source of anguish and of tenderness. Assure your kind mother of my grateful esteem, and believe me, with sincere regard much yours. p. 110.

This is the genuine and unaffected language of feeling, and as such cannot fail to produce sympathy; especially regulated as it is by a true submission to the Divine will. The next is a poetical fragment, written not many months after, at Bristol hot-wells, to which place the author had been hurried from her home, to attend a daughter dangerously ill.

One very stormy night, lately, I could not close my eyes, nor yet read; so I had recourse to my pencil, for relief to my overburdened mind, and here is the result of this vigil of sorrow; at least as much of it as I can transmit in a letter.

Yes, to my soul, those northern winds are dear,
That howling blast is musick to my ear.
Blast, whose swift wing has swept our Alpine snows,
The rocks of Morven, and the hill of roes,

* This and some following letters were written in answer to one Miss Dunbar had, at her mother's desire, addressed to the author, condoling with her on the loss she had recently sustained.

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Say, hast thou wak'd my wild harp's mournful strings;
Bear'st thou the voice of sorrow on thy wings?
Or hast thou rush'd along the sacred shade,
Where those my heart must ever weep, are laid?
From my dear native land begun thy flight—
Bring tidings to my soul, O blast of night!
When shall I view again my narrow vale,
And hear a voice in every whispering gale?
See spring's first violets deck the hallow'd ground,
And trace my children's fairy footsteps round?
Then, in a tender trance of anguish'd joy,
To my fond bosom shall I clasp my boy,
View the soft radiance of his full blue eyes,
Warm the fresh roses on his cheek with sighs,
And, while his curls of waving amber flow
With varying lustre o'er his neck of snow,
The dawn of manly beauty let me trace,
The smile benignant of his father's face;
While hope auspicious points her wand of gold,
Where future days the latent bud unfold,
And bid hereditary virtues bloom,
To deck with kindred sweets a father's tomb. p. 166.

The reader will be pleased to know that the daughter recovered, and the wishes of the fond mother were realized. These slight specimens from a work, the primary charm of which is the gradual knowledge which it gives of a very estimable character, can have no effect if they do not excite a desire to read the volumes. The observations of Mrs. Grant, whether on books or manners, are usually judicious; and we are much mistaken, if she will not have more or less of a friend in every reader of her letters.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

The new Practice of Cookery, Pastry, Baking and Preserving, being the Country Housewife's best Friend. By Mrs. Hudson and Mrs. Donat, present and late Housekeepers and Cooks to Mrs. Buchan Hepburn, of Smeaton, and published by her Permission. pp. 242. 8vo.

Culina Famulatrix Medicinæ; or, Receipts in modern Cookery, with a Medical Commentary, written by Ignotus, and revised by A. Hunter, M. D. F. R. S. L. & E. The second Edition. York. pp. 268. 8vo.

IT seems to have been a complaint familiar in the mouths of our ancestors, and which we have too often seen cause to reecho in the present day, "That God sends good meat, but the devil sends cooks." The irritability, the obstinacy, and the perfidy of the present culinary race, indeed, obviously demonstrate their ascent from regions even hotter than those which they occupy upon earth; and, while the direct attacks of the arch enemy are opposed and counteracted by the clergy, who may be considered as the regular forces to whom our defence is intrusted, it is with pleasure we see a disposition, in the learned and experienced among the laity, to volunteer against the hordes of greasy Cossacks whom he detaches to those quarters, as marauders upon our daily patience and our annual income.

In first entering the field upon this occasion, we had some difficulty to settle the rank of these auxilaries amongst themselves, or, to drop the metaphor, we were at a loss, after considering the high claims to attention preferred by both publications, to which we ought to give the precedence in our critique. It is true, Mesdames Hudson and Donat prefer a bold claim to the grateful recollection of those who have regaled on their dainties. "It becomes them

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not," as they are modestly pleased to express it, "to judge of their own merit; but with honest confidence they appeal to a numerous list of subscribers, who have *eat* and *judged* of their works." In this passage there is some ambiguity. If, by this intimation, it is meant that the subscribers actually eat the volume to which they subscribed, we, the Reviewers, will frankly tell Mrs. Hudson and Mrs. Donat, that, notwithstanding the evangelical authority which may be quoted for this literary diet, we cannot bring our stomachs to submit to it; especially, as, in one sense, we are already obliged to devour many more works than we are well able to digest. On the other hand, if the judgment referred to was formed from actually partaking of the dishes analysed in this volume, we only want the opportunity, happily enjoyed by these subscribers, conscientiously to join in their verdict. Upon the slightest intimation, the long coach shall convey our critical fraternity to the hospitable mansion where these fair dames have presided, and do preside over the good things of the earth; and then—*fiat experimentum!*

By the same rule, although Ignotus resides at rather too great a distance for an inroad of this nature, yet an actual experiment might be usefully made on a Yorkshire pie, transmitted by the mail or wagon. And upon this fair system of practical knowledge did we propose to have decided the merits of these candidates for culinary renown, till we recollected the unlucky termination of a course of lectures on the art of cookery in this city, which was abruptly broken off by the indignant professor, in consequence of a hungry student having eat up a principal specimen, as it circulated through the class for the admiration, but not the consumption of the audience. Deprived, therefore, of this most agreeable mode of exercising our critical sagacity, we choose to arrange the precedence of these rival works upon the gallant principle of *place aux dames;* and we are convinced, that Ignotus and his editor, although the latter be M. D. F. R. S. L. & E. will, with their usual good humour, give the front rank to the "present and late Housekeepers and Cooks to Mrs. Buchan Hepburn of Smeaton."

The prefatory advertisement to this book is too interesting to be suppressed. It shows at once the deep learning of the ladies by whom it was written; their honest sense of the dignity of their vocation; and their laudable zeal for its being conducted on the true principles of the British constitution, as well as upon those of sound, experimental philosophy.

The late Dr. Black, professor of chymistry in the university of Edinburgh, has instructed and enlightened the world by his philosophical, ingenious, and patient researches in that science, which, somewhere in his works, he has defined to be, "the effect of heat and mixture upon bodies."

This definition applies as directly to the cook as to the chymist. His kitchen is his school; his boilers, his digesters; his stoves, and not forgetting his cradle-spit, correspond to the crucible, the alembick, the retort, and the other apparatus of the chymist; and both are equally applied to prove the effect of heat and mixture upon bodies. It must be admitted, at the same time, that the range or kingdom of the bodies they severally operate upon, are wonderfully different. The chymist gropes below ground, and in the dark, through the mineral kingdom; while the cook operates in the light, and above board, upon the animal and the vegetable world.

The judges, also, who are to decide upon the result of their several experiments, are not less different and opposite, than the subjects they have operated upon. The chymist lays his experiments, stuffed, generally, with mathematical demonstrations, or the more abstruse calculations of the *minus* and *plus* of algebra, before some Royal Society, composed of a few meagre philosophers, "with spectacles on's nose;" while the judges the cook appeals to, are all the jolly *bons vivants* in the Imperial Kingdom; and his compounds are drawn from every thing that is delicate and high-flavoured in the animal and in the vegetable world; and, without any other demonstration than what his larding and his sauces give, he appeals directly to the sound and nice palate of his numerous judges.

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The editors of the following culinary experiments do not pretend to rank with the ingenious and the philosophick Dr. Black, Lavoisier, or other eminent chymists of the modern school. As, however, they are professed cooks, the natural attachment and vanity of *metier* may perhaps allow them to say, without offence, that they do hold the "*Art of Cookery*" to be not the least useful branch of the great and comprehensive science of chymistry; and, having already avowed themselves professed cooks, they will not trouble their readers with a minute detail of the interesting incidents of their lives, as too generally is the practice of modern authors; such as, where they were severally born; where educated and initiated in the mysteries of cookery. Suffice it to say, that they have each, successively, and for years, officiated as cook and housekeeper in the kitchen of Mrs. Buchan Hepburn, of Smeaton, who has kindly allowed them, for their own benefit, to publish the following receipts, which they have practised and performed there. It becomes not them to boast of their own merit; but, with honest confidence, they appeal to a numerous list of subscribers who have *eat* and *judged* of their works.

They have subjoined many valuable receipts in housekeeping, for curing beef, for making of hams and bacon, for the dairy and pastry, baking, and the best receipt for artificial yeast, which can be made and used the same day, and does not make the bread sour; all of which they have practised at Smeaton with wonderful success. *In short, they now offer to the world, not a cobweb theory of cookery, such as the flimsy constitution-mongers of France have spun for these* 12 *or* 15 *years past out of their distempered brains, to deceive and ruin that miserable people.* No! here facts only are narrated; and by a correct attention to the directions given, the cook, whether male or female, may rest assured of meeting the approbation of the nicest and most delicate palate; and will prove particularly useful for those who reside in the country. The different receipts for making the India currie powder and pellow, are taken from the best practice of their native country.

From this advertisement, much extraordinary information may be derived. We have already noticed, that there is great room to believe that the subscribers, to testify their approbation of the contents, actually eat the book, like the man who, in his zealous applause of roast beef, devoured the spit from which it had been taken: but this is not all. We are informed, in point of historical fact, that the various legislators of France have, for these twelve or fifteen years past, been busily engaged in digesting systems of cookery. And, truly, though this is mentioned in rather derogating terms, on account, apparently, of their bad success, we consider the fact to be, on the whole, a discovery in their favour; since, for our own parts, we never suspected them to be so usefully or innocently employed It is a fact of subordinate importance, but nevertheless somewhat curious, that the whole Royal Society make use of one pair of spectacles, placed on the nose, doubtless, of the president. We have long observed an unvaried coincidence in the views and pursuits of this learned body, and are happy to be able to trace it to a cause equally unsuspected and satisfactory.

As to the receipts which follow this curious and instructive preface, they are distinctly expressed; and from the well known hospitality and elegance of the family in which they were composed, we have no doubt they will be found admirable. We must observe, however, that they are arranged in rather a miscellaneous order; for after a receipt to make "a half-peck bun," we pass abruptly to another which begins; "*The slaked lime* must be well sifted and steeped in a pit," &c. &c. and again: "Take two shovels full of *coarse water sand*, one ditto of hammer slag well sifted, one ditto *powdered brick dust*," &c. Now, although we are specially directed that the former mixture shall be wrought into "thin porridge" and the latter made neither "too fat nor too poor," yet, we are somewhat inclined to doubt, whether any management or attention in the preparation, could render them digestible by human stomachs, or, indeed, whether they can be strictly said to belong to the arts of cookery, pastry, baking, or preserving, unless the ladies are of opinion with the Copper Captain, that "a piece of buttered wall is excellent." Other re-

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ceipts occur, in which "an ounce of *white arsenick*," and the "expressed juice of the *deadly nightshade*," are the chief ingredients. These we were, at first glance, inclined to suppose borrowed from the French systems already mentioned; perhaps the original recipe for a restorative cordial *à l'hopital*, or a *fricandeau à Toussaint*,—if, indeed, the patriotick composers did not design them for the regale of the emperour himself on his long announced visit.

The very *errata* of this work evince the care and deep science of the compilers. Some corrections refer to the ingredients; and it will be prudent to attend to them specially, as the errour, according to the phrase of the civilians, is sometimes in *substantialibus*. Thus, we have "for *linen*, read *lemon*;" "for *chicken*, read *onion*;" "for *pepper* read *paper*." Others regard accessories; as, "after *raspberries* [in a receipt for making jam] add *together with two pounds and a half raw sugar*;" or, "for *mix it all with the foregoing ingredients*, read *and mix them with a mutchkin and a half of brandy*." Others refer to proportion; as, "for *pint and a half*, read *bit*;" and, "for *half a*, read *three thirds*." This last correction appeared to us to conceal some new and abstract doctrine in fractions, adopted, perhaps, from the facetious Costard; for ladies acquainted with philosophy cannot be ignorant of Shakspeare.—'*Biron*. Three times three is nine. *Costard*. Not so, Sir, under correction, I hope it is not so. *Biron*. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine. *Costard*. O Lord, Sir, it were a pity you should get your living by reckoning, Sir."—

Upon the whole, besides the receipts for dressed dishes, which it is not in the power of every housewife to place on her board, this little work contains many useful instructions concerning the poultry yard and dairy, which afford the cheapest and most wholesome regale to a country family.

The work of Ignotus, being more systematick and classical, claims a graver and more elaborate discussion. And, in the first place, we have to remark, that whereas all other books of cookery contain domestick receipts for medicine, promiscuously inserted amongst those for food, Ignotus, with the assistance, we presume, of his learned editor, has accompanied the description of each savoury mess, with a medical commentary on its use and abuse; an invitation to partake, or a caution to shun it. A suspicious person, considering the profession of the editor, might here be tempted to exclaim:

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes;

thinking, perhaps, that such a connexion may subsist betwixt a doctor and a disease, as betwixt a sportsman and his game, since, although the business of each is the destruction of individuals, both must be presumed to take great care to encourage the breed. But we will cheerfully acquit Ignotus of any premeditated design against our health; for, although his plentiful table, stocked with the dainties described in his work, may occasionally have converted a guest into a patient, we are sure it could not be with the felonious purpose of indemnifying himself for the expense of the entertainment. For this we appeal to the following liberal sentiment, appended to an excellent receipt for peas-soup.

This is a good set-off against high seasoned dishes. An occasional abstinence that does not allow the stomach to be quite empty at any one time, is a measure highly salutary, and, for religious purposes, is perhaps preferable to long fasting; a practice, medically to be condemned. An honest physician who, regardless of his fees, can view with pleasure the healthy state of a family where he has been received with kindness, will be happy in the recommendation of a practice that is calculated to preserve the general health of his friends. But, to the disgrace of a profession, otherwise useful and honourable, there are some men who, like the savages upon a rocky coast, view an epidemical disease as a "God-send." p. 113-114.

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At the same time, while we do justice to the liberality of the views of Ignotus, we can by no means acquit him of leading his readers into temptation. It is hardly enough to say to an epicure, in the words of Cato: "Your death and life, your bane and antidote are both before you." Describing a rich dish, and then stigmatizing it as unwholesome, is only calling for the water engine after you have set the house on fire. Our first parents eat, when death was denounced as the inevitable consequence; and their descendants, with undegenerated courage, and a full consciousness of their danger, are ready to eat themselves into gout, and drink themselves into palsy. To add to the weight of his remonstrances, Ignotus has called in the assistance of Archeus, the genius of the stomach, a personification by which Van Helmont and others expressed the digestive power. Lest the unlearned reader should suppose Archeus, whose authority is so often referred to, to be the name of a French *bon vivant*, or a Hungarian professor, Ignotus gives us the following account of his person and office.

Van Helmont gave the name of Archeus to a spirit that he supposed existed in the body, for the purpose of regulating and keeping in order the innumerable glands, ducts, and vessels; and though this spirit visits every part, his chief post is at the upper orifice of the stomach, where he acts the part of a customhouse officer, allowing nothing to pass unexamined that, by the law of nature, has the appearance of being contraband. This part of his duty being only required during meal-times, the remaining part of the twenty-four hours (for he never sleeps) is employed in rubbing, scrubbing, and repairing the waste of the body occasioned by the continual friction of the fluids against the sides of the containing vessels. For this last purpose, and an important one it is, he is supposed to select from the chyle such particles as he may stand in need of; but as he may sometimes be in want of one kind more than of another, he very judiciously obtains it, by bringing on a *longing* for a particular kind of food. For example; when the internal coat of the intestines is abraded by a diarrhœa or dysentery, a longing is brought on for fried tripe with melted butter, as containing the greatest quantity of materials proper for the repair of bowels so disordered. To this circumstance, modern physicians do not sufficiently attend, neither are they sufficiently awake to the necessity of prescribing a diet for persons in health, whose chyle should be of a nature for supplying Archeus with *general* materials, without compelling him to call for them. The folly, therefore, of keeping to one kind of diet, whether high or low, is abundantly evident, as, in that case, Archeus must sometimes be overstocked with materials that he may have no occasion for, and be in want of such as his office may stand in need of. And here it will be necessary to remark, for the information of medical men, that a microscopical examination of the chyle of different men, made after sudden deaths, has proved, to a demonstration, that the chyle of the human body contains different shaped particles, round, oval, long, square, angular, kidney-shaped, heart-shaped, &c. varying according to the food taken in. In consequence of this important discovery, the practitioner has only to direct such food as may contain the particles that Archeus may stand in need of. For example: Are the kidneys diseased? Then prescribe stews and broths, made of ox, deer, and sheep's kidneys. Asthmas require dishes prepared from the lungs of sheep, deer, calves, hares, and lambs. Are the intestines diseased? Then prescribe tripe, boiled, fried, or fricasseed. When this practice has become general, Archeus will be enabled to remove every disease incident to the human body, by the assistance of the cook only. And, as all persons, from the palace to the cottage, will receive the benefit of my discovery, I shall expect a parliamentary reward, at least equal to what was given to Mrs. Stevens, Dr. Jenner, and Dr. Smyth. On the last revision of the college dispensatory, among other things of less moment, such as ordering fomentations to be made with distilled water, the name of Archeus was changed into Anima Medica, as more expressive of a *Maid Servant of all Work*. With men of deep researches, I will not dispute the propriety of the alteration, as I conceive that such a violence could not be done but after serious investigation. p. 119. 122.

This extract may give the reader some idea of the lively manner in which Ignotus has handled his subject. In fact, the whole book is very entertaining, and excites no small degree of interest, especially if read about an hour before dinner. The medical remarks are excellent, although

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apparently too indulgent towards the *gourmand*. The author stands completely exculpated from the charge of Dr. Last against the regular physicians, who "drenched the bowels of Christians with pulse and water, as if they were the tripes of a brute beast." Thus it is remarked, "as a singular circumstance, that persons of a gouty habit should be most fond of high-seasoned dishes;" but the singularity would have vanished, had the proposition been, that the persons most fond of high-seasoned dishes usually have a gouty habit. It was not, however, to be expected, that with a stoical severity, Ignotus should bluntly attack the very criticks on whose verdict his fame must depend. He is not sparing of gentle hints for their welfare; and compounds, on the part of Archeus, for three days' high living, with a fourth day's temperance, and occasionally some gentle physick.

Where truth commands, there's no man can offend,
That with a modest love corrects his friend;
So the reproof has temper, kindness, ease,
Though 'tis in toasting bread, or butering peas.

In fine, as long as a man thinks more frequently and more seriously about his dinner than about any thing else, as was the unvaried opinion and practice of Dr. Johnson, so long will the parsley wreath won by Ignotus remain unblighted. The work is, with great propriety, dedicated "To those gentlemen who freely give two guineas for a turtle dinner at the tavern, when they might have a more wholesome one at home for ten shillings." A fatted hog, the emblem, perhaps, of one of these worthy patrons, decorates the frontispiece And so we take leave of Ignotus, in the words of Beaumont and Fletcher, as of "a gentleman extraordinarily seen in deep mysteries; well read, deeply learned, and thoroughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all sauces, sallads, and pot-herbs whatsoever."

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Nouvelles Observations sur les Abeilles, adressées à M. Charles Bonnet, par Francois Huber.

New Observations on the Natural History of Bees. By Francis Huber. Translated from the original. 12mo. pp. 300. Edinburgh. London.

THE natural history of the common bee has been more carefully examined, and more amply treated of than that of any other of the insect tribe. Yet so complicated and extraordinary are some of the processes of nature, that the most diligent observers were long utterly unable to account for some circumstances in the history of this insect, and published to the world the most opposite explanations. Several of the most important and intricate problems, however, seem now to be finally resolved by the Genevese observer, M. Huber; of whose valuable little work we purpose to lay before our readers a pretty full analysis. We regard the facts contained in this volume, as extremely important to the naturalist; for they not only greatly elucidate the history of this wonderful insect, but present some singular facts in physiology hitherto unknown, and even unsuspected.

For the sake of those who may never have made bees the particular object of their study, it may not be unacceptable, previously to sketch, in a very few words, the striking outlines of their history; and to explain some terms generally employed in treating of them.

A hive contains three kinds of bees. 1. A single *queen bee*, distinguishable by the great length of her body, and the proportional shortness of her wings. 2. *Working bees, female nonbreeders*; or, as they were formerly

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called, *neuters*, to the amount of many thousands. These are the smallest sized bees in the hive, and are armed with a sting. 3. *Drones*, or *males*, to the number, perhaps, of 1500 or 2000. These are larger than the workers, and of a darker colour. They make a great noise in flying, and have no sting. The whole labour of the community is performed by the workers. They elaborate the wax and construct the cells; they collect the honey and feed the brood. The drones, numerous as they are, serve no other purpose than to ensure the impregnation of the few young queens that may be produced in the course of the season; and they are regularly massacred by the workers in the beginning of autumn.

It is the office of the queen bee to lay the eggs. These remain about three days in the cells before they are hatched. A small white *worm* then makes its appearance, called indifferently *worm*, *larva*, *maggot*, or *grub*. This larva is fed with honey for some days, and then changes into a *nymph* or *pupa*.* After passing a certain period in this state, it comes forth a perfect winged insect.

M. Huber sets out with describing the kind of improved glass hive, which he employed in his experiments, and which he himself invented. He styles it the *leaf-hive* or *book-hive* [*ruche en feuillets*, or *ruche en livre*] from its opening and shutting somewhat in the manner of the leaves of a book. It consists of several frames or boxes, a foot square, and in width fifteen French lines, or sixteen English: that is, an inch and one third. The boxes are placed parallel to each other, and connected together by hinges. Availing himself of a known instinct in the bees leading them to complete any piece of a comb in the direction in which they find it begun, unless they meet with some insurmountable obstacle, he placed pieces of comb in each box, in such a position as to induce them to build perpendicular to the horizon. The lateral surfaces of the combs were thus only three or four lines distant from the glass panes; and, by opening the different divisions of the hive successively, both surfaces of every comb were, at pleasure, brought fully into view. M. Huber did not experience any difficulty in introducing swarms into these leaf-hives; and he found, that after the lapse of about three days, when the colony was fairly established, the bees submitted patiently to his daily inspections. Their tranquillity he ascribes, with some probability, to the surprise, and perhaps fear, produced by the sudden admission of the light; for he observed that they were always less tractable after sunset. An engraved plan of the leaf-hive accompanies the work; and from it, along with the explanation given by the author, we have no doubt that any person, fond of observing the wonderful economy of the busy tribe, might easily construct such a hive. And we believe that he would also find it most excellently adapted to the purpose in view. Both the queen bee and the drones being considerably larger than the working bees, by adapting glass tubes exactly to the size of the workers, both queens and drones may be effectually excluded, or effectually kept prisoners, as the nature of the experiments may require.

The work appears in the form of letters, written, or supposed to be written, by M. Huber to the late M. Bonnet, the celebrated author of the *Contemplation de la Nature*. Nine of the letters are occupied with the

* Some authors employ the terms *chrysalis* and *aurelia*, in speaking of bees, as if they were synonimous with *nympha*: but a nymph is distinguished by being always rather soft; of a pale or dull colour; and exhibiting the traces of the extremities; while a *chrysalis* or *aurelia* is crustaceous, and generally, as implied in the name, of a golden yellow colour.

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natural history of the queen bee; three treat of the formation of swarms; and the last, or thirteenth letter, contains some economical considerations on bees. The experiments are detailed with great perspicuity, pretty much in the familiar style in which they had been entered in M. Huber's journal. By this means, the reader is in some measure led to consider himself as looking on, or assisting the author to perform them. Subjoined to the first letter, there is an epistle from M. Bonnet to Huber, in which that philosopher suggests a number of experiments, the prosecution and results of several of which, are related in the subsequent part of the work.

In the first two letters, he treats of the impregnation of the queen bee, a subject hitherto involved in the most profound obscurity. The drones are evidently males; but the most careful observation had never been able to detect any thing like sexual intercourse between them and the queen bees. Schirach, a German naturalist, well known for his discoveries concerning bees, boldly denied that such intercourse was necessary to her impregnation; and in this he is stoutly supported by our countryman Bonner. Swammerdam, again, remarking that the drones, at certain seasons, when collected in clusters, exhaled a strong odour, broached an opinion that this odour, proceeding from whole clusters of drones, was a kind of *aura seminalis*, which produced fecundation by penetrating the body of the female. There are generally from 1500 to 2000 males in a hive, while there are only two or three queens to be impregnated in a season: and Swammerdam seemed to have found, in his hypothesis, an easy explanation of this enormous disproportion in the numbers of the sexes. Réaumur, however, combated this fanciful doctrine; and our author has confuted it by direct experiment. He confined all the drones of a hive in a tin case, perforated with minute holes, sufficient to allow any emanation to escape. This tin case was placed in a well inhabited hive, where there was a young queen, who could not fail to be subjected to the odour; but she remained barren.

Maraldi was the first to suggest another hypothesis, which apparently possessed a greater degree of probability. He imagined that the eggs were fecundified by the drones, after being deposited in the cells, in a way analogous to the fecundation of the spawn of fishes by the milters. Mr. Debraw, of Cambridge (in Phil. Trans. 1777) strenuously supported this doctrine, and gave it a certain degree of plausibility, by referring to numerous experiments. He even affirmed, that the milt-like fluid of the drones might be seen in the cells. The supposition, that the drones performed this important office, satisfactorily accounted for the prodigious numbers of them found in a hive. But Mr. Debraw does not seem to have attended to this circumstance; that great numbers of eggs are laid by the queen between the months of September and April which prove fertile, although in that season there exist no males to supply the milt-like liquor. M. Huber is of opinion, that the appearance of a fluid had been merely an optical illusion, arising from the reflection of the light at the bottom of the cell. He made the direct experiment of rigidly excluding every male from a hive, and yet found that eggs laid by the queen in this interval were as fertile as when the males were admitted. Mr. Debraw's opinion, therefore, must be erroneous; for the fertility of these eggs must have depended on the previous impregnation of the queen herself, and not on any thing that could happen after they were deposited.

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M. Hattorf, in a memoir published in Schirach's work, * endeavoured to show that the queen is impregnated by herself. This was also M. Schirach's opinion; and it seems to be that of Mr. Bonner. It is an opinion, however, that requires no refutation. The cautious Huber, remarking how much confusion had arisen from making experiments with queens taken indiscriminately from the hive (the source of the errour just mentioned) thenceforward selected those which were decidedly in a virgin state, and with whose history he was acquainted from the moment they had left the cell.

The illustrious Linnæus was of opinion that the queen bees formed an actual union with the drones; and he seems even to have suspected that this union proved fatal to the latter. His opinion on both points has now been verified. For, from many experiments made in the course of the years 1787 and 1788, M. Huber found, that the young queens are never impregnated as long as they remain in the interiour of the hive. If confined within its walls, they continue barren, though amidst a seraglio of males. To receive the approaches of the male, the queen soars high in the air, choosing that time of day when the heat has induced the drones to issue from the hive; and love is now ascertained to be the motive of the only distant journey which a young queen ever makes. From this excursion she returns in the space of about half an hour, with the most evident marks of fecundation; for, far from being satisfied with the prolifick *aura* of Swammerdam, she actually carries away with her the *ipsa verenda* of the poor drone who never lives to see his offspring; but falls a sacrifice to the momentary bliss of his aërial amour. The most complete proof of these facts is afforded by the detail of a number of concurring experiments. It is curious that our countryman Bonner should have remarked those aërial excursions of the young queens, without ever suspecting their real object, or observing the marks of fecundation upon their return to the hive. The worthy bee-master thought they were merely taking an airing. "I have often," says he, "seen young queens take an airing on the second or third day of their age." † M. Huber also assigns a satisfactory cause for the existence of such a great number of males. "As the queen is obliged to traverse the expanse of the atmosphere," he observes, "it is requisite the males should be numerous, that she may have the chance of meeting some one of them. But the reason why impregnation cannot be accomplished within the hive, has not yet been ascertained."

In letter third, M. Huber states the accidental discovery of the very singular and unexpected consequences which follow from retarding the impregnation of the queen bee beyond the twentieth or twenty-first day of her life. In the natural order of things, or when impregnation is not retarded, the queen begins to lay the eggs of workers forty-six hours after her intercourse with the male, "and she continues for the subsequent eleven months to lay these alone [only;] and it is only after this period, that a considerable and uninterrupted laying of the eggs of drones commences. When, on the contrary, impregnation is retarded after the twentieth day, the queen begins, from the forty-sixth hour, to lay the eggs of drones; and she lays no other kind during her whole life." It would be tedious to detail the experiments. They were numerous, and the results uniform. "I occupied myself," says M. Huber, "the remainder of 1787, and the two subsequent years, with experiments on retarded fecundation, and had constantly the same results. It is undoubted, therefore, that when the copulation of queens is retarded beyond the twentieth day, only an imperfect impregnation is operated; instead of lay-

* Histoire Naturelle de la Reine des Abeilles, 1772.

† Bonner on Bees, 8vo edit. p. 165.

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ing the eggs of workers and of males equally, she will lay those males only." p. 52.

This discovery is entirely M. Huber's own; and so difficult is it to offer any plausible explanation of the fact, that he himself has scarcely attempted it. The difficulty is much increased when we consider, that a single interview with the male is sufficient for fecundifying the whole eggs that a queen will lay in the course of at least two years, p. 54.; and that therefore it would be in vain to say, that an early impregnation may be necessary for the eggs of workers, and a later for those of drones. It will be recollected, that, in the natural state, the queen lays the eggs of workers for the first eleven months, to the amount of many thousands, before she lays a single drone egg; but that when her impregnation has been for a few days retarded, she begins at once to lay the eggs of drones. The generally admitted principle of the successive expansion of eggs, renders this very puzzling; for how comes it that the eggs of drones, which naturally require eleven months to come to perfection in the ovaria of the queen, are, in this case, perfected in forty-eight hours? What has become of the vast multitude of workers' eggs that the queen ought first to have deposited? It is certain that, during the first twenty days of her life, the eggs of workers ought to be laid; but it would seem, that intercourse with the male being denied, the first set of eggs become effete; they waste away, and perhaps drop from the animal. A fact mentioned by M. Huber, in a subsequent page, p. 65, seems to support this notion. "The body of those queens whose impregnation has been retarded, is shorter than common: the extremity remains slender, while the first two rings next the thorax are uncommonly swoln." On dissecting the double ovary, both branches were found to be equally expanded and equally sound; but the eggs were apparently not placed so closely together as in common queens. A queen, in ordinary circumstances, lays about 3000 eggs in the space of two months, which is at the rate of 50 a day. It was not correctly ascertained, whether the queens whose impregnation was retarded laid a number of drone eggs corresponding to the whole number of eggs both of workers and drones which they ought to have deposited; but it is certain that they laid a greater number of drone eggs than they ought naturally to have done. The hives in which only drones were produced, always failed, and, indeed, generally broke up before the queens had done laying; for, after the lapse of some time, the workers finding themselves overwhelmed with drones, *fruges consumere nati*, and receiving no increase of their own number, abandoned the hive, and at the same time despatched their unfortunate sovereign.—In order to throw some light on this curious subject, M. Huber suggests the propriety of instituting analogous experiments on other insects; by retarding, for example, the impregnation of the females of other species of bees, of wasps, and of butterflies.

In the course of a number of experiments made on this subject, some other curious points in the natural history of the bee were accidentally illustrated. Thus a queen, twenty-seven days old, having been impregnated on the 31st of October, did not begin to lay at the expiration of forty-six hours, apparently on account of the weather having, in the mean time, become extremely cold. She was confined in a hive all winter; and on the 4th of April ensuing, prodigious numbers both of larvæ and pupæ were found; and all of them produced drones.

Here, as in other experiments, retardation had rendered the queen incapable of laying the eggs of workers: but this result is the more remarkable, as she did not commence laying until four months and a half after fecundation. It is not rigorously true, therefore, that the term of forty-six hours elapses between the copulation of the female and her laying; the interval may be much longer if the weather grows cold. Lastly,

it follows, that although cold will retard the laying of a queen impregnated in autumn, she will begin to lay in spring without requiring new copulation. p. 63.

Again, M. Huber had an opportunity of correcting those naturalists who maintain, that the working bees are charged with the task of conveying into proper cells such eggs as may be misplaced by the queen. He put a queen, who was ready to lay workers' eggs, into a prepared hive which contained only the cells of drones, but which communicated, by a narrow tube (sufficient to permit workers to pass, but too small for the queen) with another hive which contained plenty of the cells of workers. The queen, taught by nature the kind of eggs she was about to lay, searched about for suitable cells; but finding none, she chose rather to drop her eggs at random, than place those of workers in the cells of drones. The eggs thus dropped soon disappeared; and careless observers might have concluded that they were carried off by the workers to the proper cells; but none were to be seen there; and the author soon ascertained that they were really eaten up by the workers. Thus it was proved that the care of depositing properly the respective kinds of eggs, is left entirely to the instinct of the queen, and that the workers running off with misplaced eggs in order to devour them, has been mistaken for their tenderly conveying them to the right cells.—When the impregnation of the queen bee is retarded, her instinct seems to suffer; for she then lays her eggs indiscriminately in large and in small cells; those laid in large cells producing large drones; those in small cells, small drones; and she has been known to lay the eggs of drones even in royal cells, some of which kind of cells the bees always take care to construct whenever the queen begins to lay male eggs. It is remarkable that the workers were, on those last occasions deceived, and treated the embryo drones as if they had been truly of the royal blood.

The working bees had for ages been considered as entirely destitute of sex; and hence, in the writings of many authors, they are denominated *neuters*. From the experiments of Schirach and of Huber, it seems now to be clearly ascertained that the workers are really of the female sex; but that the organs of generation are small and imperfect, being capable, however, of development, if the larvæ be fed with royal jelly.

Letter fourth accordingly treats of Schirach's curious discovery, which is amply confirmed by Huber. The discovery was this: That when bees are, by any accident, deprived of their queen, they have the power of selecting one or two grubs of workers, and of converting them into queens; and that they accomplish this, by greatly enlarging the cells of those selected larvæ, by supplying them more copiously with food, and with food of a more pungent sort than is given to the common larvæ. "All my researches," says our author, p. 77, "establish the reality of the discovery. During ten years that I have studied bees, I have repeated M. Schirach's experiment so often, and with such uniform success, that I can no longer have the least doubt on the subject." The same testimony is given by Mr. Bonner, who declares, that "having repeated the experiment again and again, he can affirm it with the utmost confidence and certainty."* M. Schirach's discovery may now, therefore, be considered as established beyond controversy; and the late Mr. John Hunter's sarcastick strictures, in the Philosophical Transactions for 1792, must consequently fall to the ground. Mr. Key's violent scepticism must at length also be overruled. That gentleman has declared that he made experiments for eight years on the subject, without obtaining a single favourable result; † but this ill luck can now, we think, be ascribed only to some un-

* Bonner on bees, p. 60.

† Bath Society's Papers, vol. V.

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accountable awkwardness, or some unhappy blunder in performing the experiments.

M. Huber gives the following curious account of the manner in which bees proceed in forming capacious cells for the workers' grubs destined to royalty.

Bees soon become sensible of having lost their queen, and in a few hours commence the labour necessary to repair their loss. First, they select the young, common worms, which the requisite treatment is to convert into queens, and immediately begin with enlarging the cells where they are deposited. Their mode of proceeding is curious; and the better to illustrate it, I shall describe the labour bestowed on a single cell, which will apply to all the rest containing worms destined for queens. Having chosen a worm, they sacrifice three of the contiguous cells; next they supply it with food, and raise a cylindrical enclosure around, by which the cell becomes a perfect tube, with a rhomboidal bottom; for the parts forming the bottom are left untouched. If the bees damaged it, they would lay open three corresponding cells on the opposite surface of the comb, and consequently destroy their worms, which would be an unnecessary sacrifice, and nature has opposed it. Therefore, leaving the bottom rhomboidal they are satisfied with raising a cylindrical tube around the worm, which, like the other cells in the comb, is horizontal. But this habitation remains suitable to the worm called to the royal state, only during the first three days of its existence. Another situation is requisite for the other two days it is a worm. Then, which is so small a portion of its life, it must inhabit a cell nearly of a pyramidal figure, and hanging perpendicularly. The workers, therefore, gnaw away the cells surrounding the cylindrical tube, mercilessly sacrifice their worms, and use the wax in constructing a new pyramidal tube, which they solder at right angles to the first, and work it downwards. The diameter of this pyramid decreases insensibly from the base, which is very wide, to the point. In proportion as the worm grows, the bees labour in extending the cell, and bring food, which they place before its mouth, and around its body, forming a kind of cord around it. The worm, which can move only in a spiral direction, turns incessantly to take the food before its head: it insensibly descends, and at length arrives at the orifice of the cell. Now is the time of transformation to a nymph. As any further care is unnecessary, the bees close the cell with a peculiar substance appropriated for it, and there the worm undergoes both its metamorphoses. p. 78—80.

Our author states several points, however, in which his experience leads him to differ from M. Schirach. The latter observer having remarked, that larvæ three days old were generally selected for the royal treatment, concluded that this age of three days was an essential requisite; but M. Huber found, that those two days old, or only a few hours old, were sometimes chosen to the throne, and became perfect queens. We shall extract one experiment at length, as it both demonstrates the reality of common larvæ being converted into queens, and shows the little influence which their age has on the effects of the operation.

I put some pieces of comb, with some workers' eggs, in the cells, and of the same kind as those already hatched, into a hive deprived of the queen. The same day several cells were enlarged by the bees, and converted into royal cells, and the worms supplied with a thick bed of jelly. Five were then removed from those cells, and five common worms, which, forty-eight hours before, we had seen come from the egg, substituted for them. The bees did not seem aware of the change; they watched over the new worms the same as over those chosen by themselves; they continued enlarging the cells, and closed them at the usual time. When they had brooded on them [for such seems to be M. Huber's opinion] for seven days, we removed the cells, to see the queens that were to be produced. Two were excluded, almost at the same moment, of the largest size, and well formed in every respect. The term of the other cells having elapsed, and no queen appearing, we opened them. In one was a dead queen, but still a nymph. The other two were empty. The worms had spun their silk coccoons, but died before passing into their nymphine state, and presented only a dry skin. I can conceive nothing more conclusive than this experiment. It demonstrates that bees have the power of converting worms of workers into queens, since they succeeded in procuring queens by operating on the worms which we ourselves had selected. It is equally demonstrated, that the success of the operation does not depend on the worms being three days old, as those intrusted to the bees were only two. p. 81—82.

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He mentions another experiment, by which it appears that larvæ only a few hours old, as already hinted, are sometimes destined to replace a lost queen.

In his fifth letter M. Huber relates some experiments which confirm the singular discovery of M. Riems, concerning the existence, occasionally, of common working bees that are capable of laying eggs—which, we may remark, is certainly a most convincing proof of their being of the female sex. Eggs were observed to increase in number daily in a hive in which there were no queens of the usual appearance; but small queens considerably resemble workers, and to discriminate them required minute inspection.

My assistant, says M. Huber, then offered to perform an operation that required both courage and patience, and which I could not resolve to suggest, though the same expedient had occurred to myself. He proposed to examine each bee in the hive separately, to discover whether some small queen had not insinuated herself among them, and escaped our first researches.—It was necessary, therefore, to seize the whole bees, notwithstanding their irritation, and to examine their specifick character with the utmost care. This my assistant undertook, and executed with great address. Eleven days were employed in it; and, during all that time, he scarcely allowed himself any relaxation, but what the relief of his eyes required. He took every bee in his hand; he attentively examined the trunk, the hind limbs, and the sting; and he found that there was not one without the characteristicks of the common bee, that is, the little basket on the hind legs, the long trunk, and the straight sting. p. 91—92.

They afterwards seized a fertile worker in the very act of laying; and they thus describe her appearance, p. 94. "She presented all the external characteristicks of common bees; the only difference we could recognise, and that was a very slight one, consisted in the belly seeming less, and more slender than that of workers. On dissection, her ovaries were found more fragile, smaller, and composed of fewer oviducts than the ovaries of queens. We counted eleven eggs of sensible size, some of which appeared ripe for laying. This ovary was double, like that of queens." How or when these fertile workers are impregnated is quite unknown.

Fertile workers resemble queens whose impregnation has been retarded, in this, that they lay the eggs of drones only, never those of workers; and also in this, that they sometimes place their eggs in royal cells. It is remarkable, however, that in the case of queens, whose impregnation has been retarded, laying their eggs in royal cells, the bees build them up, and brood over them until the last metamorphosis of the included drones; but that when eggs are deposited in royal cells by fertile workers, the bees, although at first they pay due attention to the larvæ, never fail to destroy them in the course of a few days.

Schirach's discoveries certainly proved, that common working bees are radically of the female sex. Huber, we have seen, detected and described their ovaries; and the notion, long entertained, of their being of the *neuter* gender, is now justly exploded as a solecism in animated nature. Here, we cannot help observing, that the doctrine of workers being of the female sex, has accidentally, and most unintentionally, received a very striking collateral confirmation from one of its most eminent opposers. Linnæus had asserted* that there are ten joints in the antennæ of queens; eleven in those of drones; and fifteen in those of workers: and his assertion on this point naturally passed current as authentick fact. Taking it for granted, therefore, that there existed such a discrepancy in the structure of the antennæ of queens and of workers, naturalists were startled at the new doctrine, that both were

* Systema Naturæ, art. Apis mellifica. "Regina (fœmina) antennis articulis 10, &c. Fuci (mares) antennis 11-articulatis, &c. perariæ (spadones) antennis 15-articulatis, &c."

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females, and that the larvæ of workers could be converted into queens. Mr. Kirby (the acute and laborious author of the *Monographiæ Apum Angliæ*, in which he has described above 220 species, natives of England) has corrected the Swedish knight, and informs us, that there are positively the same number of articulations in the antennæ of queens, as in those of workers. This testimony is not the less deserving of credit, that it militates against Mr. Kirby's own notions, who continues to argue for workers being proper neuters.

M. Huber imagines he has discovered the cause of the partial expansion of the sexual organs in those workers that prove fertile. He observes, that fertile workers appear in those hives only that have lost the queen, and where, of course, a quantity of royal jelly is prepared for feeding the larvæ intended to replace her. He suspects that the bees, either by accident, or by a particular instinct, the principle of which is unknown, drop some particles of royal jelly into cells, contiguous to those containing the worms destined for queens. The larvæ of workers that thus casually receive portions of this active aliment, are affected by it, and their ovaries acquire a certain degree of expansion. From the want of full feeding, and owing to the smallness of their cells, this expansion is only partial, and such fertile workers remain of the ordinary size of working bees, and lay only a few eggs. The royal jelly, when pure, may be known by its pungent taste;* but when mixed with other substances, it is not easily distinguished. M. Huber repeatedly tried to feed some of the larvæ of workers in other parts of the hive, with the royal jelly, in order to observe the consequences; but he found this to be a vain attempt, the bees immediately destroying such worms, and themselves devouring the food. It has not, therefore, been directly ascertained, that all fertile workers proceed from larvæ that have received portions of the royal food; but M. Huber observed, that they were uniformly such as had passed the vermicular state, in cells contiguous to the royal ones. "The bees," he remarks, "in their course thither, will pass in numbers over them, stop, and drop some portion of the jelly destined for the royal larvæ." This reasoning, though not conclusive, is plausible. The result is so uniform, that M. Huber says he can, whenever he pleases, produce fertile workers in his hives. They are, probably, he adds, always produced, in greater or less numbers, whenever the bees have to create to themselves a new queen. And the reason that they are so seldom seen, probably is, that the queen bees attack and destroy them without mercy whenever they perceive them.

Letters sixth and seventh, treat of the combats of queens; the massacre of the males; and of the reception a stranger queen meets with in a hive. When a supernumerary queen is produced in a hive, or is introduced into it in the course of experiment, either she or the rightful owner soon perishes. The German naturalists, Schirach and Riems, imagined that the working bees assailed the stranger, and stung her to death. Réaumeur considered it as more probable, that the sceptre was made to depend on the issue of a single combat between the claimants; and this conjecture is verified by the observations of Huber. The same hostility towards rivals, and destructive vengeance against royal cells, animates all queens, whether they be vir-

* Mr. Bonner puzzles much about this royal jelly, whether it be of a *generative* or a *nutritive* nature. He inclines to the former opinion, while he at the same time admits, that in this case we must take it for granted that the working bees are males! But this difficulty he pleasantly enough considers as counterbalanced by one on the other side; for if the jelly be merely of a nutritive nature, then, says he, the queen is self-prolifick, or a hermophrodite!

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gins, or in a state of impregnation, or the mothers of numerous broods. The working bees, it may here be remarked, remain quiet spectators of the destruction, by the first hatched queen, of the remaining royal cells. They approach only to share in the plunder presented by their havock-making mistress, greedily devouring any food found at the bottom of the cells, and even sucking the fluid from the abdomen of the nymphs before they toss out the carcases.

The following fact, connected with this subject, is one of the most curious, perhaps, in the whole history of this wonderful insect. Whenever the workers perceive that there are two rival queens in the hive, numbers of them crowd around each. They seem to be perfectly aware of the approaching deadly conflict, and willing to prompt their amazonian chieftains to the battle; for, as often as the queens show a disinclination to fight, or seem inclined to recede from each other, or to fly off, the bees immediately surround and detain them; but when either combatant shows a disposition to approach her antagonist, all the bees forming the clusters instantly give way to allow her full liberty for the attack. p. 117. It seems strange that those bees who in general show so much anxiety about the safety of their queen, should, in particular circumstances, oppose her preparations to avoid impending danger,—should seem to promote the battle, and to excite the fury of the combatants.

When a queen is removed from a hive, the bees do not immediately perceive it. They continue their labours; "watch over the young; and perform all their ordinary occupations. But, in a few hours, agitation ensues; all appears a scene of tumult in the hive. A singular humming is heard; the bees desert their young; and rush over the surface of the combs with a delirious impetuosity." They have now evidently discovered that their sovereign is gone; and the rapidity with which the bad news now spreads through the hive, to the opposite side of the combs, is very remarkable. On replacing the queen in the hive, tranquillity is almost instantly restored. The bees, it is worthy of notice, recognise the individual person of their own queen. If another be palmed upon them, they seize and surround her, so that she is either suffocated or perishes by hunger; for it is very remarkable, that the workers are never known to attack a queen bee with their stings. If, however, more than eighteen hours have elapsed before the stranger queen be introduced, she has some chance to escape. The bees do at first seize and confine her; but less rigidly; and they soon begin to disperse, and at length leave her to reign over a hive in which she was at first treated as a prisoner. If twenty-four hours have elapsed, the stranger will be well received from the first, and at once admitted to the sovereignty of the hive. In short, it appears that the bees, when deprived of their queen, are thrown into great agitation; that they wait about twenty hours, apparently in hopes of her return; but that after this interregnum, the agitation ceases; and they set about supplying their loss by beginning to construct royal cells. It is when they are in this temper, and not sooner, that a stranger queen will be graciously received: and upon her being presented to them, the royal cells, in whatever state of forwardness they may happen to be, are instantly abandoned, and the larvæ destroyed. Réaumeur must, therefore, have mistaken the result of his own experiments, when he asserts, that a stranger queen is instantly well received, though presented at the moment when the other is withdrawn. He had seen the bees crowding around her at the entrance of the hive, and laying their antennæ over her; and this he seems to have taken for caressing. The structure of the hives he employed, prevented him from seeing further. Had he used the leaf-hive,

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or one of similar construction, he would have perceived that the apparent caresses of the guards were only the prelude of actual imprisonment.

It is well known that after the season of swarming, a general massacre of the drones is commenced. Several authors assert in their writings, that the workers do not sting the drones to death, but merely harass them till they be banished from the hive and perish. M. Huber contrived a glass table, on which he placed several hives, and he was thus able to see distinctly what passed in the bottom of the hive, which is generally dark and concealed. He witnessed a real and furious massacre of the males, the workers thrusting their stings so deep into the bodies of the defenceless drones, that they were obliged to turn on themselves as on a pivot, before they could extricate them. The work of death commenced in all the hives much about the same time. It is not, however, by a blind or indiscriminating instinct that the workers are impelled thus to sacrifice the males; for if a hive be deprived of its queen, no massacre of the males takes place in it, while the hottest persecution rages in all the surrounding hives. In this case, the males are allowed to survive over winter. Mr. Bonner had observed this fact. He supposed, however, that the workers thus tolerated the drones for the sake of the additional heat they generated in the hive; but we now see the true reason to be, that their aid is needed to impregnate a new queen. The drones are also suffered to exist in hives that possess fertile workers, but no proper queen; and, what is remarkable, they are likewise spared in hives governed by a queen whose impregnation has been retarded. Here, then, we perceive a counter instinct opposed to that which would have impelled them to the usual massacre.

Letter eighth is occupied with miscellaneous topicks. The author first investigates whether the queen be really oviparous; and this point he clearly ascertains in the affirmative.

He next states the different periods at which the transformations occur, in the case of the different orders of queen, worker, and drone; and his information being minute, and no doubt correctly accurate, we shall extract it.

The worm of workers passes three days in the egg; five in the vermicular state; and then the bees close up its cell with a wax covering. The worm now begins spinning its coccoon, in which operation thirty-six hours are consumed. In three days it changes to a nymph, and it passes six days in this form. It is only on the twentieth day of its existence, counting from the moment the egg is laid, that it attains the fly state.—The royal worm also passes three days in the egg, and is five a worm. The bees then close its cell, and it immediately begins spinning the coccoon, which occupies twenty-four hours. The tenth and eleventh day it remains in complete repose, and even sixteen hours of the twelfth. Then the transformation to a nymph takes place, in which state four and one-third days are passed. Thus, it is not before the sixteenth day that the perfect state of queen is attained.—The male worm passes three days in the egg, six and a half as a worm, and metamorphoses into a fly on the twenty-fourth day after the egg is laid. p. 151—152.

The author then examines the effects of position on the growth of the larvæ. The bodies of the larvæ, in the cells of workers and drones, are placed perpendicular to the horizon. Those in royal cells lie horizontally. It was suspected that the horizontal posture somehow promoted the increment of the royal grub; but M. Huber found, that a complete reversal of the position was followed by no perceptible consequence to the larvæ.

We have, in the next place, some remarks on the coccoons spun by the different larvæ. Workers and drones both spin complete coccoons, or enclose themselves on every side. Royal larvæ, however, construct only imperfect coccoons, open behind, and enveloping only the head, thorax, and first ring of the abdomen. M. Huber concludes, without any hesitation, that the final cause of the royal larvæ forming only incomplete coccoons, is

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that they may thus be exposed to the mortal sting of the first-hatched queen, whose instinct leads her instantly to seek the destruction of those that would soon become her rivals; and he calls upon us to admire the providence of Nature, in thus exposing the royal larvæ to fatal danger. p. 159

In the close of the letter, we have an account of an experiment instituted to determine the influence which the size of the cells might have on the size of the bees produced in them. All the larvæ were removed from a comb of drones' cells, and the larvæ of workers substituted in their place. The bees, it may be remarked, immediately showed that they were aware of the change which had been effected; for they did not close the cells with the convex covering always placed over the males, but gave them quite a flat top. The result proved that the size of the cells does not materially influence the size of the bees; or, at least, that although a small cell may cramp the size of a worker, yet, that workers bred in large cells do not exceed the ordinary bulk.

In letters ninth, tenth, and eleventh, the author treats of the formation of swarms. But in the first place, he gives an interesting account of the hatching of the queen bee. When the pupa is about to change into the perfect insect, the bees render the cover of the cell thinner by gnawing away part of the wax; and with so much nicety do they perform this operation, that the cover at last becomes pellucid, owing to its extreme thinness. This must not only facilitate the exit of the fly, but, M. Huber remarks, it may possibly be useful in permitting the evaporation of the superabundant fluids of the nymph. After the transformation is complete, the young queens would, in common course, immediately emerge from their cells, as workers and drones do; but the bees always keep them prisoners for some days in their cells, supplying them in the mean time with honey for food; a small hole being made in the door of each cell, through which the confined bee extends its proboscis to receive it. The royal prisoners continually utter a kind of song, the modulations of which are said to vary. The final cause of this temporary imprisonment, it is suggested, may possibly be, that they may be able to take flight, at the instant they are liberated. When a young queen does at last get out, she meets with rather an awkward reception. She is pulled, bit, and chased, as often as she happens to approach the other royal cells in the hive. The purpose of nature here seems to be, that she should be impelled to go off with a swarm as soon as possible. A curious fact was observed on these occasions. When the queen found herself much harassed, she had only to utter a peculiar noise (the commanding voice, we may presume, of sovereignty) and all the bees were instantaneously constrained to submission and obedience. This is, indeed, one of the most marked instances in which the queen exerts her sovereign power. It seems entirely to have escaped the notice of Mr. Bonner, who declares that he never could observe in the queen any thing like an exertion of sovereignty.*

The conclusions at which M. Huber arrives on the subject of swarms, are the following.

1*st*, "A swarm is always led off by a single queen, either the sovereign of the parent hive, or one recently brought into existence. If, at the return of spring, we examine a hive well peopled, and governed by a fertile queen, we shall see her lay a prodigious number of male eggs in the course of May, and the workers will choose that moment for constructing several royal cells." p. 202. This laying of male eggs in May, M. Huber calls the *great*

* Bonner on Bees, p. 52.

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laying; and he remarks, that no queen ever has a great laying till she be eleven months old. It is only after finishing this laying, that she is able to undertake the journey implied in leading a swarm; for, previously to this, "*latum trahit alvum,*" which unfits her for flying. There appears to be a secret relation between the production of male eggs and the construction of royal cells. The great laying commonly lasts thirty days: and regularly on the twentieth or twenty-first, several royal cells are founded.

2*dly*, "When the larvæ hatched from the eggs laid by the queen in the royal cells are ready to transform to nymphs, this queen leaves the hive, conducting a swarm along with her; and the first swarm that proceeds from the hive is uniformly conducted by the old queen." p. 205. M. Huber remarks, that it was necessary that instinct should impel the old queen to lead forth the first swarm; for that she being the strongest, would never have failed to have overthrown the younger competitors for the throne. An old queen, as has been already said, never quits a hive at the head of a swarm, till she have finished her laying of male eggs; but this is of importance, not merely that she may be lighter and fitter for flight, but that she may be ready to begin with the laying of workers' eggs in her new habitation, workers being the bees first needed in order to secure the continuance and prosperity of the newly founded commonwealth.

3*dly*, "After the old queen has conducted the first swarm from the hive, the remaining bees take particular care of the royal cells, and prevent the young queens successively hatched, from leaving them, unless at an interval of several days between each." p. 207. Under this head, he introduces a number of general remarks, some of which may prove useful. "A swarm, he observes, is never seen, unless in a fine day; or, to speak more correctly, at a time of the day when the sun shines, and the air is calm. Sometimes we have observed all the precursors of swarming, disorder and agitation; but a cloud passed before the sun, and tranquillity was restored; the bees thought no more of swarming. An hour afterwards, the sun having again appeared, the tumult was renewed; it rapidly augmented; and the swarm departed." p. 211. A certain degree of tumult commences as soon as the young queens are hatched, and begin to traverse the hive. The agitation soon pervades the whole bees; and such a ferment then rages, that M. Huber has often observed the thermometer in the hive rise suddenly from about 92° to above 104°. This suffocating heat he considers as one of the means employed by nature for urging the bees to go off in swarms. In warm weather, one strong hive has been known to send off four swarms in eighteen days.

4*thly*, "The young queens conducting swarms from their native hive, are still in a virgin state." p. 221. The day after being settled in their new abode, they generally set out in quest of the males, and this is usually the fifth day of their existence as queens. Old queens conducting the first swarms require no renewal of their intercourse with the male, a single interview being sufficient to fecundate all the eggs that a queen will lay for at least two years. This is considered by Mr. Bonner as quite an incredible circumstance; insomuch that he remarks, either in a sarcastick, or in a very innocent style, that if a queen bee "should continue for seven or eight months with about 12,000 impregnated eggs in her ovarium, it certainly would make her appear very large!"* The worthy bee master seems to have fancied that an egg could not be fecundated till it were of the full size, and ready for exclusion. It is a fact, however, ascertained beyond contro-

* Bonner on Bees, p. 69.

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versy by M. Huber, that "a single copulation is sufficient to impregnate the whole eggs that a queen will lay in the course of at least two years. I have even reason to think, he adds, that a single copulation will impregnate all the eggs that she will lay during her whole life; but I want absolute proof for more than two years." p. 54.

Towards the close of the eleventh letter, we have some remarks on the wonderful instincts of bees; and in hazarding these, M. Huber is duly cautious. He resolves all into what Shakspeare calls a "ruling nature;" and disapproves both of Réaumeur for ascribing wisdom and foresight to them, and of Buffon for considering them as mere automata. We do not imagine he would be at all more indulgent to our learned countryman Mr. Knight, who, in a late paper on the economy of bees,* has intimated his belief that they can hold consultations, and communicate different kinds of intelligence to each other. "If their language," he goes the length of saying, "be not in some degree a language of ideas, it appears to be something very similar."

In the twelfth letter, we find additional observations on queens that lay only the eggs of drones, or whose fecundation has been retarded. The instinct of such queens seems to be impaired. They show no antipathy to royal cells, but pass quietly over them without indicating any emotion; while other queens exhibit the greatest enmity against those of their own sex that are in the nymphine state. Some observations are added on the effects produced by mutilating the bodies of queens. Swammerdam had asserted, that if the wings of queens be cut, they are rendered sterile. This appeared rather strange and improbable. M. Huber accordingly found, that the cutting of the wings of impregnated queens produced no effect on them; and he concludes, certainly with great probability, that Swammerdam had cut the wings of virgin queens, who had not therefore been able to seek the males in the air, and so remained barren. The amputation of one antenna, M. Huber found, had no bad effect on a queen; but when deprived of both, she was much deranged. She dropped her eggs at random; and when the bees fed her, she often missed her aim in attempting to catch hold of the morsel they presented to her. M. Huber placed two queens deprived of the antennæ in the same hive. The loss of their feelers seemed to have put an end to their natural animosity. They passed and repassed each other, without taking the least notice. Both of them constantly endeavoured to leave the hive. M. Huber declares, that he cannot say whether the antennæ be the organs of touch or smell; but he suggests that they may possibly fulfil both functions at once. It seems fully as probable that they are the instruments of a peculiar sense, of the nature of which we have no conception, and for which, consequently, we have no name.

In the thirteenth and last letter, we have several useful observations on the economical treatment of bees. It has already been hinted, that M. Huber's leaf-hive might be employed with advantage by practical men. It is well calculated, for example, for producing artificial swarms, on the principle of Schirach's discovery. "In the leaf-hive we can see whether the population is sufficient to admit of division,—if the brood is of proper age,—if males exist or are ready to be produced for impregnating the young queen." By means of it, also, bees may be induced to work much more in wax than they would naturally do. "Here, says M. Huber, I am led to what I believe is a new observation. While naturalists have directed our admiration to the parallel position of the combs, they have overlooked another trait in the industry of bees, namely, the equal distance uniformly be-

* Phil. Trans. 1807, part ii.

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tween them. On measuring the interval separating the combs, it will generally be found about four lines. Were they too distant, it is very evident the bees would be much dispersed, and unable to communicate their heat reciprocally; whence the brood would not be exposed to sufficient warmth. Were the combs too close, on the contrary, the bees could not freely traverse the intervals, and the work of the hive would suffer." p 263. This instinct being admitted, it is evident that bees may be induced to construct new combs, by merely separating those already built, so far asunder, that they may have room to build others in the interval.

The cause of the bees, which has been so eloquently and pathetically pleaded by the poet of the Seasons, is supported by M. Huber on a principle more intelligible, perhaps, and more persuasive, to most country bee masters,—*viz.* interest. He deprecates the destruction of bees, and recommends to the cultivator to be content with a reasonable share of the wealth of the hive; arguing, very justly we believe, that a little taken from each of a number of hives, is ultimately much more profitable, than a greater quantity obtained by the total destruction of a few.

M. Huber, in the conclusion, promises to give to the publick a separate work on the economical management of bees. This has not yet been published; but the experience and sagacity of the author lead us to anticipate in it, the most useful, practical book that has ever appeared on the subject. We may observe, however, that to the edition printed at Paris in 1796 is subjoined a "Manuel-pratique de la Culture des Abeilles," by a Frenchman. This little tract contains, in our opinion, a good deal of useful information, exhibiting the most recent and improved plans adopted in France. A translation of it, we conceive, would have been a valuable addition to the work now before us.

Upon the whole, M. Huber's treatise is both an entertaining and an instructive little volume. Throughout the performance, however, a want of arrangement is conspicuous; and in this respect the original is still more faulty than the translation; for the translator has, with propriety, removed to an appendix some minute anatomical details, which interrupt and darken the narrative; and has, on the other hand, engrossed in the text some important and closely connected passages which are improperly thrown into foot notes in the original.

The author mentions in his preface, that he had long been deprived of sight, and was obliged to depend on an assistant in making his experiments. We should not wonder if the reader should agree with us in being at first somewhat mortified at this intelligence, and should wish that the author had seen every thing with his own eyes. We should really be surprised if he did not smile with us at finding this untoward looking circumstance actually considered as an advantage by the translator; for, after mentioning the circumstance, the translator, in his preface, immediately adds: "Thus these discoveries may be said to acquire double authority!" Now, it seems pretty evident, that though a naturalist's assistant may possess a pair of very good eyes, he may yet be quite inadequate to the task of intelligibly describing what he sees. M. Huber, however, fortunately enjoyed in *Francis Burnens*, a philosophick assistant, who himself appears to have entered with enthusiasm into the pursuit, and to have conducted the experiments, not only with the most patient assiduity, watching every occurrence *oculis emissitiis*, but with great address, and no small share of steadiness and courage—qualities indispensable in those who attempt to work among the stinging nations.

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In respect to the translation, it is anonymous; but bears intrinsick marks of Scottish extraction. In his preface, the translator observes: "It is vain to attempt a translation of any work without being, to a certain degree, skilled in the subject of which it treats. Some parts of the original of the following treatise, it must be acknowledged, are confused, and some so minute, that it is extremely difficult to give an exact interpretation. But the general tenour, though not elegant, is plain and perspicuous; and such has it been here retained." We should be sorry to detract from this modest claim. The translation is certainly always plain, and it is generally perspicuous. The extracts we have given may be considered as affording a fair specimen of the whole. We must not conceal, however, that in some few instances it is careless and faulty. The sense is entirely mistaken at page 112; and at page 23 inextricable confusion is produced by his choosing to render, "reigning queens" by the extraordinary phrase of "virgin females." Upon the whole, however, the translation is better than that of most French books.

As Mr. Bonner's treatise is pretty well known, and his opinions generally circulated, especially in Scotland, we have thought it not amiss, in the course of the preceding analysis, to state the chief points in which M. Huber differs from him; and we confess that it has appeared to us that in these cases our countryman generally stands corrected by the Genevese observer. They appear both to have been engaged in making their experiments and observations about the same time, from 1788 to 1791. M. Huber, however, possessed several eminent advantages. He was directed in his researches by one of the first philosophers of the day, M. Bonnet. He was not restrained in his experiments by any considerations of time or expense; and he was aided by an assistant peculiarly expert in working among bees. Our Bonner, on the other hand, was so much restricted, both as to expense and time, having a family to support by his daily earnings at the loom; and he long laboured under a very peculiar and almost incredible disadvantage,—that of residing in the midst of a populous city; for we understand it to be a fact, that his apiary was for some years kept in a *garret* in Glasgow.

The practical directions contained in Mr. Bonner's book, are, we have no doubt, in general excellent; but many of them are of partial application only, being peculiarly adapted to the climate of North Britain; and it must not be concealed, that this climate is unfavourable to the cultivation of bees. In this respect, it is inferiour, not only to the climate of France or Italy, but even to that of Denmark or Russia; for in these last countries, the bees remain, during the whole winter, in a state approaching to torpor, and never leave their hives till the frost has fairly broken up, when, as is well known, the genial season immediately commences, and continues steady for several months. With us, on the contrary, the great changeableness of the weather in the months of March, April, and May, opposes an almost insurmountable obstacle to that extensive culture of those insects, so enthusiastically projected by the worthy bee master; and if we be not misinformed, the issue of some pretty extensive trials made by the author himself, under the patronage of the indefatigable president of the Board of Agriculture (sir John Sinclair) has not much tended to encourage those high expectations.

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FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Notice de la Vie et des Ecrits de George Louis Le Sage de Geneve, Membre de l'Academie et de l'Institut de Bologne, &c. &c. Redigée après ses Notes, par Pierre Prevost. A Geneve, chez Paschoud.

THE biographical sketch here announced, has more than an ordinary claim to the attention of the reader. The subject of it is a philosopher, who, beside the peculiarities incident to genius, had several that belonged exclusively to himself. These he was careful to study and explain; and the notes which he has left behind him, seem to entitle him to the rare eulogy, of having given an accurate and candid delineation of his own character. His biographer, too, had the advantage of being intimately acquainted with the person whom he has undertaken to describe, and has been attentive to mark whatever appeared singular in the constitution or progress of his mind.

George Lewis Le Sage was born at Geneva in 1724, to which city his father, a native of France, had for some time retired, and lived by giving private lessons in mathematicks and natural philosophy. The son was early initiated in these studies; receiving, at the same time, in all the branches of literature, as liberal a course of education as his father's limited income would allow. A marked opposition, however, in their tastes and intellectual propensities, prevented the son from reaping, from his father's instructions, all the advantages that might have been expected. The old man was well informed; but his knowledge was very much confined to facts, and was accompanied with little tendency to reason or to generalize His son, again, even when a boy, delighted in connecting his ideas by general and abstract principles, and was not more inquisitive about facts, than about the relations in which they stood to one other. This propensity arose, in some measure at least, from the weakness of his memory, which forced him to study the most just and constant connexions among things, in order to prevent both words and ideas from escaping his recollection entirely. "It was thus," says M. Prevost, "that we saw him, in his maturer years, and particularly in his old age, avoiding, with the greatest care, whatever could trouble the order of his thoughts, and substituting, with much art, a logical series of mental operations to the effort which the recollection of a single unconnected fact would necessarily have cost him."

The history of Le Sage does, indeed, illustrate, in the clearest manner, the relation between the faculties of memory and abstraction, and the power which each has to supply the deficiencies of the other. Generalization gives us a command over our ideas more complete than we can ever derive from the mere efforts of memory. It holds in its hand the clue by which this latter faculty must be guided through the labyrinth of things; and there is room to doubt, whether the power thus given to the mind is not the main source of the delight arising from abstract and philosophick speculation. Were the memory in itself to become so perfect, as to be independent of connecting principles, generalization would not be necessary, and perhaps would rarely be attempted.

Two minds, both disposed to the acquisition of knowledge, could hardly be constituted with less conformity to one another, than those of Le Sage and his son. When the young man was labouring to classify his ideas, and to reduce them under general heads, the father was perpetually starting objections to his rules, and bringing forward the instances most difficult to be reduced to any general principle of arrangement. This seemed to proceed, not from any desire to embarrass or distress his son, but from a dislike which he had conceived (singular, doubtless, in a mathematician) to general me-

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thods, and to all systems whatsoever. The education, therefore, which he gave his son, was truly antiphilosophick, and certainly had no tendency to produce that love of order, system, and method, which characterized him through his whole life. But the mind may be constituted with some powers so weak, that discipline cannot improve them; and with others so strong, that discipline, when most perverse, cannot destroy them. Nothing could give to young Le Sage a memory nearly equal to that of ordinary men; and nothing could take from him a delight and skill in generalization, which were vastly superiour.

We must not imagine from this, that the whole plan of the old man, in the education of his son, was as perverse as in the case here mentioned. The information he communicated, even with so little of method and arrangement to connect the parts together, was of great value to his son, who, through his whole life, used to speak with much gratitude of his father's attention to his instruction, and of the pleasure and advantage he derived from his conversation.

The inquisitive turn of Le Sage soon displayed itself in questions, to which he did not always receive the kindest or most satisfactory answers, especially from his mother, who appears to have had none of the gentleness and patience necessary for the instruction of children. This led him to think of having recourse to trial and experience, and to interrogate nature rather than any other instructer. One of his first attempts of this sort has been recorded in his notes, and, from the singularity of it deserves to be remembered.

At the time we are now speaking of, the Sabbath was observed at Geneva, with a gloom and austerity of which we, in Scotland, can probably form a more correct notion than the inhabitants of any other country in Christendom. Le Sage felt some curiosity to know whether the Author of Nature still continued to impose on himself the same law that originally marked the institution of the *day of rest*. It would have puzzled the first philosopher in Europe to think of any method by which this question could be brought to the decision of experiment; but the ingenuity of our young inquirer soon suggested an expedient. He measured, with great care, the increase of a plant, day after day, in order to discover whether it would cease growing on the Sabbath. The result could not fail to solve the difficulty, and to convince the young man, that though the work of creation might terminate, the work of Providence is never interrupted.

The pensive and contemplative turn of Le Sage was increased by the circumstance of his health being delicate, and his temperament too weak, to allow him to join in the fatiguing exercises which amused and occupied his companions. Great modesty, sensibility, and reserve, added, as far as his mother was concerned, to the want of comfortable society at home, condemned him almost to continual solitude, and rendered the acquisition of knowledge his only enjoyment. Thus, from circumstances apparently unfortunate, much of his intellectual excellence may be supposed to have arisen.

It is material to observe every circumstance that gave a determination to a mind that has in any thing attained celebrity; but it is very rarely that this can be done so well as in the instance we have now before us. The father of our young philosopher had but few books; and almost the only entire work on physicks, which he possessed, was that of Bernard Palissy. The writings of a man who was self-instructed; who had paid no regard to authority, when not supported by experience; who had made valuable discoveries, and reached some very sublime and just notions concerning the

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structure and the revolutions of the globe, could not fail to make a strong impression on a young mind already inspired by the love of knowledge. However, though Le Sage became a great cosmologist, it does not appear that geology, of which Palissy was in some measure the founder, ever attracted much of his attention.

When he was not much more than thirteen, his father put into his hands the *Antiquité Expliquée* of Montfaucon, in order to excite in him a curiosity about researches into antiquity. It was the fate of this young man, however, to derive, from the means used for his instruction, advantages very different from those that were intended, and often of far greater value. The weakness of Montfaucon's conjectures, concerning the use of many of the instruments he has described, did not escape the observation of Le Sage; and he began, even then, to try to establish some general and certain rules for discovering the end of a workman from the inspection of his work. Such extent of view, at so early a period of life, has rarely occurred, and must be considered as a decided mark of genius and originality. Some years after this period, connecting the pursuit just mentioned with one closely allied to it, namely, the rules that must guide us when, in the works of nature, we would trace the marks of the wise design of the Creator, he formed the idea of a treatise, entitled Teleology, and of which an account will afterwards be given.

The perusal of Lucretius is one of the events that did most determine the objects of Le Sage's researches, and, indeed, the whole colour and complexion of his future speculations. The precise time when this happened does not appear, though it was certainly very early, and before he had attained the age of twenty. It was then that he conceived the notion of a mechanical explanation of gravity, and of the reduction of all the motions observed in nature, to the principle of impulsion. This was suggested by the atoms of Lucretius; and the invention of a system by which such an explanation could be given, even with tolerable plausibility, must be considered as a work of great merit by all who know the difficulty with which it is attended, and its importance to philosophy. The system by which Le Sage proposed to effect this great object will be by and by considered.

Le Sage had the good fortune to study mathematicks under Cramer, and philosophy under Calendrini, two eminent professors who then adorned the university of Geneva. When it became necessary for him to make choice of a profession, he gave the preference to that of medicine. The pursuit of this study led him first to Basle, and afterwards to Paris. At the former place, he became acquainted with Daniel Bernoulli, from whom, however, his merit seems to have been completely concealed, by his awkwardness and diffidence. He says of himself, when he entered at this university—"Ill dressed, timid, and expressing myself with difficulty, I was quite neglected in the first months of my stay at Basle; insomuch, that they did not even think it worth while to speak French before me." He undertook the study of the German; but the weakness of his memory did not permit him to succeed.

The same awkwardness could not fail to have effects at Paris yet more unfavourable, as the narrowness of his income must likewise have had; yet he persevered, not only in pursuing medicine, but in applying to his favourite objects in philosophy. At last he returned to Geneva; but not having the freedom of a burgess of the city, he was refused the privilege of practising as a physician; and saw himself, in the end, forced to relinquish every other view of fixing himself in life, but that of following the business of his father, and giving lessons in mathematicks and natural philosophy.

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For this he appears to have been well qualified. He says of himself, that the structure of his mind was such, as had fitted him for understanding the mathematicks *well*, but not *extensively*. "Propre à bien savoir les mathematiques, mais non a en savoir beaucoup." The first part of this assertion, we imagine, may be understood more literally than the last; though it is probably true that he was not quite master of all the modern improvements of the *calculus*. Some of his remarks on the state of the mathematical sciences in France are worth attending to. In a letter to the duke de Rochefoucault, whom he had had the honour to instruct in the mathematicks, dated in 1778, he has this observation.

In their elementary treatises of mathematicks and physicks, the French writers take so little trouble about the foundations of those calculations which they accumulate without end, that it seems as if they wanted to make all their pupils mere clerks in a banking house, or assistants in an observatory. They treat geometry the least geometrically possible, under the pretence that algebraick demonstrations are the shortest: as if the only object were to get to the end, and as if the road leading to it were of no importance. They are in haste to give a few notions, rather grammatical than intellectual, of the sublimer parts, before they have sufficiently developed the elements. They seem desirous of reducing astronomy, the science of motion, and chymistry, to be nothing but the humble attendants on navigation, gunnery, and the arts; as if all the world was destined for inspectors of the marine, of artillery, or manufactures; and as if the cultivation of reason was nothing in comparison with the art of getting wealth. This was not the proceeding of Descartes or Newton. p. 272.

This character of the French elementary writers, though, in certain respects, just, evidently has something of the air of satire, and must not be received as perfectly correct. Of too little regard to the methods of pure geometry, and too much haste to reach the more profound parts of the calculus, they may certainly be accused. But a general preference of the methods of algebra and analysis, cannot be regarded as an errour, if the foundations of those methods are carefully and accurately explained. Analytical reasonings are so much preferable to synthetical, and the art of investigation is so much more easily learned in the school of algebra than in any other, that, in a system of mathematical instruction, this latter science is undoubtedly of the first consideration. It is true, on the other hand, that the methods of analysis are not confined to algebra. Geometry has its analytical reasonings, not so extensive, nor so general, as those of algebra, but possessing a degree of simplicity and beauty that is not excelled, or rather, we think, not equalled in any other branch of science. It is a stronger proof of the neglect of geometry, among the French mathematicians, than any thing that Le Sage has alleged that in the *Encyclopedie*, intended to exhibit a complete picture of the knowledge of the eighteenth century, the article *geometrical analysis* is not to be found.

The love of accurate and precise knowledge, which Le Sage possessed eminently, probably qualified him well for a teacher of the mathematical sciences. He had several illustrious pupils, and none, certainly, who does him more credit than the present professor of mathematicks in the university of Geneva. M. S. L'Huilier was his relation, and was instructed by him in the science which he now professes with so much credit both to his master and himself. He is one of the few mathematicians equally versed in the simple and elegant methods of the ancient geometry, and in the profound researches of the modern analysis.

Le Sage, through his whole life, had to struggle with a feeble constitution, as well as the mental defects which have been already mentioned. He was particularly afflicted with sleeplessness, which, at times, used greatly to affect his intellectual powers, and reduce them to a state of extreme debility. Notwithstanding this, by employing every moment, when his mind was

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clear and active, preserving such order and regularity as supplied the want of memory, committing every thing to writing, and having his papers in a state of the most complete arrangement, he was able to accomplish a great deal, and to devote much time to philosophical pursuits.

His studies, however, were rendered less useful than they might have been with the originality of his turn of thinking, the precision of his knowledge, and the extent of his views, by the number of objects to which he directed his attention, and by his frequent changes from one pursuit to another. Though he came back easily to the same object, yet this did not entirely make up for the want of the continued application necessary in all great undertakings.

Accordingly, though few men wrote so much, and so accurately, he published nothing in his lifetime but mere *opuscula*, and has left few, if any, of his numerous manuscripts completely ready for the press.

One of the principal pieces which appeared in his lifetime, shared the prize proposed by the academy of Dijon, in 1758, on the cause of chymical affinities. He entitled it, *Essai de Chimie Mechanique*, and endeavoured to explain the whole of chymical action on the principle of impulse. He supposed the impelling fluid to be composed of particles of two kinds; the one greater, and the other less: and he demonstrated, in virtue of that single supposition, that homogeneous bodies must attract one another more than heterogeneous. This, however, it must be confessed, comprehends but a small part of the phenomena of chymistry. It was connected with the work on gravity, which was the great business, and the favourite occupation of his life.

An essay, "*Sur les Forces Mortes*," which he sent to the academy of sciences at Paris, was never published.

In the history of the same academy for 1756, a remark is inserted from Le Sage, containing the detection of an errour committed by Euclid, in the eleventh book of his Elements, on the subject of solid angles. It is remarkable, that nearly about the same time, Dr. Simpson, of Glasgow, made a similar detection, with respect to the manner in which equal solids are treated by the Greek geometer.

The tract, entitled "*Lucrece Nutonien*," was published in the Berlin Memoirs for 1782.

Besides these, he published a few other occasional pieces, and seems to have kept up a pretty extensive correspondence with several of the first philosophers of the age. His manuscripts are, a large treatise "*Sur les Corpuscules Ultramondains*;" subordinate to which is "*Histoire Critique de la Pesanteur*." This contains much learning, and treats of all the notions that have been entertained on the subject of gravity, and all the theories contrived for explaining it. A treatise on cohesion, intended to show that it cannot be explained by the Newtonian attraction, is recommended by M. Prevost as a work of great merit, written during the full activity and vigour of the author's mind.

To these must be added the following: on elastick fluids; on general physicks; on logick; on moral philosophy; and on final causes: also, *Melanges Dystactiques*, &c. Among the latter was an Essay on Punctuation, concerning which he had a system of his own. To this system he adhered rigidly; and it is said to be very philosophical; but, perhaps, for that very reason, it has never come into use.

It may be thought extraordinary, that so much should have been done, and yet so little completed. The habit of continually amassing materials, without reducing them into form, had grown on Le Sage to an excessive

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degree; and he used to apologize for it by saying, "that as long as he could find any thing new to put on paper, he grudged the time that must be employed in polishing old materials, or casting them over again."

The ingenuity of his mind, and the original turn of his thoughts, added to a character of great probity and worth, procured him esteem and respect wherever he was known. M. Pervost has given extracts from a number of very interesting letters, which passed between him and several of the most distinguished persons of the age. Among these are Madame Necker, the Dutchess d'Enville, earl Stanhope, the Duke de Rochefoucault, M. M. d'Alembert, Euler, Turgot, Boscovich, Lambert, &c.

Though his constitution was originally weak, and his health always infirm, he reached the age of eighty, and died in 1803. His biographer has given a sketch of his intellectual character, from which we shall extract a few passages.

It is impossible not to recognise, in the works of Le Sage, and his manner of thinking, a strong character of originality; and, if a cautious and regulated invention be characteristick of genius, this philosopher must be numbered with those whom nature has particularly distinguished. All who knew him were at the same time sensible of his peculiarities, which he himself did not, indeed, attempt to conceal, but endeavoured to explain. He acknowledged that two of his faculties were weak—attention and memory. He was unable to fix the former on one object for any considerable length of time; and, as he could not attend, without great difficulty, to more than one thing at the same moment, he was very easily interrupted. "I supply," said he, "the want of *extent* in my attention by great order and regularity; and its want of *continuance*, by frequently returning to the same subject." From this methodical proceeding it arose, that few men were ever more persevering than Le Sage in directing their researches to the same objects.

His memory was unmanageable and capricious in a high degree. He had no power over it; and, in order to direct it, was obliged to have recourse to all sorts of artifices. He siezed, with avidity, the moments when his ideas were clearest, and his faculties most active. "I have," says he, "extreme difficulty in connecting my thoughts, so as to make an assemblage at all supportable; and am like a painter who would work in the night, without any other illumination than what was derived from sudden and unexpected flashes of lightning.

His method and order, in some respects, supplied so well the weakness of his memory, that, in conversation, no defect of that faculty was at all discernible. It was, accordingly, one of his constant sources of complaint, that he could not convince his friends of the badness of his memory. They who conversed with him, heard him perpetually relate, with precision, the dates, and even the most minute circumstances, of very inconsiderable events. They believed his memory to be tenacious; whereas the truth was, that he kept notes of every thing, and was every now and then consulting his repertories.

Such being the weakness of his intellectual organization, he often asked himself, how he had ever been able to do any thing at all. To this question, his own manuscripts afford many answers; one of the best of which is in a note, entitled "*Clef de Mon Tour d'Esprit.*" I have been born with four dispositions well adapted for making progress in science, but with two great defects in the faculties necessary for that purpose. 1. An ardent desire to know the truth. 2. Great activity of mind. 3. An uncommon [*justesse*] fondness of understanding. 4. A strong desire for precision and distinctness of ideas. 5. An excessive weakness of memory. 6. A great incapacity of continued attention.

By using the resources which nature had bestowed, and compensating, by much skill and labour, the want of the qualities she withheld, he was able to make no small progress even as an inventer in science. He used to apply to himself the saying of Bacon—*Claudum in via cursorem extra viam antevertere.*

One of the principal causes that retarded the publication of his works, was the difficulty of making his favourite system be relished in the scientifick world. The conviction which he himself had of its truth, and the com-

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plete persuasion that it must ultimately prevail, could not prevent him from perceiving, that though all acknowledged the ingenuity, yet few were prepared to admit the truth of his theory. He was perfectly aware, that his own way of thinking on this, as well as many other subjects, was peculiar, and not readily adopted by other men.

This is strongly marked by the title of one of his parcels of notes; "On the immiscibility of my thoughts with those of others." He has investigated, in his usual way, the causes of this immiscibility, and has divided his readers into different classes, according to their greater or less fitness to judge of the principles of his philosophy. He has applied to himself a line of Ovid, with much truth——

Non ego cessavi, nec fecit inertia serum.

Without entering on this discussion, we shall endeavour to give the best idea we can of the system so often mentioned, as far as we have been able to collect it from his letters, and from the very ingenious tract, *Lucrece Neutonien*, which M. Prevost has introduced into his Appendix.

The object of this system was to explain the law of gravity both as it prevails on the earth and in the heavens, by the principle of impulse. The causes of all the motions we perceive in the material world, may be reduced to three—Impulse, Attraction, and Repulsion. Impulse acts by contact; one moving body communicates motion to another body; and the rule by which this change is produced, is, that the motion communicated in any given direction, and that which is lost in the same direction, are precisely equal. The motions that we ourselves impress on the bodies around us, are of this nature.

Again; when a stone falls to the ground, or when iron approaches a magnet, motion is produced without contact. Both the bodies acquire motions which are equal, but in opposite directions. The motions ascribed to repulsion are of the same kind with these last, inasmuch as there is no contact, and as the motions acquired in opposite directions are equal. The only difference is, that the bodies, instead of approaching, recede from one another. Whether attraction and repulsion may not be regarded as one and the same law, acting under different circumstances, we do not at present inquire. The object of Le Sage was to reduce them both to impulse; and, could this be done, it would, no doubt, be a great advance in science; and we might seem, in one quarter at least, to have pushed our researches to their legitimate and proper termination. Our idea of the communication of motion by impulse, is not without difficulty; but it is clearer and more familiar to us than any other, and is that with which the mind is most disposed to remain satisfied.

The chrystalline spheres of the ancients may be regarded as the first attempt to explain the motion of the heavenly bodies by impulse. The vortices of Descartes is the next. The ether of Newton is the third. The first is known to be without foundation. The second is a vague and gratuitous supposition. And the third is, at best, far from being satisfactory.

Le Sage has certainly been more fortunate than any of his predecessors; and his hypothesis has this undoubted superiority above all the others that have been proposed for explaining gravitation, that it assigns a satisfactory reason why that force varies inversely as the square of the distance.

Suppose that, through any one point of space, innumerable straight lines are drawn in all different directions, each making a very small angle with those that are nearest it; and let a torrent of particles, or *indivisible atoms*, move continually in a direction parallel to each of these lines, the section of each torrent, in a transverse direction to its motion, being equal

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to the section of the sensible world in the same direction. Thus, there will be an indefinite number of torrents of atoms intersecting one another, in every possible direction, much like the streams of light which issue from all the points of the surface of a luminous body. The analogy between the emanation of light and the motion of those corpuscles, is so close, that an imagination which is familiar with the one, will not experience much difficulty in becoming familiar with the other Like light, also, the atoms of which these torrents are composed, must be supposed to move with inconceivable rapidity, and to be of such extreme minuteness, that, though flowing continually in all directions, they do not obstruct or interfere with the motions of one another.

If, now, it be supposed that these atoms are unable to penetrate the solid and indivisible particles of bodies, and, when they enter bodies, can only pass through the intervals or vacuities between their particles, it is evident that they must strike against those particles, and must, therefore, communicate a certain degree of motion to them, or to the bodies of which they are composed.

If, then, there were but a single body in the universe, with whatever force the torrents of atoms struck against its particles, the body would remain at rest, the impulses in opposite directions being perfectly equal. But if there be two bodies, then, since each of them, by intercepting a part of the atoms of the torrents, will shelter the other from the action of so much force, it is evident that the bodies will be both impelled toward one another, and that each of them will receive fewer shocks on the side where the other body is, than on the opposite. Further, if we suppose the bodies spherical, the intensity of this force, *cæteris paribus* will be proportional to the angular space included within a cone, which has for either base the transverse section of the bodies. Now, it is easy to prove that this angular space is proportional to the square of the distance of the bodies inversely. Therefore, the force with which the bodies will be urged toward one another, will be inversely as the square of the distance, which is the law followed by gravity.

This will be true if the bodies are equal in quantity of matter, so as to intercept equal quantities of the atoms. But if their quantities of matter are unequal, then, at an average of all the chances, each will intercept a number of particles proportional to its quantity of matter, and so the forces with which the bodies are impelled toward one another, will be as the quantity of matter directly, and the square of the distance inversely. This is precisely the law of gravitation; and the particles by which this effect is brought about, are called by Le Sage the gravifick, or the ultramundane atoms.

This hypothesis, as already observed, must be confessed to have done what no other attempt to account for gravity can boast of; that is, to have assigned a reason why that force is inversely as the square of the distance, and directly as the quantity of matter. It has, then, the precision which belongs to truth, and which, though it does not amount to a proof of a hypothesis where it is found, is an abundant reason for rejecting one, where it is wanting.

The vortices of Descartes, and the ether of Newton, do neither of them give any reason why gravity should be supposed to obey one law more than another; why it should be inversely as the squares, any more than the cubes, or any other power, nay, any other function, of the distances. The extreme vagueness of such hypotheses is an unsurmountable objection to them, and, even were they true, it renders them of no use whatsoever.

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Concerning a cause so imperfectly understood, we can never reason at all; and we derive, therefore, no advantage from knowing it to be true. The knowledge of the fact without the cause is just as valuable.

The above is the outline of Le Sage's theory. To follow it into all its detail, and all the variety of its applications, is a task for which we are not prepared, and one quite foreign from our purpose. It is enough if we can, in any degree, awaken a curiosity which the works of the author are afterwards to gratify.

Some objections to this theory have been stated in the letters that Le Sage received from his correspondents. Boscovich, who had a system concerning the different forces which are the cause of motion, the very opposite of what has now been laid down, one in which all contact and immediate impulse are denied, could not possibly admit the theory of gravifick atoms, and has stated an objection to it, which appears to us of considerable weight. The action of these atoms supposes a vast superfluity of matter, and an infinity of corpuscles, created, each, to give, at most, only a single blow, and many of them never to have any effect whatsoever. An immense multitude of atoms, thus destined to pursue their never ending journey through the infinity of space, without changing their direction, or returning to the place from which they came, is a supposition very little countenanced by the usual economy of nature. Whence is the supply of these innumerable torrents? Must it not involve a perpetual exertion of creative power, infinite both in extent and in duration? The means here employed seem greater than the end, great as it is, can justify; and Le Sage must be allowed, if his system is rejected, to have had the merit of imagining a species of machinery more powerful and extensive than even the preservation of the universe can be supposed to require.

Another objection which, we understand from the author himself, had been made to his hypothesis is, that, were it true, a body enclosed on all sides, ought to gravitate less to the earth, than if it were in the open air. The roof or vault over head, would of course diminish the action of the *gravifick* atoms that had to pass through it, and would make the body fall to the ground with less velocity than it would have done in the open air. To this it was easy to reply, that the effect here stated is real on every supposition; but is so small, that it cannot be measured in our experiments. The gravitation of a heavy body, in a room, to the roof above it, must, on the common hypothesis of attraction, diminish its weight just as much as it would be diminished by the roof's obstructing some of the gravifick atoms. In both cases, the effect would be precisely the same, but too small to make any sensible diminution of the gravitation toward the great mass of the earth.

The obstruction which the gravifick atoms would give to the motion of bodies, by producing a kind of resisting medium, was also objected to the doctrine of Le Sage. This might, no doubt, be answered, by alleging that the same effect may as well be ascribed to light, which, in this respect, is in circumstances very similar to the gravifick atoms. Indeed, the analogy between those atoms and the particles of light as emitted from bodies, affords the means of refuting the greater part of the objections alleged against the existence of the former. This, however, supposes that the phenomena of light are interpreted in the Newtonian manner, or by an emanation from luminous bodies. If light is considered as an elastick fluid, the vibrations of which communicate to the eye the impressions which give rise to vision, the analogy referred to has no place. Accordingly Euler, in his letters to Le Sage, observes, that this analogy had no

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weight with him, as he did not believe in the emanation of light. He inclines to account for gravity from the pressure of a subtle matter composing a vortex. He is not very explicit, however, and has left us much in the dark as to his opinions on the subject. His letters are, nevertheless, very interesting, particularly that dated from Berlin, 6th April 1763.

It is a good remark of Le Sage, speaking of the analogy between light and the gravifick atoms, that if all bodies were transparent, so that light was never stopped in its course, it [light] would not be perceived by us, nor apprehended to exist, any more than the corpuscles to which he ascribes the cause of gravity. We are, in truth, indebted to darkness, or the absence of light, for our idea of the latter, as a separate and independent substance. Without the information thus afforded, we might be induced, by reasoning, to believe that there was something necessary to vision, beside the eye and the object; but we should have no proof of its existence from immediate perception, any more than we now have of the cause of gravitation.

Le Sage certainly did not borrow his notions concerning the cause of gravity from any one; but he was not the first to whom such notions had occurred. Fatio de Duillier had, in some respects, anticipated the doctrine of gravifick atoms; at least, he had conceived a mechanical explanation of gravitation, which agreed in several particulars with that which has been described above.

The name of Fatio is well known to those who have studied the controversy between Newton and Leibnitz. He was a mathematician of considerable eminence, though, noted for a strange departure from the character of a philosopher, by joining himself to a set of fanaticks, who carried their extravagance so far as seriously to undertake the raising of the dead. Fatio, however, never published any thing on the cause of gravitation; and his treatise on it remains still in manuscript. M. Le Sage was first informed of this in the year 1749, by professor Cramer, not till after his essay, *Sur les Forces Mortes*, in which he treated of this subject, was communicated to the Academy of Sciences at Paris. Le Sage left nothing undone to rescue the work of Fatio from oblivion, taking much interest in the fate of a theory founded on the same principles as his own, and invented by a man of acknowledged ability. Fatio died in England, in the year 1753, in Worcestershire, at the age of ninety. His manuscripts had fallen into the hands of his neighbours, and of the people with whom he lodged. Some friends of Le Sage's, in London, had the good fortune to procure them for him. He soon after deposited them in the library at Geneva, where they still remain.

It is worth observing, that this theory of Fatio must have been known to Newton, with whom he lived in friendship, not merely from a resemblance in their philosophick, but also, as has been alleged, from an agreement in their religious sentiments. Yet it is no where hinted at by Newton, even when he is engaged in inquiries on this very subject. It is probable that he did not approve of the system of his friend, who does not appear to have had the same clear views of the matter with Le Sage, nor to have had the same ingenuity in removing the objections to his theory.

A prejudice of a very unphilosophick nature has lately prevailed in this country, against attempts of the kind made in the writings of Le Sage. It has been represented as impious, and savouring of irreligion, to offer any physical or mechanical explanation of the force of gravity.

This, we must observe, is quite a new doctrine. Newton, who was a man of true and sincere piety, thought that he was doing nothing more inconsistent with his duty, when he was endeavouring to explain the action

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of gravity by that of an etherial fluid, than when he emonstrated that the planets revolve in elipses, and describe round their common focus areas that are proportional to the time. Dr. Clarke was of the same opinion, and has admitted, that a mechanical explanation of gravity would be of great importance in philosophy. Such an attempt is undoubtedly attended with difficulty; and perhaps we are destined to remain for ever ignorant of the cause which produces the phenomena of attraction. There can, however, be no impropriety in endeavouring, while there appear to be two kinds of causes that produce motion, to try to reduce them to one. If this is maintained to be impious, it must be on the same principle that Anaxagoras was charged with irreligion, for affirming that the planets are bodies like the earth. The same mistaken zeal has, in every age, opposed the same obstacles to the advancement of true philosophy.

We had almost forgot to mention the particular drift of Le Sage in the tract on the gravifick atoms, which he calls *Lucrece Neutonien*. He endeavours to show, that Epicurus, with a little attention to geometry, and the possession of no more physical knowledge than was to be found among some of his contemporaries, might have been led, by the atomical system, to the discovery of gravitation, and of the laws of the planetary motions. The tract is very ingenious and interesting.

The subject of Teleology, or the doctrine of final causes, was one which occupied the thoughts of Le Sage, at intervals, during his whole life. Of his speculations on this subject, we are presented with a few fragments, that are in no small degree curious and interesting. The publication is by M. Reverdil, who had assisted in the composition of the work, and to whom Le Sage, in his will, left the charge of this manuscript. About the year 1740, Le Sage formed the plan of a *Theory of the Ends of Nature and of Art*. Wolf, who at that time taught the philosophy of Leibnitz in Germany with great reputation, in his treatise on logick, recommended the Theory of Ends to be treated under the name of Teleology; and this term was adopted by Le Sage. M. Reverdil informs us, that Le Sage was confirmed in his design, by finding that some men of great celebrity had, about that time, conspired to combat the doctrine of final causes; some of them on a principle of universal scepticism; others to give weight to the proofs of the existence of God derived from other sources; and many, struck, no doubt, with the weak and childish arguments that had been often maintained on this subject. Le Sage wished to oppose all these, and in particular the latter, by showing that the theory of final causes was not necessarily of the vague and unsatisfactory nature just alluded to.

The greater part of the works, says he, that have made their appearance on this subject, contain principles so vague and unsupported, observations so puerile and detached, and reflections so commonplace and declamatory, that it is not wonderful if they produced an effect the direct opposite of that which was intended. A theory of ENDS, or FINAL CAUSES, might be given, exempt from these great defects; embracing the objects both of nature and art; furnishing, first, rules of synthesis for the composition of a work, when the ends and means were both given; and, next, rules, of analysis for discovering the intention of an artist, from the examination of his works.

M. Reverdil has given us only a few fragments from the treatise which had been drawn up conformably to this plan. Those that follow will show in what manner Le Sage had endeavoured to avoid the faults which he has reprobated in others.

A wise cause must have respect to the smallest degrees of good; because, if they are not infinitely small, the amount of the whole may be of importance; so that, if they were neglected, a considerable quantity of evil might arise.

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There is nothing incongruous, therefore, in supposing the Divine Wisdom exercised in determining the curvature of the wing of a scarabæus, or in planning the cells of a bee-hive. It may be true, that it imports little to the universe, whether a scarabæus fly with more or less ease, or a bee employ its wax with the greatest possible frugality. It imports much, however, to the scarabæus or the bee, and, on that account, is an object not unworthy of the attention of the Creator. If precision in the structure of the wings or cells of these insects is useful for any purpose, however small that utility, multiplied by the number of all the scarabæi, and all the bees which have been, which are, and which are to be, may become of a considerable amount.

When the execution of any purpose gives rise to inconvenience which admits of remedy, of all the remedies that can be applied, that is the best which rises out of the evil itself; because it is always at hand when wanted, and is sure to possess the necessary strength. Such remedies are sometimes to be met with in the arts. It was thus that a hint of Monsieur the prince of Conti, furnished Réaumur with the means of admitting the necessary quantity of air into his furnaces for hatching chickens, by making the heat of the furnace open the door of a register. The girdiron pendulum of Graham is an instance of the same kind.

In nature, the contraction and dilatation of the pupil of the eye, is a most remarkable instance of an inconvenience corrected by its own operation.

When all the accidents which happen to a work derange it; and when all those that can happen to it have a tendency to do the same, that work is the best possible. For it is evident, that it either cannot be improved, or that the improvement of it is highly improbable.

When all the good of a system can easily be traced to general principles, and when all the evils appear to be exceptions closely connected with some good, the excess being evidently, though perhaps but in a small degree, on the side of good, the contriver must be regarded as beneficent.

Hypothetical reasonings, whether concerning final or efficient causes, are susceptible of the highest degree of evidence when two conditions are fulfilled; when the given hypothesis explains many phenomena, and contradicts none; and when every other hypothesis is inconsistent with some of the phenomena.

As it is very rare that one is able to reckon up all the *hypotheses* imaginable, in order to show that only one of them can be received. The best philosophers, and the most scrupulous, have contented themselves with less, and have thought it sufficient if the hypothesis which they adopt explains many phenomena with precision. The more numerous the phenomena, and the greater the degree of precision, with the more confidence do they conclude, that no other supposition will account for the appearances. It is on such a foundation as this, that the theory of gravitation is established.

On the whole, we conceive that this treatise on Teleology is written on more philosophical principles than most of those that have appeared. And we cannot but regret that it has not been given to the publick entire, or with such alterations as the changes in the state of science might seem to require. The date of the MS. is 1756, and, since that time, the discoveries in philosophy must have, no doubt, added considerably to the examples that might be brought to illustrate the doctrine of final causes; a doctrine which we cannot help thinking might be so treated, as to form one of the most beautiful and interesting branches of human knowledge. Indeed, we should be glad to think that more of the works of our learned and ingenious author were destined to see the light. M. Prevost, who, in the biographical sketch before us, has so judiciously consulted the reputation of his friend, and the information of the publick, has it still in his power to render an important service to both.

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FROM THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

Memoirs of the Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture. Containing Communications on various subjects in Husbandry and Rural Affairs. To which is added, a Statistical Account of the Schuylkill Permanent Bridge. 8vo. pp. 331. Philadelphia, 1808.

TO blend the ingenious speculations of theoretical agriculturalists with the judicious observations of practical farmers, promises the highest advantages which the science of agriculture is susceptible of affording. Indeed the union of science and practice is desirable in any pursuit, and ought to be effected in every department of human knowledge. A character that embraces them, in any eminent degree, is alone worthy of the dignified title of philosopher.

Agricultural occupations are of unquestionable importance to society, and immediately involve the general interest the support and happiness of a great portion of labouring men. This science, in a high degree, requires the aid of rich, intelligent men, whose affluence and talents give them the power, and whose taste and judgment impel them to the pursuit. Such men, when they devote their talents to the subject, merit the highest praise, and it is with regret that we observe they do not always meet their reward in abundant produce or the gratitude of society. Yet many such are to be found, who, isolated in the community, and having no opportunity to improve by the suggestions of others, or to impress upon agricultural experimentalists the utility of their own plans, are left to suffer from the loss of some unsuccessful schemes, without the satisfaction of seeing their valuable improvements imitated by their ignorant neighbours.

The dispersed population of the United States, arising from extent of territory and the generally favourable soils throughout the union, and the cheapness and facility with which extensive tracts of land can be procured, are difficulties in the way of great advancement in rural economy, which nothing but time and a rapid increase of population can effectually surmount. From these causes arise, in a great measure, the slovenly, unproductive, and laborious process of husbandry, so disgusting to an English visitant, and so adverse to the comfort, cleanliness, and happiness of the American farmer. These are the obstacles to the establishment of good husbandry and manufactures. In both, the desideratum should not only be, what is best to be done, but *what is the best mode of doing it, at the least expense of time and labour;* and as in internal traffick, transportation should ever add, in the least possible degree, to the price of any article, so in agriculture, the produce should be obtained at the least possible expense of physical labour.

The organization of plants, and their peculiar, specifick construction, constitutes a pleasant and fascinating study; but when we investigate the wonderful progress which they make from the seed, through their diversified varieties of growth, to decay, with a view to agricultural advantages, we shall find, that the mere, practical farmer knows as little of the principles of vegetation as the tailor does of the human system. Agriculturalists are content with studying a few of the functions of plants. The motion of the sap and of the fluids, their secretion, irritability, nutrition, vegetable transpiration, germination, foliation, fructification, and many more qualities are to be studied, and the climate, soil, situation, treatment, food, &c. peculiar to each, carefully ascertained, that the process of vegetation may proceed in the best possible manner. This knowledge is not within the reach of common farmers, nor can they even conceive the meaning of many of the terms. In order, therefore, that the science of agriculture may be advantageously connected with practical husbandry, nothing can so

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essentially contribute, as the establishment of private or publick societies under the sanction and patronage of government. Such companies will possess an inherent influence and exercise a kind of agricultural jurisdiction over the country, which could not be felt by any number of disconnected individuals, however laudable might be their inquiries, or however successful their exertions.

The Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture, was formed in 1785, and after a few years of active exertions, it languished and remained inactive, until in 1804 it revived, and now promises a series of useful labours. In 1806, the second list of prize questions was given to the publick, the first having been published in 1791, and the earliest letter contained in this volume is dated June, 1805.

A preface, table of contents, the laws of the institution, list of members, outlines of a plan for establishing a state society of agriculture in Pennsylvania, a list of premiums, and a curious lecture, by Dr. Rush, on studying the diseases of animals, form the introduction. The petition for establishing the society was rejected by the legislature; but, upon what grounds, we are unable to discover.

The writer of the preface has taken a very fair and general view of the several objects within the plan of the society, and we agree with him, that "criticism is misapplied and out of place, on such occasions," if the objects of the undertaking are steadily pursued, and the contemplated advantages of the work realized. Accurate and intelligible descriptions, lucid and faithful statements of experiments, and simple, technical language are of the utmost consequence in works of this kind, and we are happy to notice, that this volume contains so large a share of these indispensable requisites, however deficient in style, and literary excellence, it may otherwise appear.

Breeding of sheep has lately occupied the attention of many practical farmers, particularly since the unfortunate interruption of our commerce with Europe; but more especially since the patriotick example already given to the publick by Col. Humphreys. The Merino sheep, brought from Spain by that gentleman, have excited a spirit of inquiry and experiment, which promises great profits to the owner, and affords flattering prospects to the publick. In crossing the breed of animals, an accurate attention is requisite to the character, properties, and shape of the one whose qualities are designed to be preserved, as otherwise no beneficial result can be obtained, and the few individuals of the new kind will degenerate. We should, therefore, introduce the males of the finest species to the females whose breed we intend to improve, because the offspring, though it partakes of the nature of both parents, yet resembles most the character of the male, especially in live stock. We do not intend to give any disquisition upon the subject, but only to express a regret, that the work before us contains so little upon this very interesting department of rural economy. One letter, containing a few desultory remarks upon the expediency of introducing the breeding of sheep into Pennsylvania, on a more extensive scale than hitherto practised, and another letter upon the diseases of that animal, constitutes all the information that can be obtained from the first volume.

As it will not be possible for us to notice particularly all the several papers contained in this work, we shall select only such as, by the manner in which they are treated, and their obvious utility, merit attention. We notice a letter to the society from Mr. Algernon Roberts, upon the expenses and profits of a dairy, which is the only good instance, in the whole

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work, where the result of several years practice is stated with accuracy and clearness. This method of describing experiments particularly, will contribute more than any other, to the diffusion of correct information.

Agreeably to the request of the society, I lay before them an account of the butter I sold from a dairy of twenty cows, during eight years, viz. from 1st of January, 1796, to 31st. December, 1803. The weight amounted to 27,835 pounds, being an annual average of 3479 pounds, or 173 pounds to each cow per year.

Cash received for butter sold from twenty cows in eight years,	$ 8276	19
Consumed in family the milk of three ditto,	1506	
Sucking pigs estimated at,	320	
17 cwt. of pork at $6 per cwt. sustained by dairy,	816	
20 calves at $4 each,	640	
	11558	19
	7748	
	8)3810	19
	476	
Twenty cows at $ 30 each is $ 600 at six per cent,	$ 36	
Grain for winter food,	300	
Hay, straw, &c.	300	
A man and woman's wages,	300	
76 times expenses going to market, at 25 cents per time,	19	50
Summer keeping of a bull,	13	
	968	50
Annual expense multiplied by	8	
	7748	

In the above estimate, I suppose all the sustenance of the pigs to proceed from the dairy, as any other food their dams had, is supposed not to exceed the amount of pigs used by the family, and of those sold alive; it is likewise supposed that one half the food of the other swine, consisted of the offal of the dairy. The calves were sold on the spot. The item of the family milk is founded on a supposition, that it would take three cows to give milk to a family of ten persons, a considerable proportion of which are children. It is also to be remarked, that in the autumn months of part of the years included in the calculation, there were some persons added to the family, in consequence of the epidemick fever, prevalent in the city of Philadelphia, and who caused a diminution in the quantity of butter sold. It is difficult to estimate the expenses. The interest is founded upon a supposition that each cow costs 30 dollars; and the winter keep is set down as equal to her full value. The dairy is supposed to be managed by a man and woman, who are thought fully equal to the task, and their wages as stated, a full reward. The marketing is supposed to be done by the man, who is allowed eight cents each time, for expenses, exclusive of horse standing at the city stable, ferriage and turnpike toll. Nothing is allowed for the bull, except his summer pasture, as it must be very bad management if he does not sell in the autumn, for more than he cost in the spring. His manure also is to be taken into consideration. The allowance for replacing dairy cattle is thought to be trifling, as they are most frequently sold, with proper management, when turned off for grazing, for more than their prime cost. Their manure is supposed equivalent to their summer pasture.

The neat profit then is $ 3810 19 for eight years; this sum divided by 8 gives $ 476 27; which being again divided by 20 (the number of cows) will give the average per head, viz. twenty three dollars and eighty one cents.

Mr. Richard Peters, the president of the society, has certainly contributed his share to the formation of this volume, and his several letters on the different subjects to which he has turned his attention discover an anxious zeal for the promotion of agricultural knowledge. His letters "On peach trees," "Departure of pine timber," &c. "On the injurious effects of

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clover to orchards," "On diseases of Cattle," "On gypsum," "On the thickness, cement, and materials of walls of farm and other buildings," "On orchards," "On coarse flour," &c. "On herbage and shrubs spontaneously produced," &c. "On trench ploughing," "On hemlock for live fences," "On changes of timber and plants;" and his "Observations on a stercorary," merit the attention of every rural economist.

The practice of farming has long been, and we fear will long remain, a standing mark of the slow progress of the useful arts in the United States. Foreigners, who in other respects, notwithstanding their superficial observations, may receive favourable notions of our comforts, taste, and improvements, cannot fail to observe the state of our fields, the agricultural productions, mode of farming, and the rural economy of the states; and if on these subjects they could make the just allowance on comparing them with European advancement, American farming would not be degraded by the comparison.

Whatever importance may be attached to the study of agriculture as a science, an ordinary, intelligent farmer will principally attend to the nature of the soil he cultivates, and observe carefully how he may best improve it by the application of manure. In few cases will he be deceived in ploughing, if he turns up the soil only so deep as to admit the seed to a suitable depth, and leave sufficient room for the roots to spread. As vegetation receives its impulse from the black mould, which every where covers the earth with varying thickness, and which was formed and is continually increased by the successive decay of vegetables, and as this vegetating power is weakened and exhausted by successive crops, it must be again replenished by art. Manures, whether consisting of calcareous earth, or of vegetable compost manure, are of the greatest consequence, and with the preparation of the soil by ploughing, harrowing, rolling, &c. constitute the chief objects of employment for the agriculturalist.

On the subject of manures, there are two letters, one communicated by J. Mease, on the utility of a species of marle, found in Burlington county. This substance answers very well alone; but two loads of it mixed with one of barn manure, is the best mode of using it. Mr. Peters has also given a valuable paper on the employment and nature of gypsum, as a manure. His observations are the result of many years' practice, and merit confidence. The qualities of this article have been hitherto but little understood, and it will require much study to discover the manner in which it operates. Chymistry is of great importance to this branch of husbandry, and although few farmers are acquainted with the subject, yet they have a right to expect something like a scientifick investigation, from such a society as the authors of the present publication. The combination of gypsum or sulphate of lime with the dung from stables, and the vegetable manure in farm yards, forms a good compost, that can be procured at little expense, and is applicable to the greatest varieties of soil. Gypsum aids the putrefaction of the vegetable substances in manures, and in the decomposition produces hydrogen, carbonick acid, oxygen, and other gasses, of which plants are formed; and the warmth produced while the process is going on is one of the specifick properties of manure, and which when mixed with the soil, facilitates the absorption of nutriment by the roots of plants. Hence, that compound, which contains the most of the qualities and powers necessary in the vegetating process, should be procured. The improvements which have been so lately made in agriculture, among English farmers, are in a great degree to be attributed to the study of chymistry, as connected with agriculture.

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Hydrogen is seen to escape from compost heaps during the decomposition, in form of a vapour; the carbon discovers itself in the manure, after an extensive putrefaction, and in the black hue assumed by the mould, wherever found, more distinctly, however, in those soils where composts, containing large quantities of this substance, have been employed. The liquor which drains from dunghills, unless mixed with some accidental, extraneous matter, is nothing but water strongly impregnated with carbon, and after standing a considerable time, the carbon will subside to the bottom of the water. Carbonick acid gas is often seen to escape in great quantities from soils where manure has been used, in which there was a large proportion of carbon. These being the principal agents in accelerating vegetation, the attention of agriculturalists should be directed to provide them from calcareous earths or compost manure, so as to apply them in the cheapest manner to the improvement of the soil.

The best means of preserving manure, is supposed to be a stercorary or compost pit, which is better calculated to permit the fermentation to go on, than any mode hitherto proposed. Mr. Peters has given a very good description of one, which we shall insert.

A stercorary should be at some distance from the stables. It is best for its bed to rise about two feet in the centre, like the back of a tortoise, with channels round it, to conduct the sap into a small well, or reservoir, which may be pumped, or laded out; and the drainings returned on the heap. Those who choose it may have the bottom paved, and surrounded by a stone wall, three feet high; on which the sills of the frame for the roof may lie. It should be covered by a roof of wood, or thatch, on posts; open at the sides for air, and railed, or stripped round, high enough to prevent access by cattle; whose treading or poaching the heap, impedes its regular fermentation. Spouts, or troughs, at the eves of the roof, may be furnished with small cross troughs, to lead in rain water occasionally; though it is seldom required; as its own juices are generally sufficient, for the supply of the necessary moisture to the dung. Under the pitch of the roof, over the heap, there may be a pigeon house; and roosts for poultry, whose dung would increase, and meliorate the whole mass. The square of the frame should be about eight feet from the bed, that carts, &c. may be admitted to enter, with convenience. Those who experience its utility and value will never regret the expense. A parallelogram is the best ground plat.

The above description is taken from a note, in page 153, in preference to another, more particular, which cannot be clearly understood without the plate.

Within the last half century, husbandry has assumed an important character in England. Among the most striking effects agriculture has produced, is the method of preserving, by the rotation of crops, the powers and richness of tillage lands, and the consequent disuse of the deteriorating system of fallows. This is the "most prominent feature in good farming," and it is to be regretted that the present volume contains nothing upon this subject.

Wheat, however, has received more attention. The smut, blight, mildew, and a new disease, have all been discussed, and notwithstanding the judicious remarks and valuable experiments here related, together with the various examinations made by English and French agriculturalists, the origin of these diseases, particularly smut, remains concealed. Cautious and prudent farmers, wishing to avoid the loss of a crop, generally wash the seed in a brine containing saline matter. There is a letter from William Young, in which he says that well chosen seed, sown in a suitable and well prepared soil, are the only sure modes of avoiding smut; while, in the succeeding letter, by Dr. Mease, a contrary opinion is maintained, and saline washes and steeps are the only preventives. Such

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contradictory results are little calculated to excite confidence, or to lead common farmers, always unwilling to quit established habits, to adopt either expedient.

The remarks upon live fences are extremely interesting.* A substitute for the hawthorn of England, is found in our native locust, cedar, and hemlock; and a taste for rendering more beautiful the appearance of our farms, would be produced by the adoption of this mode of fencing. Plashing of hedges would supply a great proportion of the fuel used in farm houses, and leave the fences almost impervious to cattle. Cold and bleak parts of a farm may be easily protected from winds, by suffering hedge rows to grow high, and by plashing and switching, the fence will be prevented from overshadowing much land. In some soils, hemlock will be preferred to any other tree, for it is the most susceptible of being cut, wove, and interlocked, and gives a rich and lively appearance to the fence. Cedar often becomes brown, and in many situations is pernicious to the fields enclosed by it.

The agricultural papers in this volume, except an appendix containing valuable extracts from foreign publications, are concluded by a memoir on clearing land, by John Taylor, Esq. who appears to be an intelligent and enterprising agriculturalist. As there seems to be a mania in the New England states for retiring to new and uncultivated districts, the good policy of which may be questionable, Mr. Taylor's observations deserve attention. The fertility of new lands, arises from the great quantities of vegetable matter which have been collecting and rotting for centuries, so that little labour in manuring for several years, is requisite. Hence the reason why farmers seek new settlements. Clearing and recovering lands which once were cultivated, but which are again covered with a growth of wood and brush, require greater exertions, and demand the process of manuring, as they cannot, by any natural decay of vegetable matter, have recovered from their exhausted state.

We have thus taken a cursory view of the work before us. The individual character of a volume must be drawn from the design and circumstances of the publisher. A single author, having the exclusive management of his subject, may expose himself to censure and criticism, which are not commonly bestowed on a compilation like the present. We have omitted many articles which are worthy of notice, but which the limits of this review will not include, and passed unnoticed many faults, inseparable from the nature of the work.

The agricultural society of Philadelphia have given to the publick such a specimen of their talents and pursuits, that the community will look forward with pleasure to the publication of a second volume. We hope they will not forget that important problem in rural economy, hitherto unsatisfactorily solved, *What is the best plan and arrangement of a farm house and farm yard?* Every thing that can contribute to the comfort of the farmer and his stock, and most usefully promote the mechanical department of husbandry, will, on many considerations, highly interest the publick, and come within the object of their institution. Economy, cleanliness, and good morals, are essential to the good order and happiness of the husbandman, and his prosperity depends on the cultivation of these domestick virtues. Neat husbandry and a productive system of culture are inseparable; and if the same work which a careless farmer expends upon a large number of acres, were bestowed upon half the quantity of land, the crop

* Several species of them are common in New England.

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would generally be the same, and much labour would be saved. But as prejudices and idle habits remain, long after the advantages of a change are demonstrated, we must wait patiently, and hope that the exertions of this society, and the enterprise of many private gentlemen, will soon raise our husbandry to the rank it ought to hold among the improvements of the country.

The statistical account of the Schuylkill Permanent Bridge, is very acceptable, because it furnishes an interesting account of American ingenuity and enterprise. This branch of hydraulick architecture has been usefully practised by Mr. Palmer, whose models of wooden bridges, in many parts of the union, bear unequivocal testimony of his genius. Whoever desires to be acquainted with such works, will read the paper with attention. He will be led to admire not only the architect who planned, but the indefatigable and persevering spirit of the proprietors who undertook, unremittingly prosecuted, and completed this beautiful structure. We do not recollect any work of this kind, which has required such a depth of solid masonry below the surface of the water, as was indispensable in constructing the western pier. The masonry is laid forty-one feet below the surface of the tide, a depth unequalled in any bridge in Europe. There are many useful observations in the account, and the history of the work as it advanced, under the most embarrassing circumstances, is extremely interesting. The bridge is covered, and plastered with a very durable composition, which should be applied, in every instance, to similar works. We shall close our review with the inscription on the eastern tablet, because we readily assent to the justness of the sentiments therein expressed.

THE BRIDGE
is, *in itself,*
the most grateful
Reward
expected from its
Institution.
A Recompense
the most honourable to those,
who, by liberal advances,
and long privations of profit,
unassisted by publick pecuniary aid,
Encouraged and Supported;
And a Memorial,
the most acceptable to those,
who, by enterprising, arduous,
and presevering exertions,
ACHIEVED,
This extensively beneficial
Improvement.

The editors of the Select Reviews have, at the request of a member of the Agricultural society, subjoined the following outlines of a plan for the establishment of the Society.*

1. THE legislature to be applied to for an act of incorporation of the society, which is to consist of citizens of the state, as generally dispersed throughout the same as possible. In the first instance, the society to be

* These outlines were written several years since, at the request of a committee of the society, and furnished to them by Richard Peters, Esq. the now president, who laboured in the legislature of that day to effectuate the plan. But the most unaccountable and deplorable prejudices then existing, defeated every endeavour. During the present session of the legislature a charter has been granted to the society. 1809.

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composed of such persons as may be named, and these to be vested with authority to make rules for admission of other members, and by-laws for the government of the society, as usual in similar cases. Honorary members to be admitted according to rules to be established, and these may be of any state or country.

2. The organization of the society shall be so formed, that the business thereof may be done by a few, who will be responsible to the body of the society, in such manner as their by-laws shall direct.

3. The governour of the state, the speakers of the houses of the legislature, and the chief justice, for the time being, to be the visiters of the corporation. The transactions of the active members, i. e. those intrusted with the monies and affairs of the society, by whatever name or description they may be designated, and all by-laws and regulations, to be submitted to the visiters; to the end that the same may be so conducted and established as not to prejudice the interests of the corporation, or interfere with or oppose the constitution or laws of the state. The visiters will also judge of the objects of the society, and perceive whether or not they are calculated to promote the ends of its institution. Reports may by them be made annually to the legislature. These will be useful, as they will exhibit, in a comprehensive view, the state of agriculture throughout the commonwealth, and give an opportunity to the legislature of being informed on a subject so important to the prosperity of the country, both as it relates to political economy, and the individual happiness of the people. The legislature will perceive from their reports, when, and in what manner, they may lend their assistance to forward this primary object: Whether by endowing professorships, to be annexed to the university of Pennsylvania and the college of Carlisle, and other seminaries of learning, for the purpose of teaching the chymical, philosophical, and elementary parts of the theory of agriculture: or by adding to the funds of the society, increase their ability to propagate a knowledge of the subject, and stimulate, by premiums and other incentives, the exertions of the agricultural citizens: or whether, by a combination of these means, the welfare of the state may be more effectually promoted.

4. Though it will be most convenient to make the repository of the information of the society, and the office or place of transacting its business at Philadelphia, yet it is intended that the society shall be rendered active in every part of the state. To effect this, there should be county societies established, organized as each shall think proper. In union with, or as parts thereof, there may be agricultural meetings or establishments, at the will of those who compose them, in one or more townships of a county. These may correspond with the county societies, and the latter may annually inform the society of the state (of which the less societies may be considered as branches) of all the material transactions of their respective societies. Societies already formed may remain as they are. They may, at their option, correspond directly with the state society, or through the society of the county in which they meet, as shall be found most convenient and agreeable to them. They will thus collect all the information and business relating to the subject, and will give an opportunity to the society of the state to see where their assistance is most necessary, and afford a facility of diffusing agricultural knowledge. The premiums, books, and other articles at the disposal of the society, may pass through the hands of the county or other societies, for many purposes; and they can judge on the spot of the pretensions of the claimants. The country schoolmasters may be secretaries of the county societies, and the schoolhouses the places of meeting, and the

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repositories of their transactions, models, &c. The legislature may enjoin on these schoolmasters, the combination of the subject of agriculture with the other parts of education. This may be easily effected, by introducing as schoolbooks, those on this subject, and thereby making it familiar to their pupils. These will be gaining a knowledge of the business they are destined to follow, while they are taught the elementary parts of their education. Books thus profitable to them in the common affairs of life, may be substituted for some of those now used; and they can easily be obtained Selections from the best writers on husbandry may be made by the society The essays of our own experimentalists or theorists, and the proceedings of the society will also afford information; and, as many of these will, no doubt, be good models of composition, they may form a part of the selection for the use of the county schools. And thus the youth in our country will effectually, and at a cheap rate, be grounded in the knowledge of this important subject. They will be easily inspired with a thirst for inquiry and experiment, and either never acquire, or soon banish attachments to bad systems, originating in the ignorance and bigotry of their forefathers, which, in all countries, have been the bane of good husbandry. It will also be the business of the society to recommend the collection of useful books on agriculture and rural affairs in every county. The citizens of the country should be drawn into a spirit of inquiry by the establishment of small, but well chosen libraries, on various subjects. This would not only promote the interests of agriculture, but it would diffuse knowledge among the people, and assist good government, which is never in danger while a free people are well informed.

5. The general meetings of this society, consisting of such members as may choose to attend, and particularly those charged with communications or information from the county and other societies, should be held at Philadelphia, at a time, in the winter sessions of the legislature, when citizens who may be members thereof, or have other business, can, with most convenience, attend. At these meetings, the general business of the society can be arranged, its funds and transactions examined, and its laws and rules reported, discussed, and rendered generally serviceable and agreeable to the whole.

6. It will be necessary that a contribution be made by each member, annually, for a fund But this should be small, that it may not be too heavy a tax. The funds will, no doubt, be increased by donations from individuals; and if the state should find the institution as useful as it is contemplated to be, the patriotism of the members of the government will be exercised, by affording assistance out of the monies of the state. They will perceive that it is vain to give facility to transportation, unless the products of the country are increased by good husbandry: and though these facilities are important to the objects of this society, yet an increased knowledge of agriculture is the foundation of their extensive utility. The subjects of both are intimately connected, and mutually depend on each other.

7. When the funds of the society increase sufficiently to embrace the object, it will perfect all its efforts, by establishing *Pattern Farms* in different and convenient parts of the state. Let the beginning of this plan be with one establishment, under the direction of the society, and committed to the care of a complete farmer and gardener. In this, all foreign and domestick trees, shrubs, plants, seeds, or grains may be cultivated, and if approved as useful, disseminated, with directions for their culture, through the state. The most approved implements may be used on this farm, and

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either improved by additions, or simplified to advantage. Inventions may be brought to trial, and the best selected. Models thereof may be made and transmitted to the county and other societies. Those who are sent to, or occasionally visit the farm, will gain more knowledge, in all its operations, from a short inspection, than can be acquired, in a long time, by reading on the use and construction of instruments, or the modes of cultivation. The cheapest, best and most commodious style of rural architecture—the most proper and permanent live fences—improvements in the breed of horses, cattle, and sheep—remedies for occasional and unforeseen visitations of vermin—the times and seasons for sowing particular crops—the adapting foreign products to our climate—and preventives against all the evils attendant on our local situation, or arising from accidental causes—may here be practically introduced. The thoughts and suggestions of ingenious men may here be put in practice; and, being brought to the test of experiment, their utility may be proved, or their fallacy detected. This farm need not be large. On it the best systems now known may be carried through, and further experiments made. Promising youths may be sent from different parts of the state to learn, practically, the art of husbandry. Manures, and the best mode of collecting them, may be tried. Native manures should be sought after, and premiums given for their discovery. Their efficacy may be proved by small experiments on this farm, which should, in epitome, embrace the whole circle of practical husbandry. Similar farms may be added, as the funds increase; and thus practical agricultural schools be instituted throughout the state.

8. When the pecuniary affairs of the society become adequate, it will highly contribute to the interest of agriculture, if, at the expense of the society, some ingenious person or persons were sent to Europe for the purposes of agricultural inquiries. It would be well, too, if a few young persons of promising abilities were sent thither to be instructed in the arts of husbandry, the breeding of cattle, &c. and to gain a practical knowledge on all subjects connected with this interesting, delightful, and important business, on which the existence, wealth, and permanent prosperity of our country so materially depend.

9. Although it would seem that a great portion of this plan has reference to the older settlements of the state, yet, in fact, many of its most useful arrangements will apply to new settlements in an eminent degree. These settlements are, for the most part, first established by people little acquainted with a good style of husbandry. The earth, in its prime, throws up abundant vegetation, and for a short period rewards the most careless husbandman. Fertility is antecedent to his efforts; and he has it not to recreate by artificial means. But he is ignorant of the most beneficial modes whereby he can take advantage of this youthful vigour with which his soil is blessed. He wastes its strength, and suffers its riches to flee away. A bad style of cropping increases the tendency of fresh lands to throw up weeds, and other noxious herbage; and that luxuriance, which with care and system might be perpetuated, is indulged in its own destruction. It is discovered, when it is too late, that what was the foundation of the support and wealth of the improvident possessor, has been, by his ignorance and neglect, like the patrimony of a spendthrift, permitted, and even stimulated rapidly to pass from him in wild extravagance.

The products of nature, in our new countries, seldom have been turned to account. The timber is deemed an incumbrance, and at present is, perhaps, too much so. The labour and expense of preparing for tillage are enormous; and, when the sole object is that of cultivation, very discoura-

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ging.* European books give us no lessons in these operations. But when the experience of our people is aided and brought to a point, by a union of facts and the ingenuity of intelligent men, now too much dispersed to be drawn into system, it is to be expected, with the surest prospects of success, that our difficulties on this head will be abated, if not overcome. The manufacture of potash, and the products of the sugar maple, may be objects of the attention of the society. More profitable modes of applying labour will hereby be promoted, and returns for expense, in the preparation for culture be obtained. Facilities for clearing lands may be discovered. Minerals, earths, and fossils, now either unknown or neglected, may be brought into use, or become objects of commerce. In fine, no adequate calculation can be formed of the effects which may be produced by a consolidation of the efforts, and even speculations, of our citizens, whose interests will stimulate them to exertion. Channels of communication will be established, and the whole will receive the benefits arising from a collection of the thoughts and labours of individuals, whose minds will be turned to a subject so engaging and profitable, as well to themselves as to their country.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

The Dramatick Mirrour, containing the History of the Stage, from the earliest Period to the present Time; including a Biographical and Critical Account of all the Dramatick Writers, from 1600, and also of the most distinguished Performers, from the Days of Shakspeare to 1807; and a History of the Country Theatres in England, Ireland, and Scotland, embellished with seventeen elegant Engravings. By Thomas Gilliland, Author of Dramatick Synopsis. 8vo. 2. Vols.

A WORK that would properly satisfy the promise of this title page, instead of being comprised in two moderate octavo volumes, might be extended to the number of the mighty production of Grævius and Gronovius, which are hardly complete in twenty ponderous folios. This work, however, may be probably both convenient and useful to the frequenters of the modern theatre, now so changed from what even we ourselves remember it, that could the shades of Betterton, Quin, and Garrick, rise from their elysium, it may fairly be questioned whether, with one or two exceptions, they would acknowledge their brethren of the sock. They might be apt to exclaim: Call ye this a play, or that an actor? In this respect at least we confess ourselves laudatores temporis acti. Some very neatly executed heads of various performers are introduced, of the resemblance of which we are not able to judge.

The Duties of Religion and Morality as inculcated in the Holy Scriptures, with preliminary and occasional Observations. By Henry Tuke. 12mo.

THE preliminary observations in this excellent little book are on the importance of religion and morality; on religion as the basis of morality; on the love of God, the holy scriptures, and the divine attributes. The author then proceeds to the discussion of religious duties, and moral duties general and particular. The general duties are those of justice, charity, temperance, industry, &c. The particular duties, those of husbands and wives, parents and children, masters and servants, &c. &c.

This is an unexceptionable book for young persons, and indeed for adults, and is highly creditable to the duly tempered zeal of the amiable author.

* At the present time [1808] the expense of clearing land is much lessened, owing to the great influx of population in our new countries. For five dollars per acre, land may be completely cleared of timber.

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SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

FROM AIKIN'S ATHENEUM.

MEMOIRS OF PROFESSOR PORSON.

RICHARD PORSON was born at East Ruston, in Norfolk, on Christmas day, 1759; so that he was only in his forty-ninth year. Every thing about this most eminent scholar, and particularly the circumstances which laid the foundation of that most inestimable memory, by which he was enabled to store his mind with all the riches of literature, ancient and modern, will become truly interesting to the world. He owed the blessing to the care and judgment of his father, Mr. Huggin Porson, who was parish clerk of East Ruston; and who, though in humble life, and without the advantages himself of early education, laid the basis of his son's unparalleled acquirements. From the earliest dawn of intellect, Mr. Porson began the task of fixing the attention of his children, three sons and a daughter; and he had taught Richard, his eldest son, all the common rules of arithmetick, without the use of a book or slate, pen or pencil, up to the cube root, before he was nine years of age. The memory was thus incessantly exercised; and by this early habit of working a question in arithmetick by the mind only, he acquired such a talent of close and intense thinking, and such a power of arranging every operation that occupied his thought, as in process of time to render the most difficult problems, which, to other men required the assistance of written figures, easy to the retentive faculties of his memory. He was initiated in letters by a process equally efficacious. His father taught him to read and write at one and the same time. He drew the form of the letter either with chalk on a board, or with the finger in sand; and Richard was made at once to understand and imitate the impression. As soon as he could speak, he could trace the letters; and this exercise delighting his fancy, an ardour of imitating whatever was put before him was excited to such a degree, that the walls of the house were covered with characters, which attracted notice, from their neatness and fidelity of delineation.

At nine years of age, he and his youngest brother, Thomas, were sent to the village school, kept by a Mr. Summers, a plain but most intelligent and worthy man; who, having had the misfortune in infancy to cripple his left hand, was educated for the purpose of teaching, and he discharged his duties with the most exemplary attention. He professed nothing beyond English, writing and arithmetick, with the rudiments of Latin. He was a good accountant, and an excellent writing master. He perfected the professor in that delightful talent of writing, in which he so peculiarly excelled; but which, we are doubtful whether it was to be considered as an advantage or a detriment to him in his progress through life. It certainly had a considerable influence on his habits, and made him devote many precious moments to copying, which might have been better employed in composition. It has been the means, however, of enriching his library with annotations, in a text the most beautiful, and with such perfect imitation of the original

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manuscript or printing, as to embellish every work which his erudition enabled him to elucidate. He continued under Mr. Summers for three years; and every evening, during that time, he had to repeat by heart, to his father, the lessons and tasks of the day; and this, not in a loose or desultory manner, but in the rigorous order in which whatever he had been occupied about had been done; and thus, again, the process of recollection was cherished and strengthened, so as to become a quality of his mind. It was impossible that such a youth should remain unnoticed, even in a place so thinly peopled, and so obscure, as the parish of East Ruston. The Rev Mr. Hewitt heard of his extraordinary propensities to study; his gift of attention to whatever was taught him; and the wonderful fidelity with which he retained whatever he had acquired. He took him and his brother Thomas under his care, and instructed them in the classicks. The progress of both was great, but that of Richard was most extraordinary. It became the topick of astonishment beyond the district, and when he had reached his fourteenth year, had engaged the notice of all the gentlemen in the vicinity. Among others, he was mentioned as a prodigy to an opulent and liberal man, the late Mr. Norris, who, after having put the youth under an examination of the severest kind, and from which an ordinary boy would have shrunk dismayed, sent him to Eton. This happened in the month of August, 1774, when he was in his fifteenth year; and in that great seminary, he, almost from the commencement of his career, displayed such a superiority of intellect, such facility of acquirement, such quickness of perception, and such a talent of bringing forward to his purpose all that he had ever read, that the upper boys took him into their society, and promoted the cultivation of his mind by their lessons, as well, probably, as by imposing upon him the performance of their own exercises. He was courted by them as the never failing resource in every difficulty; and in all the playful excursions of the imagination, in their frolicks, as well as in their serious tasks, Porson was the constant adviser and support. He used to dwell on this lively part of his youth with peculiar complacency; and we have heard him repeat a drama, which he wrote for exhibition in their long chamber, and other compositions, both of seriousness and drollery, with a zest that the recollection of his enjoyment at the time, never failed to revive in him. We fear, however, that at this early age, his constitution received a shock, which was soon after aggravated by the death of his worthy patron. An imposthume formed on his lungs, and he was threatened by a consumption. But it fortunately broke, and he recovered his health, though his frame was weakened.

The death of Mr. Norris was the source of severe mortification to him; for though, by the kindness of some eminent and liberal persons he was continued at Eton, he felt the loss he had sustained in the most poignant degree. But we do not mean, this day at least, to do more than trace the dates of his progress to the professor's chair. He was entered of Trinity college towards the end of 1777; and, his character having gone before him to the university, he was, from the first, regarded as a youth, whose extraordinary endowments would keep up and extend the reputation of the unrivalled society into which he had entered. Nor did he disappoint the hopes that had been formed of him. In every branch of study to which he applied himself, his course was so rapid as to astonish every competent observer. By accidents, which in a more detailed biographical article will be explained, he was drawn first to read in mathematicks, in which, from his early exercises, he was so eminently calculated to shine, but from which he drew no benefit; and then, by the prospect of a scholarship, which, however, did not become

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vacant till long after he sat down to the classicks. In this pursuit, he soon acquired undisputed preeminence. He got the medal of course, and was elected a fellow in 1781. In 1785, he took his degree of master of arts; but, long before the period had elapsed when he must either enter into holy orders, or surrender his fellowship, he had, after the most grave and deliberate investigation, to which he had brought all that acute gift of examination that has been made so perceptible in his letters to Mr. Archdeacon Travis, made up his mind on the subject of subscription. We are sure that his determination cost him many painful and laborious days and months of study. His heart and mind were deeply penetrated by the purest sentiments of religion; and it was a memorable, and most estimable feature of his character, that in no moment the most unguarded, when that ardour of discussion which alone led him to indulgence, had elevated his spirits, was he ever known to utter a single expression of discontent at the establishment, of derision of those who thought differently from himself. much less of profaneness or impiety. He was truly and actively pious; but it was of an order that admitted not of shackles. So early as 1788, he had made up his mind to surrender his fellowship, though, with an enfeebled constitution, he had nothing to depend upon; but acquirements that are very unprofitable to their owner. A lay fellowship, to be sure, might have secured his services to the cause of letters; but the disingenuous conduct of an individual withheld from him that resource. In 1791 his fellowship ceased, and he was thrown upon the world without a profession, his feelings wounded by the mortifications he had suffered, and with a constitution little qualified to encounter the bustle of the world. Some private friends however, stept in; and, soon after, he was elected Greek professor of Cambridge, by a unanimous vote of the seven electors. The distinction of this appointment was grateful to him. The salary is but forty pounds a year. It was his earnest wish, however, to have made it an active and efficient office, and it was his determination to give an annual course of lectures in the college, if rooms had been assigned him for the purpose. These lectures, as he designed, and had, in truth, made preparations for them, would have been invaluable; for he would have found occasion to elucidate the languages in general, and to have displayed their relations, their differences, their near and remote connexions, their changes, their structure, their principles of etymology, and their causes of corruption. If any one man was qualified for this gigantick task, it was Mr. Professor Porson; and if his wishes had not been counteracted, we know that he would have undertaken the labour.

From this time, instead of lectures, he turned his thoughts to publication. His letters to Mr. Archdeacon Travis, as has been truly said, put the controversy on the disputed text to rest; and, indeed, it was the peculiar felicity of his mind, that whatever he undertook to elucidate, he fixed for ever in the light.

In 1795, he married Mrs. Lunan, the sister of Mr. Perry, of this paper, but who sunk under a decline in 1797; and, from that time, the professor himself was so incessantly afflicted with a spasmodick asthma, as to interrupt him in every study to which he applied himself. Whether his sedentary habits served to bring it on, we know not; but certainly very few men had accustomed themselves to such patient and continued toil. He had undertaken to make out and copy the almost obliterated manuscript of the invaluable Lexicon of Photius, which he had borrowed from the library of Trinity college. And this he had, with unparalleled difficulty, just completed, when the beautiful copy, which had cost him ten months of incessant toil, was burnt in the house of Mr. Perry, at Merton. The original,

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being a *unique*, intrusted to him by his college, he carried with him wherever he went; and he was fortunately absent from Merton on the morning of the fire Unruffled by the loss, he sat down without a murmur, and made a second copy, as beautiful as the first. It is extant in his library, and is quite ready for the press. Of the plays of Euripides, which he published, the learned world has pronounced its judgment, and we reserve for another occasion, an account of this and his other literary labours. It may be pleasant for our readers, however, to know, that he has left an Orestes quite ready for the press.

On the establishment of the London institution, the managers manifested their own discernment and love of letters, by selecting him to be their principal librarian, an appointment for which he was peculiarly qualified, and if time and health had been allowed him, he would have made their library truly valuable. His own, which he has been gradually collecting for thirty years, he has enriched by annotations of such value and importance to literature, that we hope and trust, the whole will be placed in his own college, that it may for ever be within the reach of those whom his example may arouse to similar pursuits, though they may despair of reaching equal attainments.

We have said, that we should feel it our duty to correct some of the misstatements that have gone forth, as to his habits of life, and as to the circumstances of his death; but we have scarcely left ourselves room, after this hasty sketch, written since our return from paying the last duties of inconsolable friendship to his remains, to perform the task. Mr. Porson, as we have stated before, has, for the last eleven years, been the incessant victim of spasmodick asthma, during the agony of which he never went to bed, and in which he was forced to abstain from all sustenance. This greatly debilitated his body; and, about a month ago, he was afflicted by an intermittent fever. He had an unfortunate objection to medical advice, and he resorted to his usual remedy of abstinence; but on Monday, the nineteenth ult. he suffered an apoplectick stroke, from which he recovered only to endure a second attack the next day. He languished to the Sunday night, and expired without a struggle. The body was opened by his medical attendants, and they have given a report, ascribing his death "to the effused lymph in and upon the brain, which they believe to have been the effect of recent inflammation. The heart was sound, and the pericranium contained the usual quantity of lymph. The left lung had adhesions to the pleura, and bore the marks of former inflammation The right lung was in a perfect sound state" This is signed by Dr. Babington, Sir William Blizard, Mr. Norris, Mr Blizard, and Mr Upton. In refutation of an idle falsehood about the form of his skull, they add, "that it was thinner than usual, and of hard consistence."

Mr. Porson has left a sister living, an amiable and accomplished woman. She is the wife of Siday Hawes, Esq. of Coltishall, in Norfolk. They have five children. Their eldest son is entered at Bennet college, Cambridge. Henry, the second brother of the professor, was settled on a farm in Essex, and died young, leaving three children. His brother Thomas kept a boarding school at Fakenham, was an excellent scholar, and died in 1792, without issue; and his father, Mr. Huggin Porson, died in October, 8 6, in his 78th year. His mother died in 1784, aged 57. These few particulars may satisfy, for the time, the impatience of all those who knew his incomparable talents, but who were unacquainted with his private history. We shall hereafter speak of the character of his mind, and of the various attainments in which he had no rival.

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THE most remarkable among the intellectual powers of Richard Porson, was unquestionably that of memory. It was at once obvious to every one who had the good fortune to be in his company; and it never ceased to excite the admiration of those who had most frequently an opportunity of conversing with him. Every thing he had read, and what was there worthy, or, indeed, unworthy of literary notice, which he had not read?* appeared to be present to his mind, with uncommon precision. Whensoever a subject connected with English, French, Latin, or Greek poetry was started, he would recite some brilliant and striking passage, at considerable length, in the words of the author. And in the latter language more especially, which was his favourite study, he was so completely master, not only of the words of the author in question, but of every circumstance relating to the words, that he would expatiate upon the various readings, and the points of grammar and criticism connected with them, in such a manner, as to produce the effect of a complete and well digested Variorum Commentary. We remember to have heard him relate one or two incidents which occurred at different, although both early, periods of his life, which will illustrate this quality of his mind far better than any laboured detail.

When he was very young, perhaps at the time when he was under the care of Mr. Summers, returning to his father's cottage, he lost his way, and found shelter in the house of a little farmer, whose son, somewhat older than Porson, had just quitted school. With this boy Porson was to sleep; but, instead of betaking himself to his slumbers, he began questioning his companion concerning what he had learned at school. He found him a most admirable arithmetician, and passed the night in proposing questions, which the other answered to his satisfaction as well as surprise; for at last he found him capable of multiplying nine figures by nine in his head, an operation which was quite familiar to our young professor.

When at Eton, as he was going to his tutor's, to construe a Horace lesson, preparatory to the business of school, one of the senior boys took Porson's Horace from him, and thrust into his hands some English book. The tutor called upon Porson to construe, and the other boys were much amused in considering the figure he would make in this emergency. Porson, however, who had Horace by heart before he went to Eton, knowing where the lesson was to begin, began without hesitation,

Mercuri facunde, nepos Atlantis:

and went on regularly, first reciting the Latin, and then giving the Latin and English, as if he had really had the author before him. The tutor, perceiving some symptoms of astonishment as well as mirth amongst the other boys, suspected that there was something unusual in the affair, and inquired what edition of Horace Porson had in his hand. "I learned the lesson from the Delphin," replied his pupil, avoiding a direct answer. "That is very odd," replied the other, "for you seem to be reading in a different side of the page from myself. Let me see your book." The truth was of

* Upon this subject we have been favoured with the following observations from the respectable writer, to whom we are already so greatly indebted for the knowledge of many interesting particulars.

It was one of the peculiar traits of his mind that it rejected no aliment. He was equally well read in Joe Miller, and the Fathers, as in Greek literature. And in the very lowest, as well as highest branches of human learning, his memory was equally retentive. In his power over figures, though he was at an early age diverted from mathematicks, Mr. P. never knew his equal. His quickness in bringing out the result of a most intricate and manifold calculation by mental working, was magical. He had formed for himself a species of short hand in figures, if we may use the term, that had the most astonishing brevity and truth.

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course then discovered; but the master, instead of showing any displeasure, wisely and kindly observed to the others, that he should be most happy to find any of them acquitting themselves as well in a similar predicament.

The sensible and well written memoir, above quoted, accounts in some degree for the extent to which this invaluable faculty of his mind was at length carried; but it certainly must be allowed that very strong original powers, and intense application in after life must have been required in order to secure the attainment of such a blessing. It should be remembered to the honour of the professor, that he never appeared in any degree vain of this astonishing talent; and he once observed to the writer of this paper, "I never remembered any thing but what I transcribed three times, or read over six times at the least; and, if you will do the same, you will have as good a memory." Indeed, he was at all times the warm advocate of a doctrine, which is as true as it is important in the conduct of education. He maintained, that superiority of intellect and of attainments was not so much owing to a difference in the formation of the organs, as in the mode by which education was conducted. And although such a man as Porson could not have failed to have been distinguished for the strength and acuteness of his understanding, under any circumstances, yet it cannot be doubted that the habits of his earlier years contributed much to that force and precision in his memory, for which he was so eminently distinguished.

There were other qualities in this great man's mind, although not so obvious to a common observer, nor so dazzling, yet even more rare and more useful. These were his extraordinary acuteness of discernment, and solidity of judgment; and these, added to his intense application and stupendous memory, made him, what the world, perhaps, never saw before, and, alas! can not soon see again, A COMPLETE CRITICK, in the most honourable and extended sense of that appellation. His reading was, of course, immense. He was an excellent French scholar; but, in his native language, in the Latin, and in the Greek, he was most familiarly and profoundly versed. He had, indeed, applied the knowledge he had gained of the origin and structure of language in general, to all these dialects, if we may so express ourselves, of the universal language; and, had not his eminence in classical literature, by its uncommon lustre, obscured other attainments, he would doubtless have been considered as *one of the first* English scholars. In Greek, however, we have no hesitation in pronouncing him *the very first*, not merely of his own age, but of every other. He is surely entitled to this honourable distinction, when we consider that he possessed at once, each in its highest degree of excellence, all the qualities for which any single scholar has hitherto been eminent. In him were conspicuous, boundless extent of reading; a most exact and well ordered memory; unwearied patience in unravelling the sense of an author; and exploring the perplexities of a manuscript; perspicacity in discovering the corruptions of a text; and acuteness, almost intuitive, in restoring the true reading. All this, be it observed, was tempered with a judgment, which preserved him invariably from the rocks against which even the greatest of his critical predecessors have at some time or other split; we mean precipitation in determining that to be unsound, which after all had no defect; and rashness in applying remedies, which only served to increase the disease.

In thus pronouncing him superiour to Salmasius, Casaubon, Hemsterhusius, Toup, Dawes, and even to Bentley and Valckenaer, some of our readers may, perhaps, be of opinion, that he has published too little to justify this high encomium. To these we must reply in the words of the old proverb, *ex pede Herculem;* and we would boldly refer to the four plays of

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Euripides, with the preface and supplement, as the work of a critick, soaring in genius and in attainment above his predecessors. When, moreover, we appeal to those exquisite specimens of profound knowledge and critical acumen, which he so liberally communicated to his friends, we have no hesitation in giving it as our opinion, that what is yet unpublished is equal, both in value and extent, to that which has already been submitted to the world. And we have only to express our most ardent and decided wish, that some steps may be immediately taken, in order to collect all the remains of this admirable scholar, for the purpose of publication; whether they be recorded in the memories and books of his friends, or whether they be treasured among his own literary λειψανα.

In the enumeration of those qualities which contributed to raise this wonderful man to such a proud preeminence, it would be unpardonable to forget the point and brilliancy of his wit. It is difficult to define this faculty as it exists in any mind; but it is peculiarly so as it appeared in that of Porson, on account of the variety, as well as beauty of the forms it assumed. At one time it was the happy talent of enlivening and illustrating a subject by a peculiarly apt and dexterous quotation;* at another it scattered at will the Attick salt, which gave so much vivacity to the controversies of Bentley, and which diffuses such peculiar splendour over the polemical gloom of the Letters to Archdeacon Travis; at other times this superiour genius wielded the more concealed, but caustick weapon, which probed to the quick the follies and the vices of mankind in the satires of Swift. Such, and so various, were the powers of Richard Porson, that by turns we are in doubt whether we have been more fascinated by his wit, or astonished at his learning.

To these intellectual excellencies, faintly and imperfectly as they are portrayed, were added strong and admirable moral qualities; the most inflexible spirit of integrity; a most inviolable regard to truth; and their necessary concomitants, the most determined independence. By precept, as well as example, he discountenanced all violent emotions of the mind, and particularly that of anger. His sentiments upon the subject of religion it was difficult, at least for such persons as did not enjoy opportunities of frequent and familiar intercourse with him, to collect with precision. We are, however, enabled to state, as the decided conviction of those who were more particularly honoured with his confidence, that his faith was steady in the pure and consoling truths of Christianity. In his interpretation of some parts of the sacred volume, he certainly differed from the church of England; but his dissent was unmixed with any tincture of undue or schismatical warmth in favour of a system, to which, after mature and painful deliberation, he felt himself bound to adhere. For the name of God he ever observed the most pious reverence; nor ever would he suffer it to be profaned in his presence. Obscene language was in an equal degree the object of his antipathy and disgust.

He undoubtedly had a warm sense of kindness to himself; and felt more than he expressed of benevolence towards others! Of every thing mean, base, insolent, treacherous, or selfish, whether practised towards others or towards himself, he had a quick discernment and a most rooted abhorrence; and the terms of bitter contempt, or of severe indignation, in which he

* He once said that he wished to be called upon for a second edition of his Letters to Travis, and in that case he meant to prefix this as a motto:

Quo, moriture, ruis, majoraque viribus audes?
Fallit te incautum *pietas* tua.

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expressed himself upon such occasions, may have given rise to opinions concerning the real bent of his feelings, which those, who had frequent opportunities of observing him, can safely pronounce to be unfounded.

From this attempt to show the cast of his moral character, it appears, that as the features of his mind were robust, so were the virtues of his heart stern. Indeed, in many of their better points, he has frequently reminded us of the old Stoicks; but if he did take Cato for his model, it is seriously to be lamented that he imitated him in one of his defects.* We have no doubt that the *tempestiva convivia*, in which the professor loved to indulge, owed their origin to a sleeplessness first brought on by habits of study, and subsequently increased by indisposition; but whatever was the cause, deeply do we deplore this additional instance of infirmity attached to the greatest and most shining excellencies. We must, however, carefully guard our readers from supposing that this eminently learned man was habitually addicted to the use of strong and heating liquors. When alone he was singularly abstemious. And again we must urge the observation that his late hours were not occasioned by the *vice* of intemperance, but by the *misfortune* of his inability to sleep. His usual and favourite beverage upon these occasions was table beer; and continually would he pass the night, charming and instructing those who sat around, without the slightest advance to inebriety. But sometimes the officious zeal of his less discreet companions would supply temptations, against which he was not sufficiently upon his guard; and towards the latter part of his life, his frame, undermined as it unhappily was by the corrosions of disease, could ill sustain, and consequently betrayed, the least indulgence. Yet be it observed that, in no moment of gayety, carried even to a faulty excess, did he ever lose that reverence for the name of his Creator, and that loathing of obscenity, which we have already mentioned as honourable characteristicks of his moral tendencies. Never did he swerve from his undeviating attachment to truth, nor ever was he known to betray a secret.

October 17, 1808.

BRITISH IMPROVEMENT IN THE MANUFACTURE OF SWORDS.

PREVIOUS to the year 1795, the scientifick principles on which swords should be constructed, were deplorably neglected. Every regiment was at liberty to order its own swords, without reference to any standard, or proof of their goodness. A weapon so important both for offence and defence was left to chance or caprice, and the consequence was, the sacrifice of many a brave fellow, and an unascertainable loss to the service and the country. At that period the board of ordnance requested the trade to produce patterns of swords, together with the best modes of proof, in order that the highest degree of security that art and industry could provide, might be obtained. Accordingly each sword-maker produced his pattern, his price, and his method of proving. On accurate examination, Mr. Osborn's system of proving, mounting, &c. was adopted, and established by the board, and general Ross, surveyor general of the ordnance, desired him to lay down explicit directions for the guidance of the sword-cutlers employed by the board.

* Mart. Epig. Lib. ii. 89.

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In conformity with this application Mr. O. invented a proving machine, which was exhibited by request before his royal highness the duke of York, general Ross, colonel Le Merchant, and a number of field officers, at the war office, and was unanimously pronounced to be effectual, simple, and calculated to answer the important purpose of an unerring system. He was then ordered to make nine such machines for the direction of other sword manufacturers, and one of them was fixed in the Tower, and a proper person appointed to look to the proof agreeably to rules laid down.

This regulation, though salutary, being strict, produced a few ineffectual murmurs on the part of other sword manufacturers. The establishment of these regulations has been the happy means of saving the life of many a brave man; for there is now little danger of the sword falling fractured and useless from the arm of valour.

Previous to this establishment, the army were chiefly supplied from Germany; but the German swords were, and are so ill constructed, that they would not, and will not, sustain this criterion. Some few that were ordered by the board, and were procured from the German resident in London, were shivered to pieces, when submitted to the test, and from their repeated failures, no German swords have, for several years, been received into government stores, and no swords whatever, but such as would, in every respect, endure this proof.

In consequence of these successful exertions, Mr. O. was honoured with a recommendatory letter from a gentleman of the highest respectability, and high in office, to the then chairman of the committee of the honourable East India Company, who, among other handsome things, says: "I have great pleasure in saying, that in the course of the last four or five years, he has supplied the ordnance with near twenty thousand cavalry swords. Mr. Osborn would readily agree that all the swords that he should furnish to the company, should be examined and proved at the Tower, and it would, no doubt, be much for the advantage of your service that they should undergo the strictness of our examination."

The honourable East India Company caused an order to be given to the German resident in London, and Mr. O. for each to produce ten regulation light cavalry swords, to be publickly tried at the Tower, under the inspection of major Cunninghame. The trial of workmanship therefore took place on the 7th of November, 1804; but as the German found, by having his swords secretly proved, that they would not stand the slightest proof, he did not think proper to attend.

A regulation light cavalry sword is 32 1-2 inches long in the blade, and should spring one inch in every six, viz. 5 1-2 inches, which will take it down to 27 inches. Several of the swords were sprung to 22, 21, and 20 inches, which was 5, 6, and 7 inches beyond proof, and all beyond 27 inches was considered as being superfluous; but the parties wished them put to the utmost test. Hence the reason why they were continued to be sprung till one or the other lost its elastick powers. The moment a sword becomes soft [set] or breaks, it is disabled. The process of proving is as follows. After being ground to a guage, and weighed to see that they are conformable to the scale they are struck back and edge over a block of wood. This is called chopping. Then they are struck flat-ways on an even surface of wood. This is called slapping. And, finally, they are sprung to 27 inches. Every *warranted* sword undergoes this proof, and which is considered equivalent to every hardship a sword undergoes in the field of battle.

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SWISS MILITARY SYSTEM.

To the Editor of the Literary Panorama.

SIR,

SOME years ago, during a long residence in Switzerland, I was much pleased with the admirable dexterity with which the whole male population of that country used the rifle; but much more with the admirable policy of the government, which by this means had contrived to establish a most formidable military system, interwoven with the national amusements of the people. It was attended neither with expense to the community, nor inconvenience to the individual; the whole service was voluntary, and honour and emulation were the only compulsory principles called into action. It may be well understood, how necessary it was to the ancient Swiss republick, surrounded by powerful neighbours, to have a large military force at all times in a constant state of preparation. The country being small, nothing short of a levy including the whole male population, would answer the purpose; and as to the keeping up of such an establishment, as a standing army, that was completely incompatible with the safety and welfare of the state. What then were the institutions adopted? Each town, city, and village, at certain stated times of the year, gave honourary distinctions and prizes, to such as entered the lists, as rifle shooters. They varied in value, in proportion to the rank attached to the places which gave them; thus, the prize given by a city was thought a more honourable mark of distinction, than that given by a village, and so on.—The consequence was, that practising at a mark became quite the national game, if it may be so called, and a child, from the moment it could go alone, was accustomed to see its parents and relations striving in this manner for the palm of victory.

Thus, instead of adjourning to the tavern, or the publick house, to spend their evenings, as is too much the case among ourselves, all ranks rendezvoused at the shooting ground of the place.

The shooting ground and abutments were considered as publick property, and the publick was at the expense of repairs and other contingencies, subject to the jurisdiction and direction of the principal inhabitants of the place.

The utmost exertions of an individual, for introducing a similar arrangement into this country, must prove fruitless, unless assisted by the publick journals, and periodical works, which by their sanction would tend to force it on the attention of our rulers; but were government to patronise the measure, I feel confident it would prove of the highest utility. Taking the metropolis alone, fifty guineas given away in prizes would excite an amazing emulation among those who have already chosen that weapon; but whose ardour is much less than it would be if stimulated by some publick incitement. This measure, if adopted, would place the defensive means of the country on a most efficient footing, leaving at the same time a much larger disposable force for foreign service.

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DR. GALL AND HIS HYPOTHESIS.

To the Editor of the Literary Panorama.

SIR,

OBSERVING in your last number of the Panorama that Dr. Gall was arrived at Paris, whence we certainly shall hear more of him, and being desirous that every system proposed by an intelligent man, should have justice done it, I take the liberty of submitting to the publick, by your means, an outline of that physiologist's hypothesis. My design is, on one hand, that it should not be scouted without reason; and on the other, that it should be submitted to the closest investigation by your ingenious readers.

Dr. Gall considers animals as being born with the dispositions or faculties proper to their species; but these faculties have not equal power in every individual. The brain is the seat of the mental faculties: but it is not a simple organ; it is a combination of organs, each of which has its particular disposition. The size of the organ is proportionate to the intensity of these dispositions, and these organs are manifested on the *outside* of the cranium, by protuberances which correspond in form to that of the portion of brain which they enclose. In short, the bony case of the skull is conformed to the internal contents, so that by knowing one we know the other, as to shape. The bony covering not only receives this form while it is soft in infancy, says Dr. Gall, but it yields to the impulse of the internal parts as they grow, and "the lymphatick vessels absorb part of the bone itself, which is regenerated by other vessels which issue from the membranes of the brain."

The difficulty in supporting and applying this theory is, to determine what particular part of the skull corresponds to any certain disposition of the person. This was partly ascertained by the examination of animals. Dr. Gall places the organ of *goodness*, for instance, on the upper part of the head. It is indicated by a protuberance in the middle of the forehead, where the forehead begins to flatten. This protuberance is found in sheep; and in goodnatured dogs, and horses. It is even said, that jockies pay attention to this part, when buying of horses. This protuberance is wanting in cats, in the hyena, the crocodile, and the bull dog; also, in the Caribbee Indians, and, if the Dr. may be credited, it was wanting in Robespierre. He also affirms, that according to the absence or presence of this *bump*, he has distinguished to a certainty, amid a whole herd of cows, which was good, and which was bad. The fox, the cat, the panther the hound, among animals, and, among men, the diplomatists, the comedians, and the authors of well conducted and intrigued novels, have, on the sphemoide angle of the parietal bone, a very distinct prominence, which is the organ of *cunning*. That of *theft* is close adjacent, and is almost always connected with it. "It has never been absent in any thief who has been examined in the different prisons." How far the diplomatists, comedians, and novelists, may feel themselves flattered by this connexion, must be left to their own sensations to decide. The organ of the *fighting* propensity is marked, says Dr. Gall, by a globular rising at the posteriour and inferiour angle of the bregmatick bone, where it touches the bone of the temples. This is found in courageous animals, but not in the timid, as hares, &c. Dr Gall found it in general Wurmser; but not in the poet Alxinger, who was a fearful man. Yet the poet Alxinger was a *friendly* man, though the Dr. did not find in him, the organ of *friendship*, which he places above the andaidal suture of the parietal bone. He found this organ in dogs, and in some men and women.

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In the whole, Dr. Gall has distinguished *twenty-seven* organs, with some degree of certainty. His thought, to say the least of it, is ingenious. That there are such points on the human skull is undeniable; and though the difficulty of appropriating them is confessedly great, yet science may demonstrate that it is not insuperable.

I am, sir, yours, &c. INGENIOSUS.

THE CITY OF BAKU, AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

The following curious account of the city of Baku, and *Place of Fire* in its neighbourhood, is extracted from Wilkinson's Historical and Topographical Description of Mount Caucasus.

SEVENTEEN versts S. S. E. of the river Agahbdal stands Baku, or Badku; built in the form of an obtuse triangle, and called the *Holy City* by the Gebers or Guebres (who are styled *fireworshippers*) and considered as one of the great mercy seats of the Indian Brahmans It lies twenty-two versts from the southern arm of Caucasus, in a flat hilled plane, devoid of river or stream, and near the sea. It is surrounded with a ditch, and thick strong walls, and supplied with cannon and mortars, of which no one there understands the use. It must formerly have made a better appearance, and been better built; for we meet with many respectable ruins and caravansaries, near the mountains, where the old city extended to. The Gebers cannot sufficiently praise their former greatness and wealth. Before Persia had changed the true religion for the Mahomedan, they say, the city was annually visited by many thousand men. They do not reckon the total ruin of it before the death Usunn Hassan, king of Persia. There are still, however, many respectable mosks, houses, bazars, and caravansaries, which stand so near the shore, that ships may be laden and unladen from them; and yet, with all these great conveniences, and an excellent harbour, commerce is entirely neglected.

The neighbourhood of Baku has many and various charms, but they must not be visited in July, August, or September; for in those months the whole country pines under the oppression of heat and the arid soil bursts asunder; but in spring or autumn, when it is adorned with rich enamelled meadows and fertile fields; on which account, the whole Hyrcanian territory, as far as Muskurr, is called "The Paradise of Roses."

Not less remarkable is the noble view round Baku. Towards the sea and the neighbouring islands, it is delightful. To the south, one discovers other countries and verdant mountains, separated by the Kurr. To the westward is the southern arm of Caucasus, stretching far to the eastward, which serves the inhabitants as well for an object, as to mitigate the heat. For when the strong, dry east and south winds blow on those mountains, and return cool in the evening with quickening balsamick power, from numerous fruit-bearing trees, and full of the perfume of so many thousand different flowers, an uncommon sweet sleep seizes the weary traveller; and he feels, on awaking, lasting and pleasant beguiling sensations, which other countries afford much more sparingly.

The neighbourhood of Baku must contain an incredible quantity of mountain oil; for in Balaghan, the name of the district of some villages twelve versts from Baku, twenty-five oil wells are open. They often dry up, and then new ones are obliged to be dug; but the old ones are carefully kept open some time, because the spring, after a few months, generally makes its appearance again.

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The inhabitants of Balaghan undoubtedly compute the measure of oil too high, when they say, that the deepest and richest wells yield every day between 1000 and 1500lb. It is true, they draw out, two or three times a day, some buckets full; but, according to my reckoning, the bucket does not contain more than 230lb. Thus much I am certain of, that other wells only yield from 50 to 80lb. daily. If the less abundant wells are not emptied every day, the increase of oil ought to be greater; but in the main well its daily measure ought not to exceed it; therefore that one is emptied every day; but the others are only emptied once a week. The prince of Baku has retained the sole right of selling all the oil; thus, when more is drawn in Balaghan than there is a sale for, it is sent to Baku; and as they have no convenient casks, or storehouses for it, there is a place without the city containing fifteen deep pits. In them the overplus is preserved, until it is again drawn off for sale The colour of the oil is quite black; but if poured out against the sun, it appears redish. It does not light very quick, but when once in flames, emits a clear light and much smoke. The inhabitants of that neighbourhood, and along the Caspian, use it as well in their lamps, as in flat, broad, iron pans, filled with sand, into which the oil is poured and lighted. They also paint the terrace-roofs of their houses with it, to prevent the rain from penetrating; and in summer, buffaloes are smeared all over with it, to protect them from the very dangerous horse flies and gnats.

Not far from thence, at the foot of a hill, is a well of white oil. This lights very quick, even on the water; on that account the inhabitants amuse themselves with throwing some *pattmans* [8lb.] of it into the bay; or, during a calm, into the channel between the small islands, and lighting it at the dusk of the evening. The gentle beating of the waves does not extinguish the flame, which spreads considerably, and the water appears to blaze. A *pat'man* of this oil, called *white naphtha*, costs one rouble sixty copeeks. The middling classes use it for lamps. It is also sold to painters; and generally serves as a domestick medicine for many disorders. In gouty cases, and rheumatick pains, it is employed with great success.

Four versts east of the naphtha springs, is a place particularly remarkable; and the only one in this sandy soil. It is called *Ateschjah*, or *Place of Fire*. As soon as one approaches, a very sulphurious smell arises. The diameter of the place exceeds something more than a verst; and from the centre, in dry weather, a strong, yellowish-blue flame is emitted, that increases in the night.

At some distance from the flame, but on the same spot, Indians, whom I before called Geber, Gueber, or *fireworshippers*, and other poor persons, have erected small stone houses. The space of ground, enclosed by the walls, is covered with loam a foot thick, that the flame may not break through. But where an inhabitant thinks fire necessary, he leaves incisions or holes in the floor; and when fire is wanted to boil his food or coffee, he holds a light over the opening, and immediately a flame arises, which is employed more conveniently than common wood or coal fire. The flame completely fills the opening, were it ever so large; but the narrower it is, the greater is the force and heat of the flame. From an opening of two inches it reached three feet ten inches in height, and afterwards fell down to two feet five inches. When fire is no longer necessary, the hole is pressed down, after the flame has been extinguished.

The hole in the loam floor, from which the flame rises, certainly heats, but its edges suffer no change. When the fire breaks out and burns, a sulphurious vapour is smelt, and a strong current of air continues after the

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flame is extinguished. Whoever then holds his hand, for some time, over the opening, feels at first a rising warm air. At last the skin becomes warm, red and swollen, and the exhalation is perfectly similar to that of warm sulphur baths. But the fire is not merely confined to the houses; it is every where at hand.

In dark nights, the inhabitants procure light by means of that fire. In a narrow hole, bored through the loam floor, they fix a reed, whose inner surface must be completely coated by limewater frequently poured through it. The outer edges, below and above the opening, are covered with the same substance, and the reed stuck into the hole. When it is all dry, they apply a burning paper to the upper end, and immediately a steady flame bursts forth, almost six inches high, which serves instead of the clearest light.

The poor Indian linen-weavers who live there, as soon as it is evening, set fire to those reeds, and on both sides of the weaving stool similar ones are placed; and the workman has neither to keep up the flame, nor snuff the burning wick. Firing is also unnecessary, for the heat is so great, that the windows and doors always stand open. Besides, it is very dangerous to light a wood fire, without sufficient caution; because the whole neighbourhood might be in flames, of which melancholy accounts are related. The current of air rushing from the incisions or holes is strong. Leathern bottles and flasks are soon filled with it, and this confined air is inflammable for some time after. I saw a proof of it at the prince of Schammaghi's, who ordered a leathern bottle full to be fetched for my satisfaction; and though the messenger was obliged to make a long circuit, on account of the Lesghaes, and did not return before the fourth day, yet it was still inflammable. The Gebers, besides, assert that they send casks full of it to India, which ignite even at that distance.

The inhabitants not only use the fire for domestick purposes, but likewise for burning lime.

After digging to the depth of four or five feet in the neighbourhood, and particularly round Baku, very cold water, tasting strongly of naphtha, rises from a gravely soil; and even the loam-hole, from which a strong current of warm air burst forth at first into flames, serves no longer, as soon as they have dug to the given depth, and got water. But if the loam soil only is bored through in another part, from six to eight inches distant from the place where the water rises, the abovementioned current of inflammable air rises again immediately; and is not diminished, although the clearest water is drawn off with a reed near the rising flame. As soon as the spring is exhausted, a passage is again open for the inflammable air. The naphtha-taste of the water does not prevent the inhabitants of Baku from using it. It is by no means injurious to the health, and the traveller no where feels a greater appetite, than when he drinks that water.

Besides this consuming fire, there is another near Baku that does not inflame. After warm rains in autumn, if the evening is also warm, the fields round Baku stand in full flames. It often appears as if the fire rolled down from the mountains, in large masses, with incredible velocity; and frequently it remains on the same spot where it first appeared. In October and November one often sees, in clear moonlight nights, a very bright, blue light, that covers and illumines the whole western range of Baku. Most frequently the mountain *Soghto-ku* is covered with a similar appearance remarkably splendid, which does not extend to the plain. But if the nights are dark and warm, innumerable flames, sometimes single, sometimes in masses, cover the whole plain, and then the mountains are obscured. They often excite great alarm amongst the horses and mules of a caravan; but do

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not last beyond the fourth hour of the night; and if there is a strong east wind, they are not seen at all. This fire does not burn, and if a person finds himself in the middle of the flames, no warmth is felt. The dry grass and reeds are not burnt, though the whole soil appears to be full of devouring fire. On the outside of an exhausted receiver, the fire hangs for some minutes, like a phosphorick light. And although the flame on the ground is extinguished, yet glass tubes, having their air exhausted, appear for some moments strongly illuminated. It should seem that the mixture of this light is different from the species of vapour called *Ignis fatuus;* for this is of a dark red colour; on the contrary, the other is a whitish blue light.

Hindoos come from India [Moultan] to pay their devotions, and perform austerities of various kinds, in the presence of these natural fires.

RIFLE CORPS.

EVERY marshal of France has, with his division of the army, a corps d'élite of 2000 riflemen, who never miss their mark at a distance of 150 paces. Should the army be concentred for a general engagement, these riflemen compose a separate corps of 16,000 men, who are formed two deep, and are posted in the place where the enemy's line is to be penetrated. This corps d'élite generally fire irregularly, but every shot brings down its man, and in a few minutes a whole line of the enemy is destroyed. When two, three, or four lines are thus disposed of, the cavalry and infantry pass through, the riflemen enter the openings in the enemy's line, and attack the corps in both flank and rear. "This system," say men of information, "will continue to conquer, till its opponents possess an equal number of equally good marksmen; for without them, if both armies were equally well commanded, success would only be the work of chance."—Beside this corps d'élite of riflemen, every marshal has, in every company, several expert marksmen, who never miss their man, whose only duty is to pick off the artillerymen and officers in front; but, above all, the commanding officer, which they are able to do at 150 paces. Beside the strong train of artillery, each marshal has, with his division, two battalions of horse artillery, to act with his corps d'élite of riflemen, who equal them in the rapidity of their manœuvres, and quickness of their fire. These battalions are very seldom separated, but are masked by cavalry and sharp shooters. Each marshal has also a corps of Voltigeurs, who are practised to climb walls, leap ditches, and are taught to vault behind the cavalry, by whom they are carried to the place of action, when they dismount, and take post in the thickets, and behind walls and hedges. In the general attack, the above mentioned corps d'élite of riflemen, mounted rangers, and horse artillery, of all the divisions of the army, are assembled for the purpose of breaking the enemy's centre, by which, in the engagements of the two last years, the fate of the day was determined.

INSTINCT OF PIGEONS.

To the Editor of the Literary Panorama.

SIR,

YOU have done me the honour to insert several instances of animal sagacity, that I submitted to your opinion; but, I think that nothing on the subject can be more striking than a passage in Captain Carleton's memoirs which are lately republished. I have, therefore, transcribed it, and do my-

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self the pleasure of sending it to you. Pigeons, we know, are not birds of courage. We are not, therefore, to wonder that they take to flight, during an engagement, especially a general engagement of two large fleets, fought by combatants so obstinate as the English and Dutch. But it may be amusing to notice the difference of their conduct from that of the game cock, on board lord Rodney's ship, on the famous twelfth of April. This noble fellow, being by some accident loose, took his station on a coil of ropes, on the quarter deck, near to the admiral, and on the firing of every broadside, he crowed with all his might and main; as if he fully comprehended that this was an effort against the enemy, in which he concurred with all his heart. This champion is immortalized, by being painted in Gainsborough's picture of admiral lord Rodney, by whom he was highly valued:—as who would not have valued him highly? A lady who peeps over my shoulder while I write, desires I would ask, what support these facts may afford to the doctrine of pre-existence and transmigration of souls. She inclines to believe, that in some earlier stage of their existence, the pigeons had been land-lubbers; perhaps haberdashers or men-milliners; whereas the cock had been a jolly tar, a boatswain, or perhaps a captain in the royal navy, and was now doing what he considered as his duty, in attending, and cheering "his honour the admiral." Submitting this to your discretion,

I am, &c. HERMIT.

"I cannot here omit one thing which to some may seem trifling, though I am apt think our naturalists may have a different opinion of it, and find it afford their fancies no undiverting employment in more curious and less perilous reflections. We had on board the London, where, as I have said, I was a volunteer, a great number of pigeons, of which our commander was very fond. These, on the first firing of our cannon, dispersed, and flew away, and were seen nowhere near us during the fight. The next day it blew a brisk gale, and drove our fleet some leagues to the southward of the place where they forsook our ship; yet the day after they all returned safe aboard; not in one flock, but in small parties of four or five at a time. Some persons at that time aboard the ship, admiring at the manner of their return, and speaking of it with some surprise, sir Edward Sprage told them, that he brought those pigeons with him from the Straits; and that when, pursuant to his order, he left the Revenge man of war, to go aboard the London, all those pigeons, of their own accord, and without the trouble or care of carrying, left the Revenge likewise, and removed with the sailors on board the London, where I saw them: all which many of the sailors afterwards confirmed to me. What sort of instinct this could proceed from, I leave to the curious."—*Memoirs of Capt. Carleton*, p. 11.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Investigation of certain passages of Scripture on principles not hitherto adopted.

IT may readily be granted that any tract published by an apostolick man, in the early Christian church, would be circulated among the Christians of those times, with great despatch, *immediately* on its publication. This is a natural and indefeasible position, since it arises from a principle in human nature itself. It is natural, too, that, in those times, it should be copied without delay in such churches as were then extant. And this *first* edition would be circulated to the widest extent, of course. Churches that where established afterwards were more likely to receive the *second* edition of such a writer's works; especially, if they had intercourse with

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the town where he resided in his latter days, and drew their copies from thence, immediately. But I think we may say, that for one copy of the second edition that was circulated, there would be 20, or 50, or 100 copies of the first edition; since not only would it have the advantage of priority, but not one reader in a hundred would think of the second as different from the first. And this has led our translators to mark, as *doubtful*, the first quotation which I selected from the first Epistle of John, in my last; chap. ii. 23. I have no doubt on the genuineness of the *addition;* but possibly there may be 50 copies without it to *one* which contains it.

Admitting, then, the residence of St. John be at Ephesus, or any part of Asia Minor, for the last thirty years of his life, for which we have the testimony of ancient history, we may date his first epistle, early in that period: or even before he came to live there. This would spread *first*, among the neighbouring churches in Asia Minor: *secondly*, eastward, to those countries which professed Christianity, Antioch, for certain: Syria, Cilicia, Pontus, Cappadocia, Galatia, Babylonia, &c. Toward these countries, there are caravans which go every month, or six weeks, from Asia Minor; there is a regular intercourse maintained, between Smyrna, and the internal parts of Asia Minor, and on through Tarsus to Antioch:—from Ephesus to Smyrna was easy. We have every reason to affirm, that it was the same anciently, and therefore, there was an *immediate* conveyance of such addresses as the apostle John published for the general use of all Christians, from Ephesus, eastward to the oriental provinces of the Roman empire, where Christianity was settled and flourished. In these churches his writings would be in request. Moreover, these churches would be the first to translate his writings into their current language, for the use of the natives of these provinces, who did not understand Greek (which, however prevalent the Greek language was, must have been many) because here was a great number of professing Christians, who desired to be acquainted with their contents.

It is evident, therefore, that these translations, having for their basis the *first* edition, can be no evidences of what the apostle thought proper to add in his *second* edition. The Syriack version, for instance, if we suppose that to be the earliest of all, would represent the *first* edition, as would also, all versions made from it, and all copies made from those, at that time, received in those parts. Whereas, the Armenian version, because it is much later, would at least stand the chance of obtaining (and being made from) the *second* edition. The Syriack version, therefore, is no evidence against an *addition*. The Armenian version is an evidence *for* it. This version contains 1. John. v. 7.

Also, the churches in Africa were not planted till many years *after* those of Asia; their intercourse with Ephesus, being by sea, was irregular, and could only take place, occasionally, if it was direct. If we suppose it to be, on the subject before us, through Italy, then it was subject to the same circumstances as attended the intercourse between Ephesus and Rome. I say Rome, because we have no reason to think that there was any number of Christians, worth mentioning, in any other city of Italy. The apostle Paul, when travelling from Rhegio upward was met by brethren *from Rome:* which when he saw, he thanked God, and *took courage*. Certainly, then, he had not met with many friends in places that he passed through, and his courage had been somewhat cast down, for that reason. We find no trace of Christianity in Herculaneum, one of the cities of Italy, of the second size, which was destroyed A. D. 79, though we meet with traces of Judaism there; and in short, it must be admitted, that, compared with Asia, the western pro-

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vinces had but few Christians. We have no reason to think that Rome sent out missionaries early. The south of France was christianized from Asia, though so much further off than Rome. The natural inference is, that these parts would receive *later* copies of any apostolick writing, published in Asia Minor, than those parts which had a regular intercourse, half a dozen times in a year, at least, but probably much oftener, with Ephesus. And whatever versions were extant in the west, would represent the second edition with its variations, whatever they might be.

As to Rome itself, I infer, that that capital of the empire had, if any place had, *both* editions. Suppose, for a moment, that the *first* edition had reached Rome, when Aristobulus quitted that city for Britain, or that it was sent to Aristobulus, in Britain, from Rome, it will follow, that the ancient British copies would *not* contain those additions which the apostle John inserted in the *second* edition. And to this agrees the fact: for Pelagianism could hardly have been repressed by any text more effectually than by the one in question. Yet that errour rose in Britain, and it was not so decidedly opposed then, as it is now; *minus* the testimony of this text. Moreover, the text is not quoted by the venerable Bede, in a passage of his works, where we should expect to find it, at least, alluded to. He, therefore, might have the first edition.

In short, almost all the arguments employed against the authenticity of the text may be admitted. They cease to have any great force, after it is once conceded to those who use them, that the *first* edition, together with all its representatives, in the first century, suppose, had not the words in debate. They are reduced to the infirmity of a negative argument, at best.

I must now observe, that the African churches being planted long after the Asiatick, they, no doubt, would obtain the best transcripts of the works of any inspired writer, which could be procured about the time of their being founded; i. e. the *second* edition of the letter under consideration. To this agrees the fact; *the African bishops quote the passage.* Tertullian, Cyprian. Eucherius, Eugenius, with his consistory of 400 bishops, Vigilius, Fulgentius, &c. &c. so that it was undeniably extant in their copies from the second century downwards. The argument, then, is reduced to a point: either these divines *found* the passage in their copies, or they *put* it there. The latter alternative is so dishonourable to Christians and to Christianity, that one is willing to accept of any hypothesis which may vindicate professors and teachers from such enormous guilt.—But further:

I have said, that Rome might be expected to procure whatever was most excellent in Christian literature, as well as in other studies. It had, then, the *first* edition, because that was the *earliest* which could be procured; and the *second*, because the influx of persons to Rome from all parts was so great, that every thing which was portable of a literary nature, might be expected to be brought there. Rome had an ancient version of the scriptures, known under the name of the old *Italick version* It is not of any consequence to our argument, whether this version contained the text of the *heavenly witnesses*, since it was made very early; but if the *revised* Roman version of the New Testament contained it, we are reduced to the same dilemma as before, in reference to the African bishops—The reviser of this edition (Jerom) either *found* it, or *forged* it. The same arguments that relieve the characters of the African bishops, relieve the character of this father. The accusation is incredible. It is loading the party with a crime so far beyond ordinary culpability, that the mind revolts at the charge. It is admitted, then, that the Latin version reads this verse; that St. Jerom adopted it; that it was adopted by the learned after

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him; as by our own famous Alkwin, at the time, and in the court of Charlemagne, and has so continued ever since. The inference is, that St. Jerom preferred the authority and text of the second edition, and followed it.

These, moreover, are *independent* witnesses; for, the African bishops, who wrote before Jerom, could not receive this passage from his revised version: or, if any choose to affirm that the African bishops received this passage from the old *Italick* version, then the authenticity of the passage follows of course, in proportion to whatever importance is attached to this increased antiquity.

Let us now suggest a few thoughts on the nature of the passage itself, as connected with our views of it. We have seen that all the variations in the second edition by St. John, are *additions*: and we can very easily conceive, from the knowledge we have, of the gnostick and other heresies, then beginning to spread, that twenty or thirty years might see a considerable difference in the opinions, and floating notions of Christian communities. An opinion which was not so much as broached A. D. 70, or 80, might become sufficiently popular to be entitled to notice, reproof, and correction, in A. D. 100. Admitting, then, that the longest liver of the Apostles would endeavour to preserve his readers from the contagion of errour, either incipient, or advanced, he could not do it, by *expunging* any part of an inspired work; since that would be to accuse inspiration with having been the cause of errour; but he might do it, by *adding* to his own works, by *strengthening* former sentiments, or by enlarged or by explanatory expressions so arranged as to meet the mistake in question. This enlargement was the way of our Lord himself. We have seen that it was the way of St John in other instances; and if in others, why not in this?

We have seen, also, that the *placing* of the verses containing other *additions*, in our present copies, is incorrect: arising, most probably, from the *addition* being inserted on a first edition MS. in the margin; but brought in erroneously, as to its true situation, by the transcriber who next copied that MS. The same I apprehend, is the case here; I confess myself to be of opinion that those copies which place the 8th verse before the 7th are right. It is well known, also, that copies vary in the words they introduce: some insert the words "on earth," and "in Heaven:" others omit them; some omit, "water;" some omit "the Word:" and, I might, did I not think it would tire your readers' patience. treat them with a long and delectable discourse, on the Greek accents, articles, &c. inserted or omitted in this famous passage: but, it is enough for my purpose to say, that these variations are *proofs*, in my estimation, that the *addition* has been made on first edition copies, and introduced with more or less skill, or convenience, &c. &c. according to the ability of the possessor of those copies.

Your readers, sir, will distinguish between what I verily think to be founded on fact, I mean the foregoing statement, and what I am about to submit as conjecture only; I mean the following view of the passage. Nay, I must even apologize for some of the language I am about to use, by saying, that I use it not strictly, but for the purpose of conveying my meaning. Let us, now, attempt to show the propriety of introducing this addition, in opposition to the sentiments of those who considered the Christ, as consisting of one nature, only, i. e. the human: but who denied the residence of the other nature, i. e. the divine, in the humanity; which combination we hold to be necessary to constitute the Christ.

Who is he, says the apostle, *who overcometh the world, unless it be one who believes that Jesus* [the humanity] *is the Son of God? This* [Jesus the humanity] *is he who came* into this world *by* assuming the component parts of

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human nature, 1. *water*, i. e. animal life; *and* 2. *blood*, i. e. a body. [Some copies read *caro* or *carno*. Vide Simon, Crit. Hist.] Such is JESUS THE CHRIST: who came, *not by* assuming *water*, animal life, *only*, being a mere phantom, as some pretend, *but by water*, life, *and blood*, a body, also. However, the assumption of both these two principles, though necessary, yet would not qualify him effectually for his office, which was, to bear witness of God; for an animal may have life and a body, yet it is incapable of bearing witness: no; *but the* intelligent and immortal *spirit*, is *that* part of a man, *which beareth witness*, since it only is capable of understanding. *And these three* principles *are those which bear witness on earth* [i. e. which compose the humanity] *the* intelligent *spirit, and the water*, or animal life, *and the blood*, flesh, or body, *and these three agree in one* testimony; [or rather, *these three are* necessary to be *combined into one* person, in order to enable that person to bear testimony; since if you take away either of these principles, you incapacitate the party from all power of bearing witness.] *Correspondently* to this [ὅτι] *three are those who bear witness in heaven; the Father, and the Word, and the Holy Spirit; and these three are* THE ONE, the Being of Beings! *If we receive the witness of men*, on human subjects and questions, with confidence, *the witness of God is* infinitely *greater*, both as to subject and certainty, since God is an infinite spirit, and not subject to errour. *Assuredly this is the witness of God, which is witnessed concerning his Son*, as above. *He who believeth in* [this representation of] *the Son of God* [Jesus, the humanity] *hath the witness in himself*, not only of the possibility but of the actual existence, of such a combination, since his own nature is an instance of the same combination of principles as was extant in [the man] Jesus. *He who believeth not God makes him* worse than an honest man, *a liar*, &c.

Under this view of the passage, let us endeavour to state, and compare the editions.

FIRST EDITION.

Who is he who overcometh the world, unless it be one who believes, that Jesus is the Son of God? This is he who came by water and blood; Jesus the Christ: not by water only, but by water and blood: but the spirit is that which beareth witness. They which bear witness then, are these three; the spirit, and the water, and the blood; and these three are combined in one. If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater; *and* assuredly this is the witness of God, which is witnessed of his Son, &c.

SECOND EDITION.

Who is he who overcometh the world, unless it be one who believes that Jesus is the Son of God? This is he who came by water, and blood; Jesus the Christ: not by water only, but by water and blood: but the spirit is that which beareth witness. They which bear witness then, *on earth*, are these three: the spirit, and the water, and the blood; and these three are combined in one. *Correspondently, those who bear witness in heaven are three, the Father, and the Word, and the Holy Spirit; and these three are* THE ONE. If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater; *and* assuredly this is the witness of God, which is witnessed of his Son, &c.

I am justified in affirming, that (as I observed in my former letter) here is no *change of sentiment* in the apostle. Every thing he said formerly he says again now. He *retracts* nothing. Every syllable stands untouched; but he *adds*, and increases the strength, the beauty, and the correspondence member to member, of the passage, while at the same time, his addition is in direct opposition to those opinions, which *peeped* forth toward the close of his long continued life; and which, most certainly, this passage as it stood in the first edition, was not particularly calculated to repress.

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You will understand, sir, that I hint at this explanation with great deference, and as a mere conjecture only. Let it be judged by reason and candour, and whatever may be proposed as superiour by any of your learned correspondents, shall at least be accepted with all due respect, by sir,

Yours, &c. FIDELIS.

Conjecture as to the time of the second edition has already fixed on the period of the publication of St. John's Gospel; which was long after the other gospels were in circulation; when, we may suppose, the apostle revised and edited his "works," complete. As to the time of the first edition, we have very little to help our guesses. It is certain, however, that the third epistle of John was written many years before the date assigned to his Gospel, since Gaius, who was host of St. Paul, and of the whole church, was most probably a man advanced in life; and we cannot think it likely that he should live till towards the end of the first century. The first chapter of the first epistle, seems from its contents to have been the precursor of the introduction to the gospel.

DISCOVERY OF A NEW MEPHITICK GROTTO.

M. PULLY, a chymist of celebrity, in one of his excursions in the neighbourhood of Naples, has discovered a new grotto. It is situated on the banks of lake Agnano, not far from lake Averno, and consequently, at no great distance from the *Grotta del Cane*, to which it is in many respects similar. This grotto, from the name of its discoverer, has been called *Grotta-Pully*. It is necessary to keep the face as near the ground as possible, in penetrating into it, in order to avoid the deleterious vapours, which being kept in a state of great volatility by an intense heat, occupy the upper parts. After following many windings, M. Pully discovered at the extremity of the grotto a spring, so intensely hot, that eggs were boiled hard in fifty-seven seconds of time. Réaumur's thermometer, which at the outside was two degrees above 0, rose to sixty-one in the interiour, on being kept in an elevated situation; on bringing it within a foot of the ground, it fell five degrees; but on being stuck into the earth it rose to seventy-five. A barometer in the same situation fell some degrees. Whoever penetrates into this grotto must be completely undressed; and there, as in the baths of Nero, the body is in a short time covered with water, either from the violence of the perspiration, or from the prodigious quantity of water in a state of evaporation which is always floating in this cavity. This grotto seems to have been unknown to the ancients, who have left us no description of it. Perhaps it has been formed by some of those late volcanick eruptions which have so materially altered the face of the country. The sides of the cave are covered with a variety of saline crytallizations; others hang in the form of stalactites from the roof, which is about ten feet nigh; its width is of above forty feet at the entrance, and fifty in the interiour. Its length is about 250 feet.

EXTRAORDINARY SAGACITY IN THE CANINE SPECIES.

A SHORT time since, a gentleman at Richmond, Surry, betted his friend a rump and dozen that his dog should go from Richmond bridge to Brentford, and return with half a crown, in two hours. The dog was accordingly taken to the entrance of Brentford, where his master placed half a crown under a stone, and then returned to Richmond. The dog was then despatched to perform his master's wager, and he went immediately to the

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spot where the money was formerly placed, but the stone had been removed, and the half crown taken away.

Unable to find the money, the dog ran towards Kew-bridge, where he overtook a gentleman and followed him into his house near the Green. The gentleman endeavoured to drive the animal away, but Prince refused to quit him, and, struck by the singularity of the dog's attachment, the gentleman made no further efforts to part.

The time having elapsed for winning the bet, the owner of the dog expressed a belief that some accident had prevented the animal from returning, and requested his friend to go with him in search of the dog. They then walked to Kew Green, where they observed the gentleman before described coming out of his house, with Prince at his heels. The owner instantly accosted the gentleman, and requested to know how he came by the dog, observing, the dog was his. The gentleman described the manner in which the dog had followed him, and assured the party he had no wish to detain him. The owner then asked the gentleman if he had any thing about him that was not his own property? In answer to this interrogatory he exclaimed: "What do you mean, sir; do you take me for a thief?" The master of the dog replied: "'Pon my honour I mean nothing personal; but the dog has a wonderful sagacity in discovering any article that may have been in my possession. Pray, sir, have you found any thing?"—The gentleman returned: "Why, I have indeed found something of small value: returning from Brentford I picked up half a crown by the road side." The dog's master, with a hearty laugh, exclaimed: "That half crown, sir has been the cause of my dog's attachment to you. My friend and I placed the half crown on the spot you found it to decide a wager, and sent the dog for it; not finding it, he has traced it to you, and, as a proof of the truth of what I assert, put the half crown down among twenty others, and if my dog don't pick it out from the rest, I'll forfeit 100l." The gentleman, with surprise, instantly laid down the half crown among five others. It had been previously marked, and the dog immediately selected it from the rest, and carried it to his master, to the great astonishment of all who witnessed the circumstance.

The dog has frequently done similar exploits, and is considered a most extraordinary animal by the surrounding neighbourhood.

POETRY.

EVENING.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

OH! soothing hour, when glowing day,
Low in the western wave declines,
And village murmurs die away,
And bright the vesper planet shines;

I love to hear the gale of even
Breathing along the new-leafed copse,
And feel the freshening dew of heaven,
Fall silently in limpid drops.

For, like a friend's consoling sighs,
That breeze of night to me appears;
And, as soft dew from Pity's eyes,
Descend those pure celestial tears.

Alas! for those who long have born,
Like me, a heart by sorrow riven,
Who, but the plaintive winds, will mourn,
What tears will fall, but those of heaven?

SOLITUDE.

BY HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

It is not that my lot is low,
That bids this silent tear to flow;
It is not grief that bids me moan:
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger hies him home;
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.

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Yet when the silent evening sighs,
With hallowed airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sear and dead,
It floats upon the water's bed;
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds, with sullen wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale;
I've none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks on me and loves me too;
I start, and when the vision's flown,
I weep that I am all alone.

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Die mutter starb, ich fand mich mit win selbst
Ein schwaches rohr, und in dem sturm allem.
Gothe in Sancred.

My mother died, I found myself deserted,
A feeble reed, and in the storm alone.

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SELECT REVIEWS.

FOR MAY, 1809.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Elisabeth, ou les Exilés de Siberié. Par Mme. Cottin. A Paris. Réimprimé à Londres.

Elizabeth; or the Exiles of Siberia: A tale founded on facts. From the French of Madame Cottin. M. Carey, Philadelphia. 1808. 12mo. pp. 262.

WE are not, in general, particularly fond of novels founded on fact; but we must make an exception in favour of any thing so well executed as that which is now before us. The daughter of a wretched exile in Siberia had the courage and filial piety to undertake and to perform a journey to Petersburgh, for the purpose of soliciting her father's liberty. This achievement, worthy of immortality, is the groundwork of Madame Cottin's tale, and we give her no mean praise in saying that she has done full justice to its merits. In one only respect is she unfaithful to her model. She has diminished, in her ideal picture, the dangers which the true heroine actually surmounted, from the fear, as she informs us, of incurring the charge of extravagance. This, therefore, must add one to the many instances, in which the miracles of truth have soared above the level of fiction, and in which imaginary must yield to real virtue.

The character of Elizabeth, as here drawn, is in its general form and feature, such as might, we think, have been expected from the hand of a lady-artist. It is so natural that women should love to make their heroines a little heroick; that they should delight to place female excellence in attitudes noble no less than charming; that, resigning to us the empire of personal, and perhaps of intellectual power, they should still maintain an equal claim to the moral sublime,—to that higher sort of greatness which, like angels, seems to be of no sex.

To those women who have any real elevation of thought, nothing can be more disgusting than the character of a Thalestris. They hate, as much as we do, the vigorous females who appear to constitute the link between the sexes; and will not condescend to write the history of a virago, who is the exact duplicate of her stupid lovers, fights and drubs every one of them whose offers displease her, and bestows her hand only on him who is found to have a stronger and harder one of his own. Their heroine is in a different style. Perhaps she is not particularly distinguished even for that chastened loftiness which may consist with virgin delicacy, the loftiness of a Portia or a Corinne, of *la dame Romaine* or *la Sibylle triomphant;* perhaps she is not even an Elizabeth, innocently, and, as it were unconsciously magnanimous; but is represented as all gentleness and diffidence. Still we shall find her insensibly led through scenes which show her to possess fortitude and disinterestedness and other virtues of the first order; we shall be

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seduced into respect, where we were desired only to love; with the weakness that solicits protection, we shall find blended, not only all the sweetness that attracts, but much also of the dignity that ennobles it.

We are aware of the numerous exceptions to this rule; but, that it is not therefore imaginary, may appear from a reference to the Delphines and Corinnes of France; and to the Cecilias, the Ellenas, and the Belindas of England. In the same manner, the delineations of female excellence by the other sex, often present us with a figure of imperial majesty; but we cannot help thinking that, when they draw after their own notions and conceptions rather than from books, they are more likely to give us an Ophelia or a Desdemona.

Madame Cottin has, in one respect, been particularly happy. Her heroine has been educated in such solitude and inacquaintance with the world, that her childlike simplicity, and engaging innocence of demeanour, seem perfectly in character, though they are the accompaniments of a heart uncommonly great and noble. There is nothing in her features hard or haughty; nothing that seems to exclaim with one of the heroines of Corneille:

Je me fais des vertus dignes d'une Romaine.

But, indeed, the mind that conceived this character can best do it justice; and the reader shall therefore be indulged with a trait or two of the representation.

Two or three versts from Saimka, in the centre of a marshy forest, upon the border of a deep circular lake, surrounded with black poplars, was the residence of one of these banished families. It consisted of three persons—A man about five and forty, his wife, and a young and beautiful daughter.

Secluded in the desert, this family held no communication with any one. The father went alone to the chace; but neither had he, his wife, or daughter, been ever seen at Saimka. Except one poor Tartar peasant, who waited on them, no human being had admission to their dwelling. The governour of Tobolskow only was informed of their birth, their country, and the cause of their banishment. The secret he had not even confided to the lieutenant of his jurisdiction, who was established at Saimka. In committing the exiles to his care, he had only given orders that they might be provided with a commodious lodging, a garden, food, and raiment, accompanied with a strict charge to hinder them from any communications whatever, and particularly to intercept any letter they might attempt to convey to the court of Russia. p. 14—15.

After a very striking sketch of Siberian scenery, the writer proceeds:

West of this great plain, a little wooden chapel had been erected by the Christians. On this side, the tombs had been respected; under the cross which adorned it, the honoured memorial of every virtue, men had not dared to profane the ashes of the dead. In these plains or steppes (the name they bear in Siberia) Peter Springer, during the long and severe winter of this northern climate, spent his days in hunting. He killed elks which feed on the leaves of the willow and poplar; sometimes caught martens, and more frequently ermines, which are very numerous in that spot. With the money he obtained for their fur, he procured from Tobolskow different articles which might contribute to the comfort of his wife, or the education of his daughter. The long winter evenings were dedicated to the instruction of the young Elizabeth. Seated between her parents, she read aloud some passage of history, while Springer called her attention to those parts which could elevate her mind, and Phedora, her mother, to all those which could render it tender and compassionate. One pointed out to her the beauties of heroism and glory; the other all the charms of piety and benevolence. Her father reminded her of the dignity and sublimity of virtue; her mother of the support and consolation it affords. The first taught how highly to revere, the latter how carefully to cherish it. From these combined instructions Elizabeth acquired a disposition equally heroick and gentle, uniting the courage and energy of Springer to the angelick mildness of Phedora. She was at once ardent and enterprising as the exalted ideas of honour she had imbibed could render her, docile and submissive as the votary of love. p. 18—20.

The young Elizabeth knew no other country than that desolate one, which, from the age of four years, she had inhabited. In that she discovered beauties which

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nature bestows even upon those spots she has most neglected; and innocence finds pleasure every where. She amused herself with climbing the rocks which bordered the lake, in search of the eggs of white vultures, who build their nests there during summer. Sometimes she caught wood-pigeons to fill a little aviary, and at others angled for the corrasines, which move in shoals, their purple shells, which lie against one another, appearing through the water like a sheet of fire covered with liquid silver. It never occurred to the happy days of her childhood that there could be a lot more blessed than her own. Her health was established by the keen air she breathed; and in her light figure were united agility and strength; while on her countenance, which was the emblem of innocence and peace, each day seemed to disclose to her fond parents some new charms. Thus, far removed from the busy world and from mankind, did this lovely maiden improve in beauty for the eyes only of her parents, to charm no heart but theirs; like the flower of the desert which blooms before the sun, and arrays itself in not less brilliant colours, because it is destined to shine only in the presence of that luminary to which it owes its existence. p. 25—27.

Such were the virtues formed in the depth of Siberian dreariness, as some of the sweetest flowers of spring seem to have been nursed in the bosom of winter. We may add, that with the character of the heroine, that of the composition itself corresponds; energetick, enthusiastick;—but nothing can exceed the feminine delicacy that every-where shades and refines it What, indeed, but a dress of the most vestal white would become the saintly figure of Elizabeth? Our fair author is not one who loves to excite attention by a display of the ignoble or the unholy passions. Unfortunately, these must, in a measure, enter every picture of life and manners; but it is only when they must enter, that Madame Cottin admits them. They are shown by her, but not so prominently as to mingle with those gentler and more agreeable visions that fill the sight. They come, as flying clouds, to throw a shadow over the current; not as a miry infusion to sully its clearness. From the beginning of the narrative to its close, the thoughts, the expressions, the descriptions, all are limpid purity.

To this delicacy of principle, which is virtue, the author of Elizabeth adds delicacy of hand, which is taste. Her writing has a great deal of that quality, which, when ascribed to the countenance, is called *expression*. It implies not, exactly, strong sensations strongly signified; but nice and sensitive perceptions on every occasion, however common,—and looks that speakingly reflect them: a mind quickly seeing, and as quickly seen; a clear but artless indication of emotions, natural but not vulgar. It is certainly possible for writing to convey the idea of all this, though it may be the production of deep deliberation. No author, however, could so write, who was not well acquainted with human nature; by which is to be understood, not what, by a very complimentary phrase, we call *knowledge of the world;* but only a vivid conception of the genuine feelings of the mind in ordinary situations. This exquisiteness of *tact*, this play of features, belong to the composition of Madame Cottin: perhaps they may fairly be considered as characteristick of the best authors of her sex. In the portraiture of deep and tragick passion, men may possibly excel women; but surely it is a fact, and no fancy, that women understand better, and pencil out more gracefully, those finer and more fugitive impressions which come under the description of *sentiment*. Even the countrymen of Rousseau are apt to recommend some of their fair writers as the best models of the sentimental style. They find in them more truth, nature, gentleness; less of exaggeration and mannerism; sensibilities less morbid, and language refined without bordering on effeminacy.

It would be a very interesting inquiry, whether this power of susceptibility in the female mind, a power made up, as we have mentioned it to be, is original, or formed by circumstances? We certainly do believe it to be in

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a great measure original; and yet there are many things in the situation of women, in the ground which they occupy in society, that seem to assist nature in the production of the effect described. Their conscious inferiority of personal strength must of itself dispose them to a cultivation of the finer and lovelier feelings; and this disposition is much aided by their exemption from those employments which *hackney* the minds of the other sex, and have a tendency to wear down all the minuter feelings. In consequence, too, of their domestick life, that reciprocation of social kindnesses, which is only a recreation to men, is to women, in some sense, a business. It is their field duty, from which household cares are their repose. Men do not seek the intercourse of society as a friend to be cultivated, but merely throw themselves on its bosom to sleep. Women, on the contrary, resort to it with recollections undistracted, and curiosity all alive. Thus, that which we enjoy and forget, keeps their attention and their feelings in constant play, and gradually matures their perceptions into instinct.

To similar causes, the softer sex owe their exquisite acquaintance with life and manners; their fine discernment of those smaller peculiarities of character which throw so much light and shade over the surface of ordinary society. Of the deeper varieties of the mind they know little; because they have not been accustomed to watch its movements when agitated by the vexing disquietudes of business, or ploughed up into frightful inequalities by the tempests of publick life. It is human nature in a calm, or ruffled only into gentle undulations; it is the light restlessness of the domestick and the social passions; it is the *fireside* character of mankind which forms their chief study, and with which, of course, they are perfectly intimate.

Consider also that class of domestick occupations which concerns the care of children. Peace be to those wretched votaries of dissipation, if indeed they can find peace, who, all selfishness, resign their offspring to fortune, apparently not as pledges, but as presents. Of these we say nothing; but with respect to the majority of the middling classes, there can be no question that, either as mothers, or as elder sisters, the female sex are infinitely more conversant with children than the other. Trace the effects naturally produced on their minds by this sort of society, for surely it may be honoured with that appellation. What habits of quick and intelligent observation must be formed, by the employment of watching over interesting helplessness, and construing ill explained wants! How must the perpetual contemplation of unsophisticated nature reflect back on the dispositions of the observer a kind of simplicity and ingenuousness! What an insight into the native constitution of the human mind must it give, to inspect it in the very act of concoction! It is as if a chymist should examine

—young diamonds in their infant dew.

Not that mothers will be apt to indulge in delusive dreams of the perfection of human nature and human society. They see too much of the waywardness of infants to imagine them perfect. They neither find them nor think them angels, though they often call them so. But whatever is bad or good in them, they behold untrameled and undisguised. All this must, in some degree, contribute to form those peculiarities in the female character, of which we are attempting to follow out the natural history.

The same peculiarities, may, in part, perhaps, be traced up to the system of European manners, which allows to women a free association with the world, while it enjoins on them the condition of an unimpeachable strictness of conduct. However loosely the fulfilment of this condition may be exacted in some countries of Europe, the system is still pretty extensively

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acted upon; and it doubtless tends to produce in the sex a habit of circumspection, an alarmed sense of self-respect, and a scrupulous tenderness of that feeling, which is to conscience what decorum is to virtue. But these qualities seem to be intimately allied with delicacy of perception and of mind. In fact, in the western world, *bienséance* has become (if we may use a very hard and workman-like term) the *professional* virtue of the fair, and it is therefore that they excel in it. On the whole, if it should be asked, why women are more refined than men, it may be asked in return, why civilized men are more refined than barbarians. It is society which has polished the savage. It is the task of presiding over the society of society, the more civilized part of civilized life, which has so highly polished, and thrown so fine a finish over the women.

Is it not then wonderful to hear some men wonder, that female minds should be so quick of comprehension on common subjects, and yet so much averse to profound disquisition; so intelligent, so susceptible of impressions, in familiar discourse, and yet, in politicks so dull, in metaphysicks so tasteless? They wonder at all this as inconsistent; but the wonder and the inconsistency would be, if the matter were otherwise. We are all adroit at that which we have practised; and these sagacious wonderers may as well consider, why many a sage, who has mines of thought and magazines of information sufficient to supply the intellectual commerce of a kingdom, should yet be miserably clumsy and stupid at the retail traffick of ordinary chit-chat; or why many a philosopher, who can determine to a minute the curvature of a comet's path, should be utterly unable to curve his own person into a tolerable bow. From these, however, or any of the preceding remarks, it were strange to conclude that women are to be repelled from the severer studies, as if ignorance were the first of female qualifications. The remarks would rather justify an opposite conclusion. Providence has clearly assigned to the one sex the forensick, to the other the domestick occupations; and before so obvious a difference of destination can be overlooked, not only must all right principles and feelings be abandoned, but the essence of things must almost be changed. Till this crisis occurs, women will be the tutelary powers of domestick and social enjoyment; and so long, if there be any truth in the foregoing reflections, they will retain their present *agrémens*. To embellish their minds, therefore, with an ampler furniture of knowledge, would only confer on them the means of decorating, with additional effect, their proper sphere; for the muses can never, of themselves, be at war either with the graces or with the virtues.

And yet, after all, there must be an original susceptibility in the female mind, which no education can give, and which hardly any could entirely destroy. Suppose a country, in which all the feebler and more rickety males should be carefully culled out, and instead of being committed to the river, as they would have been in Sparta, should be cooped up in drawing-rooms; secluded from publick affairs; forbidden the gallery of the house of commons; devoted to the household deities; and in all respects subjected to those laws of conduct which opinion has, in this country, imposed on women. There can be no rational doubt, but that this order of beings would make a considerable approach to the female character; but surely it would prove but a sorry concern. They would turn out, it is much to be feared, a mere corporation of tailors; sad men, and worse women. Many of them would scribble novels; but which of them would prove such a novelist as Madame Cottin? Many a tolerable Baucis or Mopsa should we find among them; but which of them would resemble Elizabeth?

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The mention of this last name, recalls us from a digression which must have fatigued the reader; and without, therefore, inflicting on him the further detention of a tedious apology, we will abruptly hasten to the discharge of the duty immediately pressing upon us. We are fearful, however, of spoiling the story for him, were we to give a complete abridgment of it; and shall therefore prefer the method of exciting his curiosity by drawing out an analysis of the first part only.

Elizabeth, in infancy, was happy; but, as she advanced in years, her father's melancholy and her mother's tears could not escape her notice. She inquired the cause of their sorrows, and did not understand the reply, when she was told that they mourned for their country. Nothing more was revealed to her, but she became sad. She had, indeed, no griefs of her own; or rather she would have had none, if she had not regarded her parents as a dearer self. She forgot all her innocent pleasures, her birds and her flowers, and was absorbed in meditation. One single thought occupied her abroad, at home, at night, by day; but it was religiously concealed; it filled her mind, but was not suffered to overflow.

Yes: she determined to tear herself from the embraces of her parents—to go alone, on foot, to Petersburgh, and to implore pardon for her father. Such was the bold design which had presented itself to her imagination: such was the daring enterprise, the dangers of which could not daunt the heroick courage of a young and timid female. She beheld in their strongest light, many of the impediments she must overcome; but her confidence in God, and the ardour of her wishes, encouraged her, and she felt convinced that she could surmount them all. p. 30.

But, how execute this daring project? How perform the circuit of half Europe? How find her road without a guide? How traverse it without a protector? These thoughts held her anxious and hesitating, till at last one avenue of hope seemed to open through the gloom of despondency. Some years before, Springer had been rescued from imminent peril during a bear-hunt, by the son of M. de Smoloff, the governour of Tobolsk, who accidentally encountered him during this dangerous sport. The name of this benefactor was ever afterwards recollected and repeated with enthusiasm in the cottage of the exiles. Elizabeth and her mother had never seen him; but they daily implored Heaven to visit him with its choicest blessings. In her present difficulty Smoloff recurred to the recollection of Elizabeth. He had never been absent from her thought or her prayer, and his idea therefore naturally mixed itself with the designs that absorbed her mind. He had saved her father, and his fancied image, therefore, entered into the noble visions framed by her filial piety. But how was an interview with him to be procured?

Springer one day did not return to his cottage at the hour promised. His wife and child anxiously awaited, and at length sallied out in quest of him. Elizabeth was better able to support fatigue than her mother, and therefore proceeded further. Night was already approaching, when the report of a gun, and soon after the figure of a man behind a mass of rocks, caught her attention. "Is it my father?" she exclaimed. A young and handsome man appeared, and seemed as much overwhelmed with surprise at the meeting, as Elizabeth was lost in disappointment.

It is easy to guess that this youth was Smoloff, and that Smoloff is to be the lover of the tale. Madame Cottin, however, has not by any means overcharged her narrative with the details of the tender passion. The celebration of filial piety was her object, and she never loses sight of it. She has contrived to make this noble species of passion so engaging in her pages, that the garnish of a more romantick feeling is hardly required. She has the art of making her heroine attractive rather by making her lovely,

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than loved. In truth, the reader himself is enamoured of Elizabeth, and needs not the history of any other attachment, to render her interesting in his eyes:

"Tout Paris pour Chiméne à les yeux de Rodrigue."

From Smoloff Elizabeth learns that her father has returned to his cottage, and rushes thither into the arms of her parents. Smoloff too, is there, for he had followed her unperceived. We cannot detail the particulars of the interesting interview that ensued; the arguments by which Springer was prevailed upon to grant his youthful guest an asylum for the night; and the respective feelings of all the parties. Elizabeth found no opportunity of disclosing to Smoloff her project and of demanding his assistance; but she did not despair. In the morning, Smoloff took his departure, with a declared resolution of repeating his visit. He wished to return, because he loved Elizabeth. Elizabeth wished him to return, because she loved her parents.

Few more interesting scenes can be found, than that which followed; the scene, in which Elizabeth first intimates to her father her great project, and shows him the extent of the treasure which he possessed even in a desert. But we will leave untouched, what, to be justly estimated, ought to be fully displayed, and hasten onwards to the second visit of Smoloff.

One of those terrible hurricanes, which are the scourges of a Siberian winter, overtook Elizabeth in one of her walks. The author, who excels in the painting of natural scenery, gives a particularly animated description of this fine subject; but we are constrained to shorten our extract, and will begin at once with our heroine.

One morning in the month of January, Elizabeth was overtaken by one of these terrible storms. She was in the plain near the little chapel; and as soon as the sudden obscurity of the sky presaged the approaching tempest, sought shelter under its venerable roof. The furious wind soon attacked this feeble edifice, and, shaking it to its foundation, threatened every instant to level it with the ground. Elizabeth, bending before the altar, felt no fear. The storm she had heard destroying all around her, created no sensation in her breast but that of a reverential awe, caused by a natural reflection on the Omnipotent Being from whose hand it came. As her life might be serviceable to her parents, she felt a confidence that Heaven would, for their sake, watch over and guard it, till she had delivered them from suffering. This sentiment, approaching almost to superstition, created by the fervour of her filial piety, inspired Elizabeth with a tranquillity so perfect, that in the midst of warring elements, with the thunderbolts of Heaven falling around her, she yielded calmly to the heaviness which oppressed her, and lying down at the foot of the altar, before which she had been offering up her prayers, fell into a slumber, secure and peaceful as that of innocence reposing on the bosom of a father. p. 68—70.

During her absence from the cottage, Smoloff arrived there. It was to be his last visit; for he had sworn this to his father, and Elizabeth was absent! While in anxious expectation he prolonged his stay, the storm arose, and excited in the bosoms of both of the exiles, and of Smoloff, the most disquieting apprehensions respecting her fate.

"Elizabeth! Oh, Elizabeth! What will become of my Elizabeth?" exclaimed the agonized mother. Springer took his stick in silence, and went to seek his daughter. Smoloff rushed after him. The tempest raged with the most terrifick violence on every side. The trees were torn up by the roots, and an attempt to cross the forest was attended by the most imminent danger. Springer remonstrated with Smoloff, and endeavoured to deter him from following, but in vain. Smoloff saw all the danger, but rejoiced that an opportunity should offer for him to encounter such for the sake of Elizabeth. He would give a proof of an affection he would have scarcely dared to declare to its object.

They were now in the middle of the forest. "On which side shall we turn?" asked Smoloff.—"Towards the plain," Springer replied; "she walks there every day, and has probably taken shelter in the chapel." They said no more. Their anxiety was

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equal. Stooping to shelter their heads from the blows of the broken boughs, and of the fragments of rocks which the wind scattered about, they walked forward as fast as the snow, which beat in their faces, would permit.

On gaining the plain, the danger with which they had been menaced from the falling of the trees ceased; but in this exposed situation, they were sometimes driven backwards, and at others thrown down by the violence of the tempest. At last they reached the little chapel, in which they hoped Elizabeth had taken refuge; but when they beheld this dangerous shelter, the walls of which consisted only of slightly jointed planks, that seemed ready every instant to fall, and become a pile of ruins, they began to shudder at the idea that she might be within them. Animated with renewed ardour, Smoloff leaves Springer some steps behind—he enters first; he sees—Is it a dream?—he sees Elizabeth, not terrified, pale, and trembling, but in a peaceful sleep before the altar. Struck with unutterable surprise, he stops, points out to Springer the cause of his amazement, and both impelled by similar sentiments of veneration, fall on their knees by the side of the angel sleeping under the special protection of heaven. The father bent over his child, while Smoloff, casting down his eyes, retired some steps, not presuming to approach too near to such supreme innocence.

Elizabeth awoke, beheld her father, and throwing herself into his arms, exclaimed, "Ah! I knew thou watchedst over me." Springer pressed her to his heart with indescribable emotion. "My child," said he, "into what agonies hast thou thrown thy mother and me!"—"Oh, my father! pardon me for causing those tears," answered Elizabeth, "and let us hasten to relieve the terrours of my mother." In rising she perceived Smoloff. "Ah!" said she, in gentle accents of pleasure and surprise; "all my protectors have then been watching over me. Heaven, my father, and you." With extreme difficulty did her delighted lover repress the emotions of his heart.

Springer resumed. "My dear child," said he, "thou talkest of rejoining thy mother; but dost thou know whether it will be possible? whether thou wilt be able to resist the violence of a tempest that M. de Smoloff and I seem to have escaped from but by a miracle?"—"I will try," answered she; "my strength is greater than you think; and I rejoice in an opportunity which enables me to show you how much it is capable of performing when the consolation of my mother calls forth its exertion."

As she spake, unwonted courage beamed in her eyes; and Springer perceived that her enterprise was far from being relinquished. She walked between her father and Smoloff, who supported her together, and sheltered her head with their wide mantles. How much did Smoloff rejoice in that boisterous wind which obliged Elizabeth to trust to him for support! He thought not of his own life, which he would gladly have exposed a thousand times to prolong those moments. He feared not even for that of Elizabeth, which in the ecstacy that possessed him, he would have defied the elements combined to hinder him from preserving. p. 73—78.

During this visit, Smoloff, in the name of his father, accorded to Phedora and her daughter, what their piety accounted a high privilege, the liberty of attending the service in the church of the neighbouring village of Saimka. It was to Smoloff, too, a privilege, for he hoped on these occasions to meet Elizabeth. The surprise of Elizabeth at the novelties which her first attendance at this church brought before her eyes, is very well described; and the piety both of the mother and the daughter is placed in a very pleasing view. But Elizabeth had not yet revealed her project to Smoloff, and a tête-à-tête with him was absolutely necessary for the purpose. She contrived, therefore, unobserved by her mother, to appoint a meeting with him for the next day at the little chapel which had already been the witness of so sweet a scene. Smoloff, more enamoured than ever, now securely indulged the belief that Elizabeth returned his attachment. How was it possible to interpret this appointment otherwise? Could imagination have conceived a design so heroick as that which really prompted it? It was common for a youthful mind to be susceptible; but was the filial virtue of Elizabeth a common quality? One thing only perplexed him, that the open heart of Elizabeth should consent to an interview which was to be concealed from her parents; but he forgave all to what he imagined her passion. "Ah!" exclaims the author, "il ne se

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trompoit pas, et depuis bien des années Elizabeth en portoit une en effet dans son cœur."

On the appointed morning, love was alert,—but filial piety was still more alert than love. Elizabeth arrived first at the rendezvous;—but we purposely tantalize the reader by here bringing *our* account to a period;—if he has found it interesting, let him peruse that of Madame Cottin. The work retains its excellence to the end. The plot is extremely simple, as, in so short a composition it ought to be; no strong stimulatives; no diableries; no miraculous encounters and escapes. The back ground, too, is very judiciously managed. An inferiour writer might have been seduced to render too prominent the effects produced on the mind of Elizabeth by the new scenes of the south. We are inclined to think that our author has made enough of them.

The only extract we shall add, is one that can hardly suffer by being detached from the narrative. It is a passage of pure description, and affords a good specimen of the descriptive powers frequently displayed in this work. We believe it also to have the merit of accuracy; but we have nothing with which we can compare it, excepting very general recollections.

For two months Elizabeth went every Sunday to Saimka, with the hope of seeing Smoloff, but in vain. He appeared not; and at last she was informed that he had left Tobolskow. All her hopes then vanished. She no longer doubted but that Smoloff had entirely forgotten her, and frequently shed tears of the bitterest sorrow at the thought; but for which the most punctilious dignity could not have reproached her. They were not a tribute to unregarded love.

It was now towards the end of April. The snow began to melt, and a verdant shade to diffuse itself over the sandy banks of the lake. The white blossoms of the thorn thickly covered its boughs, resembling flakes of new-fallen snow, while the blue-budded campanella, the downy moth-wort, and the iris, whose pointed leaves rise perpendicularly, enameled the ground around its roots. The black birds descended in flocks on the naked trees, and were the first to interrupt the mournful silence of winter. Already, upon the banks of the river, and sometimes on its surface, sported the beautiful mallard of Persia, of a bright flame colour, with a tufted head and ebony beak, who utters the most piercing cries when aimed at by the gunner, although his aim misses; and woodcocks of various species, some black with yellow beaks, others speckled with feathery rings round their necks, ran swiftly on the marshy grounds, or hid themselves among the rushes. Every symptom, in fine, announced an early spring; and Elizabeth, foreseeing all she should lose, if she suffered a year so favourable for her expedition to pass by, formed the desperate resolution of undertaking it unaided, trusting for its success to Heaven and her own firmness. p. 104—107.

Mais qui en est le but? This is the cold question with which criticism usually brings up the rear of its array. To require a *moral* in an epic poem, seems now considered as high critical immorality; and the same doctrine should, in fairness, be extended to all fictitious narrative. Not that the morality of a publication is of trifling moment, but it is too much to confine a long one to the illustration of some single ethical position, reducible into a terse and emphatick sentence. The innocent objects of written composition are various, and a work of fancy is entitled to the same latitude of choice as the rest. Its author may have conceived some great and heroick character, and may be fired with the wish to personify his conception; he may have been interested by the recorded state of manners in some distant age or country, and may embody his impressions in writing; he may wish merely to spend on something tangible the redundance of his genius or his feelings, to reduce to consistence a thousand volant images

"Of love and beauty, and poetick joy
And inspiration—"

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which have hovered around him at favoured moments; to fix the fleeting colours of imagination and prolong the life of transient emotions; perhaps he may be content with the soberer purpose of diffusing useful information through an agreeable channel. The action, indeed, of his piece must be one; and it is possible that the whole of this one action may terminate in the exclusive illustration of one moral sentiment; but it is equally possible, and more likely, that it will illustrate two or twenty. These two or twenty we may indeed generalize into one; for there are no two propositions on earth, which this same art of generalization cannot in some way compound; but where is the advantage of a compound, which must be *repulverized* before it can be turned to any account?

The *moral effect* of a work ought, perhaps, to be the same with its *moral;* but it is not always so; and, under correction, it forms a far more important object of inquiry. The professed moral of Pamela is "Virtue rewarded." Every reader, however, must admit, that the intended effect of the novel is not so much to make women virtuous for the sake of reward (though this may be one object) as to make them in love with the virtue of the heroine, and to excite in them that desire of imitating it, which would live and act, not only in the prospect of reward, but in the very face of punishment. So distinguishable is the tendency of a work from the pithy little adage which may conclude it, that nothing is more conceivable than a most immoral work with a most excellent moral. Novels of this description we have all heard of; and too many of us have read.

This sentiment, that virtue must and will be rewarded, is frequently repeated in Elizabeth; and occasionally, though in enthusiastick moments, in language unwarrantably bold. Now, we are fond of poetical justice; among other reasons, because, like every thing else in poetry, it is an improved resemblance of nature. But indeed, though this may be the moral of Madame Cottin's story, it forms a very slight addition to its moral effect. Such excellence as that of our heroine must equally touch and affect every impressible mind, whether it is prosperous or unfortunate, whether it illuminates a sphere of rank and fortune, or withers and dies on the banks of the Irtish. We may add, that the finely pensive remarks in the last page of the book are not exactly in unison with the sentiment before noticed. Here the author professes to speak from painful experience. The moral merit of Elizabeth consists in its general tendency; and this is to excite the fair reader to imitate the example set forth before her, of piety, resignation, filial duty, and virtuous resolution. These excellences are surely not so common, but that they may admit of a somewhat further diffusion. Neither is it necessary that, to improve by the model of a particular character, we should be placed in circumstances exactly or nearly the same, or that we should have the opportunity of exerting exactly the same qualities. There is a near alliance between goodness and goodness; and it is much to have our minds intent on the general idea of what is elevated. While multitudes around us live for little else but themselves, it is much to be told of those who can live for others. It is much that those immersed in dissipation and folly, should be made to hear of characters supposed to be formed on a higher standard; and not only to hear, but to love them; to think of them, to dream of them. Example itself is contagious, and

"A good man seen, though silent, counsel gives."

In these views, the merits of such a novel as this are considerable. Happy, if a tenth part of the lumber which is honoured with the name, could be honoured with a tenth part of the encomium.

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FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, Governour of Nottingham Castle and Town, Representative of the County of Nottingham, in the long Parliament, and of the Town of Nottingham in the first Parliament of Charles II. &c. with Original Anecdotes of many of the most distinguished of his Contemporaries; and a Summary Review of publick Affairs, written by his Widow, Lucy, Daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower, &c. now first published from the original Manuscript, by the Rev. Julius Hutchinson, &c. &c. To which is prefixed, the Life of Mrs. Hutchinson, written by herself, a Fragment. pp. 446. quarto. London. 1806.

WE have not often met with any thing more interesting and curious than this volume. Independent of its being a contemporary narrative of by far the most animating and important part of our history, it challenges our attention as containing an accurate and luminous account of military and political affairs, from the hand of a woman; as exhibiting the most liberal and enlightened sentiments in the person of a puritan; and sustaining a high tone of aristocratical dignity and pretension, though the work of a decided republican. The views which it opens into the character of the writer, and the manners of the age, will be to many a still more powerful attraction.

Of the times to which this narrative belongs—times to which England owes all her freedom and all her glory—we can never hear too much, or too often. And though their story has been transmitted to us both with more fulness of detail and more vivacity of colouring than any other portion of our annals, every reflecting reader must be aware that our information is still extremely defective, and exposes us to the hazard of great misconception. The work before us, we think, is calculated in a good degree to supply these deficiencies, and to rectify these errours.

By far the most important part of history, is that which makes us acquainted with the character, dispositions, and opinions of the great and efficient population by whose motion or consent all things are ultimately governed. After a nation has attained to any degree of intelligence, every other principle of action becomes subordinate; and, with relation to our own country in particular, it may be said with safety, that we can know nothing of its past history, or of the applications of that history to more recent transactions, if we have not a tolerably correct notion of the character of the people of England in the reign of Charles I. and the momentous periods which ensued. This character depended very much on that of the landed proprietors, and resident gentry; and Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs are chiefly valuable, as containing a picture of that class of the community.

Agriculture was at this period still the chief occupation of the people; and the form of the society was consequently that of a rustick aristocracy. The country gentlemen, who have since been worn down by luxury and taxation, superseded by the activity of office, and eclipsed by the opulence of trade, were then all in all in England; and the nation at large derived from them its habits, prejudices, and opinions. Educated almost entirely at home, their manners were not yet accommodated to a general, European standard, but retained all those national peculiarities which united and endeared them to the rest of their countrymen. Constitutionally serious, and living much with their families, they had in general more solid learning and more steady morality than the gentry of other countries. Exercised in local magistracies, and frequently assembled for purposes of national cooperation, they became conscious of their power, and jealous of their privileges: and having been trained up in a dread and detestation of that popery

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which had been the recent cause of so many wars and persecutions, their religious sentiments had contracted somewhat of an austere and polemical character, and had not yet settled from the ferment of reformation into tranquil and regulated piety. It was upon this side, accordingly, that they were most liable to errour. And the extravagances into which a great part of them was actually betrayed, have been the chief cause of the misrepresentations to which they were then exposed, and of the misconception which still prevails as to their character and principles of action.

In the middle of the reign of Charles I. almost the whole nation was serious and devout. The license and excess, which is in some degree inseparable from a state of war, fell chiefly upon the royalists; who made it a point of duty, indeed, to deride the sanctity and rigid morality of their opponents. And they again exaggerated, out of party hatred, the peculiarities by which they were most obviously distinguished from their antagonists. Thus mutually receding from each other, from feelings of general hostility, they were gradually led to realize the imputations of which they were reciprocally the subjects. The cavaliers gave way to a certain degree of licentiousness; and the adherents of the parliament became, for the most part, really morose and enthusiastick. At the restoration, the cavaliers obtained a complete and final triumph over their sanctimonious opponents; and the exiled monarch and his nobles, imported from the continent a taste for dissipation, and a toleration for debauchery, far exceeding any thing that had previously been known in England. It is from the wits of that court, however, and the writers of that party, that the succeeding and the present age have derived their notions of the puritans. In reducing these notions to the standard of truth, it is not easy to determine how large an allowance ought to be made for the exaggerations of party hatred, the perversions of witty malice, and the illusions of habitual superiority. It is certain, however, that ridicule, toleration, and luxury, gradually annihilated the puritans in the higher ranks of society; and after-times, seeing their practices and principles exemplified only among the lowest and most illiterate of mankind, readily caught the tone of contempt which had been assumed by their triumphant enemies; and found no absurdity in believing that the base and contemptible beings who were described under the name of puritans by the courtiers of Charles II. were true representatives of that valiant and conscientious party which once numbered half the gentry of England among its votaries and adherents.

That the popular conceptions of the austerities and absurdities of the old Roundheads and Presbyterians are greatly exaggerated, will probably be allowed by every one at all conversant with the subject. But we know of nothing so well calculated to dissipate the existing prejudices on the subject as this book of Mrs. Hutchinson. Instead of a set of gloomy bigots waging war with all the elegances and gayeties of life, we find, in this calumniated order, ladies of the first birth and fashion, at once converting their husbands to anabaptism, and instructing their children in musick and dancing. Valiant presbyterian colonels refuting the errours of Arminius, collecting pictures, and practising, with great applause, on the violin. Stout esquires, at the same time, praying and quaffing October with their Godly tenants; and noble lords disputing with their chaplains on points of theology in the evening, and taking them out a hunting in the morning. There is nothing, in short, more curious and instructive, than the glimpses which we here catch of the old, hospitable, and orderly life of the country gentlemen of

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England, in those days when the national character was so high and so peculiar; when civilisation had produced all its effect but that of corruption; and, when serious studies and dignified pursuits had not yet been abandoned to a paltry and effeminate derision. Undoubtedly, in reviewing the annals of those times, we are struck with a loftier air of manhood than presents itself in any after era; and recognise the same characters of deep thought and steady enthusiasm, and the same principles of fidelity and self-command which ennobled the better days of the Roman republick, and have made every thing else appear childish and frivolous in the comparison.

One of the most striking and valuable things in Mrs. Hutchinson's performance, is the information which it affords us as to the manners and condition of women in the period with which she is occupied. This is a point in which all histories of publick events are almost necessarily defective; though it is evident that, without attending to it, our notions of the state and character of any people must be extremely imperfect and erroneous. Mrs. Hutchinson, however, enters into no formal disquisition upon this subject. What we learn from her in relation to it, is learnt incidentally —partly on occasion of some anecdotes which it falls in her way to recite— but chiefly from what she is led to narrate or disclose as to her own education, conduct, or opinions. If it were allowable to take the portrait which she has thus indirectly finished of herself as a just representation of her fair contemporaries, we should form a most exalted notion of the republican matrons of England. Making a slight deduction for a few traits of austerity, borrowed from the bigotry of the age, we do not know where to look for a more noble and engaging character than that under which this lady presents herself to her readers; nor do we believe that any age of the world has produced so worthy a counterpart to the Valerias and Portias of antiquity. With a highminded feeling of patriotism and publick honour, she seems to have been possessed by the most dutiful and devoted attachment to her husband; and to have combined a taste for learning and the arts with the most active kindness and munificent hospitality to all who came within the sphere of her bounty. To a quick perception of character, she appears to have united a masculine force of understanding, and a singular capacity for affairs; and to have possessed and exercised all those talents, without affecting any superiority over the rest of her sex, or abandoning for a single instant the delicacy and reserve which were then its most indispensable ornaments. Education, certainly, is far more generally diffused in our days, and accomplishments infinitely more common; but the perusal of this volume has taught us to doubt whether the better sort of women were not fashioned of old by a better and more exalted standard, and whether the most eminent female of the present day would not appear to disadvantage by the side of Mrs. Hutchinson. There is, for the most part, something intriguing and profligate, and theatrical in the clever women of this generation. And if we are dazzled by their brilliancy, and delighted with their talent, we can scarcely ever guard against some distrust of their judgment, or some suspicion of their purity. There is something in the domestick virtue and the calm and commanding mind of our English matron, that makes the Corinnes and Heloises appear very small and insignificant.

The admirers of modern talent will not accuse us of choosing an ignoble competitor, if we desire them to weigh the merits of Mrs. Hutchinson against those of Madame Roland. The English revolutionist did not, indeed, compose weekly pamphlets and addresses to the municipalities; because it was not the fashion, in her days, to print every thing that entered

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into the heads of politicians. But she shut herself up with her husband in the garrison with which he was intrusted, and shared his councils as well as his hazards. She encouraged the troops by her cheerfulness and heroism; ministered to the sick; and dressed with her own hands the wounds of the captives, as well as of their victors. When her husband was imprisoned on groundless suspicions, she laboured, without ceasing, for his deliverance; confounded his oppressors by her eloquence and arguments; tended him with unshaken fortitude in sickness and solitude; and, after his decease, dedicated herself to form his children to the example of his virtues; and drew up the memorial which is now before us of his worth, and her own genius and affection. All this, too, she did without stepping beyond the province of a private woman; without hunting after compliments to her own genius or beauty; without sneering at the dulness, or murmuring at the coldness of her husband; without hazarding the fate of her country on the dictates of her own enthusiasm, or fancying for a moment that she was born with talents to enchant and regenerate the world. With equal power of discriminating character; with equal candour, and eloquence, and zeal for the general good, she is elevated beyond her French competitor by superiour prudence and modesty, and by a certain simplicity and purity of character, of which, it appears to us, that the other was unable to form a conception.

After detaining the reader so long with these general observations, we shall only withhold him from the quotations which we mean to lay before him, while we announce, that Mrs. Hutchinson writes in a sort of lofty, classical, translated style; which is occasionally diffuse and pedantick, but often attains to great dignity and vigour, and still more frequently charms us by a sort of antique simplicity and sweetness, admirably in unison with the sentiments and manners it is employed to represent.

The fragment of her own history, with which the volume opens, is not the least interesting, and perhaps the most characteristick part of its contents. The following brief account of her nativity will at once make the reader acquainted with the pitch of this lady's sentiments and expressions.

It was on the 29th day of January, in the yeare of our Lord 1619-20th, that in the tower of London, the principall citie of the English Isle, I was about 4 of the clock in the morning brought forth to behold the ensuing light. My father was sir Allen Apsley, lieftenant of the tower of London. My mother, his third wife, was Lucy, the youngest daughter of sir John St. John, of Lidiard Tregoz, in Wiltshire, by his second wife. My father had then living a sonne and a daughter by his former wives, and by my mother three sonns, I being her eldest daughter. The land was then att peace (it being toward the latter end of the reigne of king James) if that quiettness may be call'd a peace, which was rather like the calme and smooth surface of the sea, whose dark womb is allready impregnated of a horrid tempest. p. 2—3.

She then draws the character of both her parents in a very graceful and engaging manner, but on a scale somewhat too large to admit of their being transferred entire into our pages. We give the following as a specimen of the style and execution.

He was a most indulgent husband, and no lesse kind to his children; a most noble master, who thought it not enough to maintaine his servants honorably while they were with him, but, for all that deserv'd it, provided offices or settlements as for children. He was a father to all his prisoners, sweetning with such compassionate kindnesse their restraint, that the affliction of a prison was not felt in his dayes. He had a singular kindnesse for all persons that were eminent either in learning or armes; and when, through the ingratitude and vice of that age, many of the wives and chilldren of Queene Elizabeth's glorious captaines were reduc'd to poverty, his purse was their common treasury, and they knew not the inconvenience of decay'd

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fortunes till he was dead. Many of those valiant seamen he maintain'd in prison; many he redeem'd out of prison and cherisht with an extraordinary bounty. He was severe in the regulating of his famely; especially would not endure the least immodest behaviour or dresse in any woman under his roofe. There was nothing he hated more then an insignificant gallant, that could *only make his leggs, and prune himselfe, and court a lady*, but had not braines to employ himself more suteable to a man's nobler sex. Fidelity in his trust, love and loyalty to his prince, were not the least of his virtues, but those wherein he was not excell'd by any of his owne or succeeding times. He gave my mother a noble allowance of 300*l.* a yeare for her owne private expense, and had given her all her owne portion to dispose of how she pleas'd, as soone as she was married; which she suffer'd to increase in her friend's hands; and what my father allow'd her she spent not in vanities, although she had what was rich and requisite upon occasions, but she lay'd most of it out in pious and charitable uses. Sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. Ruthin being prisoners in the tower, and addicting themselves to chimistrie, she suffer'd them to make their rare experiments at her cost, partly to comfort and divert the poore prisoners, and partly to gaine the knowledge of their experiments, and the medicines to helpe such poore people as were not able to seeke to phisitians. By these means she acquir'd a greate deale of skill, which was very profitable to many all her life. She was not only to these, but to all the other prisoners that came into the tower, as a mother. All the time she dwelt in the tower, if any were sick she made them broths and restoratives with her owne hands, visited and tooke care of them, and provided them all necessaries. If any were aflicted she comforted them, so that they felt not the inconvenience of a prison who were in that place. She was not lesse bountifull to many poore widdowes and orphans, whom officers of higher and lower rank had left behind them as objects of charity. Her owne house was fill'd with distressed families of her relations, whom she supplied and maintain'd in a noble way. p. 12—15.

For herself, being her mother's first daughter, unusual pains were bestowed on her education; so that, when she was seven years of age, she was attended, she informs us, by no fewer than eight several tutors. In consequence of all this, she became very grave and thoughtful; and withal very pious. But her early attainments in religion, seem to have been by no means answerable to the notions of sanctity which she imbibed in her maturer years. There is something very innocent and natural in the puritanism of the following passage.

It pleas'd God that thro' the good instructions of my mother, and the sermons she carried me to, I was convinc'd that the knowledge of God was the most excellent study; and accordingly applied myselfe to it, and to practise as I was taught. I us'd to exhort my mother's maides much, and to turne their idle discourses to good subjects; but I thought, when I had done this on the Lord's day, and every day perform'd my due taskes of reading and praying, that then I was free to anie thing that was not sin; for I was not at that time convinc'd of the vanity of conversation which was not scandalously wicked. I thought it no sin to learne or heare wittie songs and amorous sonnetts or poems, and twenty things of that kind; wherein I was so apt that I became the confident in all the loves that were managed among my mother's young women, and there was none of them but had many lovers and some particular friends belov'd above the rest; among these I have—— p. 17—18.

Here the same spirit of austerity which dictated the preceding passage, had moved the fair writer, as the editor informs us, to tear away many pages immediately following the words with which it concludes; and thus to defraud the reader of the only love story with which he had any chance of being regaled in the course of this narrative. Although Mrs. Hutchinson's abhorrence of any thing like earthly or unsanctified love has withheld her on all occasions from the insertion of any thing that related to such feelings, yet it is not difficult, we think, to perceive that she was originally constituted with an extraordinary sensibility to all powerful emotions; and that the suppression of these deep and natural impressions has given a singular warmth and animation to her descriptions of romantick and conjugal affection. In illustration of this, we may refer to the following story of her husband's grandfather and grandmother, which she recounts with much

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feeling and credulity. After a very ample account of their mutual love and loveliness, she proceeds:

But while the incomparable mother shin'd in all the humane glorie she wisht, and had the crowne of all outward felicity to the full, in the enjoyment of the mutuall love of her most beloved husband, God in one moment tooke it away, and alienated her most excellent understanding in a difficult childbirth, wherein she brought forth two daughters which liv'd to be married, and one more that died, I think as soone or before it was borne. But after that, all the art of the best phisitians in England could never restore her understanding. Yet she was not frantick, but had such a pretty deliration, that her ravings were more delightfull than other weomen's most rationall conversations. Upon this occasion her husband gave himselfe up to live retired with her, as became her condition. The daughters and the rest of the children as soon as they grew up were married and disperst. I think I have heard she had some children after that childbirth which distemper'd her, and then my lady Hutchinson must have been one of them. I have heard her servants say, that even after her marriage, she would steale many melancholly houres to sitt and weepe in remembrance of her. Meanwhile her parents were driving on their age, in no lesse constancy of love to each other, when even that distemper which had estrang'd her mind in all things elce, had left her love and obedience entire to her husband, and retein'd the same fondnesse and respect for her, after she was distemper'd, as when she was the glory of the age. He had two beds in one chamber, and she being a litle sick, two weomen wacht by her, some time before she died. It was his custome, as soon as ever he unclos'd his eies, to aske how she did; but one night, he being as they thought in a deepe sleepe, she quietly departed towards the morning. He was that day to have gone a hunting, his usuall exercise for his health; and it was his custome to have his chaplaine pray with him before he went out. The weomen, fearfull to surprize him with the ill newes, knowing his deare affection to her, had stollen out and acquainted the chaplaine, desiring him to inform him of it. Sir John waking, did not that day, as was his custome, ask for her; but call'd the chaplaine to prayers, and ioyning with him, in the middst of the prayer, expir'd,—and both of them were buried together in the same grave. Whether he perceiv'd her death and would not take notice, or whether some strange sympathy in love or nature, tied up their lives in one, or whether God was pleas'd to exercise an unusuall providence towards them, preventing them both from that bitter sorrow which such separations cause, it can be but coniectur'd, &c. p. 26—28.

The same romantick and suppressed sensibility is discernible, we think, in her whole account of the origin and progress of her husband's attachment to her. As the story is in many respects extremely characteristick of the times, as well as the persons to which it relates, we shall make a pretty large extract from it. Mr. Hutchinson had learned, it seems, to "dance and vault" with great agility, and also attained to "great mastery on the violl" at the university; and, upon his return to Nottingham, in the twentieth year of his age, spent much of his time with a licentious but most accomplished gentleman, a witty but prophane physician, and a pleasant but cynical old schoolmaster. In spite of these worldly associations, however, we are assured that he was a most Godly and incorruptible person; and, in particular, proof against all the allurements of the fair sex, whom he frequently "reproved, but in a handsome way of raillery, for their pride and vanity." In this hopeful frame of mind, it was proposed to him to spend a few summer months at Richmond, where the young princes then held their court.

Mr. Hutchinson considering this, resolv'd to accept his offer; and that day telling a gentleman of the house whither he was going, the gentleman bid him take heed of the place, for it was so fatall for love, that never any young disengag'd person went thither, who return'd againe free. Mr. Hutchinson laught at him; but he, to confirme it, told him a very true story of a gentleman, who not long before had come for some time to lodge there, and found all the people he came in company with, bewailing the death of a gentlewoman that had lived there. Hearing her so much deplor'd, he made enquiry after her, and grew so in love with the description, that no other discourse could at first please him, nor could he at last endure any other. He grew desperately melancholly, and would goe to a mount where the print of her

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foote was cutt, and lie there piming and kissing of it all the day long, till att length death in some months space concluded his languishment. This story was very true; but Mr. Hutchinson was neither easie to believe it, nor frighted at the example; thinking himself not likely to make another. p. 37—38.

He goes, accordingly, to Richmond, and boards with his musick master; in whose house a younger sister of his future wife happened then to be placed, she herself having gone into Wiltshire with her mother, with some expectation of being married before her return.

This gentleweoman, that was left in the house with Mr. Hutchinson, was a very child, her elder sister being at that time scarcely past it, but a child of such pleasantnesse and vivacity of spiritt, and ingenuity in the quallity she practis'd, that Mr. Hutchinson tooke pleasure in hearing her practise, and would fall in discourse with her. She having the keys of her mother's house, some halfe a mile distant, would sometimes aske Mr. Hutchinson, when she went over, to walk along with her. One day when he was there, looking upon an odde byshelf, in her sister's closett, he found a few Latine bookes. Asking whose they were, he was told they were her elder sister's; whereupon, enquiring more after her, he began first to be sorrie she was gone, before he had seene her, and gone upon such an account, that he was not likely to see her. Then he grew to love to heare mention of her; and the other gentleweomen, who had bene her companions, used to talke much to him of her, telling him how reserv'd and studious she was, and other things which they esteem'd no advantage: but it so much inflam'd Mr. Hutchinson's desire of seeing her, that he began to wonder at himselfe, that his heart, which had ever had such an indifferency for the most excellent of weomenkind, should have so strong impulses towards a stranger he never saw.—While he was exercis'd in this, many days past not, but a foote boy of my lady her mothers came to young Mrs. Apsley, as they were at dinner, bringing newes that her mother and sister would in few dayes return; and when they enquir'd of him, whether Mrs. Apsley was married, having before bene instructed to make them believe it, he smiled, and pull'd out some bridelaces, which were given at a wedding, in the house where she was, and gave them to the young gentleweoman and the gentleman's daughter of the house, and told them Mrs. Apsley bade him tell no news, but give them those tokens, and carried the matter so, that all the companie believ'd she had bene married. Mr. Hutchinson immediately turned pale as ashes, and felt a fainting to seize his spiritts, in that extraordinary manner, that finding himselfe ready to sinke att table, he was faine to pretend something had offended his stomach, and to retire from the table into the garden, where the gentleman of the house going with him, it was not necessary for him to feigne sicknesse, for the distemper of his mind had infected his body with a cold sweate and such a dispersion of spiritt, that all the courage he could at present recollect was little enough to keep him allive. While she so ran in his thoughts, meeting the boy againe, he found out, upon a little stricter examination of him, that she was not married, and pleas'd himself in the hopes of her speedy returne, when one day, having bene invited by one of the ladies of that neighbourhood, to a noble treatment at Sion Garden, which a courtier, *that was her servant*, had made for her and whom she would bring, Mr. Hutchinson, Mrs. Apsley, and Mr. Coleman's daughter were of the partie, and having spent the day in severall pleasant divertisements, att evening they were att supper, when a messenger came to tell Mrs. Apsley her mother was come. She would immediately have gone, but Mr. Hutchinson, pretending civility to conduct her home, made her stay 'till the supper was ended, of which he eate no more, now only longing for that sight, which he had with such perplexity expected. This at length he obteined; but his heart being prepossesst with his owne fancy, was not free to discerne how little there was in her to answer so greate an expectation. She was not ugly,—in a carelesse riding habitt, she had a melancholly negligence both of herselfe and others, as if she neither affected to please others, nor took notice of anie thing before her; yet spite of all her indifferency, she was surpriz'd with some unusuall liking in her soule, when she saw this gentleman, who had haire, eies, shape, and countenance enough to begett love in any one at the first, and these sett off with a gracefull and generous meine, which promis'd an extraordinary person. Although he had but an evening sight of her he had so long desir'd, and that at disadvantage enough for her, yett the prevailing sympathie of his soule made him thinke all his paynes well pay'd, and this first did whett his desire to a second sight, which he had by accident the next day, and to his ioy found she was wholly disengag'd from that treaty, which he so much

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fear'd had been accomplisht. He found withall, that though she was modest, she was accostable and willing to entertaine his acquaintance. This soone past into a mutuall friendship betweene them, and though she innocently thought nothing of love, yet was she glad to have acquir'd such a friend, who had wisedome and vertue enough to be trusted with her councells. Mr. Hutchinson, on the other side, having bene told, and seeing how she shunn'd all other men, and how civilly she entertain'd him, believ'd that a secret power had wrought a mutuall inclination betweene them, and dayly frequented her mother's house, and had the opportunitie of conversing with her in those pleasant walkes, which, at that sweete season of the spring, invited all the neighbouring inhabitants to seeke their ioyes; where, though they were never alone, yet they had every day opportunity for converse with each other, which the rest shar'd not in, while every one minded their owne delights. p. 38—44.

Here the lady breaks off her account of this romantick courtship, as of "matters that are to be forgotten as the vanities of youth, and not worthy mention among the greater transactions of their lives." The consent of parents having been obtained on both sides, she was married at the age of eighteen.

That day that the friends on both sides met to conclude the marriage, she fell sick of the small pox, which was many wayes a greate triall upon him; first her life was allmost in desperate hazard, and then the disease, for the present, made her the most deformed person that could be seene, for a greate while after she recover'd; yett he was nothing troubled at it, but married her assoone as she was able to quitt the chamber, when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to looke on her: but God recompenc'd his iustice and constancy, by restoring her, though she was longer then ordinary before she recover'd, as well as before. p. 45—46.

There is a good deal more of this affectionate and romantick style of writing throughout the book; but the shade of Mrs. Hutchinson would not forgive us, if we were to detain the reader longer "with these vanities of her youth." We proceed, therefore, to graver matters.

We might cull many striking specimens of eloquence from her summary account of the English constitution and of the reformation; but the following view of the changes which took place on the accession of James and of Charles, are more characteristick of the age and of the party to which she belongs.

The honour, wealth, and glory of the nation, wherein Queene Elizabeth left it, were soone prodigally wasted by this thriftless heire, the nobillity of the land utterly debas'd by setting honors to publick sale, and conferring them on persons that had neither blood nor meritt fitt to weare, nor estates to beare up their titles, but were faine to invent proiects to pill* the people, and pick their purses for the maintenance of vice and lewdnesse. The generallity of the gentry of the land soone learnt the court fashion, and every greate house in the country became a sty of uncleannesse. To keepe the people in their deplorable security, till vengeance overtooke them, they were entertain'd with masks, stage playes, and all sorts of ruder sports. Then began murther, incest, adultery, drunkennesse, swearing, fornication, and all sort of ribaldry, to be no conceal'd but countenanc'd vices; because they held such conformity with the court example.—And now the ready way to preferment there, was to declare an opposition to the power of godlinesse, under that name; so that their pulpitts might iustly be called the scorner's chair, those sermons only pleasing that flatter'd them in their vices, and told the poore king that he was Solomon—that his sloth and cowardize, by which he betrey'd the cause of God and honour of the nation, was gospell meekenesse and peaceablenesse, for which they rais'd him up above the heavens, while he lay wallowing like a swine in the mire of his lust. He had a little learning,—and this they call'd the spiritt of wisedome, and so magnified him, so falsely flatter'd him, that he could not endure the words of truth and soundnesse, but rewarded these base, wicked, unfaithfull fawners with rich preferments, attended with pomps and titles, which heav'd them up above a humane heighth: with their pride their envie swell'd against the people of God, whom they began to

* "Pill—pillage, plunder."

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proiect how they might roote out of the land; and when they had once given them a name, whatever was odious or dreadfull to the king, that they fixt upon the Puritaine, which, according to their character, was nothing but a factious hipocrite. p. 59—61.

The face of the court was much chang'd in the change of the king: for king Charles was temperate, chast, and serious; so that the fooles and bawds, mimicks and catamites of the former court grew out of fashion; and the nobility and courtiers, who did not quite abandon their debosheries, had yet that reverence to the king, to retire into corners to practice them. Men of learning and ingenuity in all arts were in esteeme, and receiv'd encouragement from the king, who was a most excellent iuge and a greate lover of paintings, carvings, gravings, and many other ingenuities, less offensive then the prophane abusive witt, which was the only exercise of the other court. p. 65.

The characters of this king's counsellors are drawn, in general, with great force and liveliness; and with a degree of candour scarcely to have been expected in the widow of a regicide. We give that of lord Strafford as an example.

But there were two above all the rest, who led the van of the king's evill councellors, and these were Laud, archbishop of Canterbury, a fellow of meane extraction and arrogant pride, and the earle of Strafford, who as much outstript all the rest in favour as he did in abillities, being a man of deepe pollicy, sterne resolution, and ambitious zeale to keepe up the glory of his own greatnesse. In the beginning of this king's reigne, this man had bene a strong assertor of the liberties of the people, among whom he had gain'd himselfe an honourable reputation, and was dreadfull to the court party, who thereupon strew'd snares in his way, and when they found a breach at his ambition, his soule was that way enter'd and captivated. He was advanc'd first to the lord president of the councell in the north, to be a baron, after an earle, then deputy of Ireland; the neerest to a favorite of any man since the death of the duke of Buckingham, who was rais'd by his first master, and kept up by the second, upon no account of personall worth or any deserving abillities in him, but only upon violent and private inclinations of the princes; but the earle of Strafford wanted not any accomplishment that could be desir'd in the most serviceable minister of state. Besides, he having made himselfe odious to the people, by his revolt from their interest to that of the oppressive court, he was now oblieg'd to keepe up his owne interest with his new party, by all the mallitious practices that pride and revenge could inspire him with. p. 68—69.

One of Mrs. Hutchinson's great talents, indeed, is the delineation of characters; and though her affections are apt to throw rather too glowing or too dark a tint over the canvass, yet this very warmth carries with it an impression of sincerity which adds not a little to the interest of her pictures. We pass by her short sketches,—of the earle of Newcastle, who was "a prince in his own country, till a foolish ambition of glorious slavery carried him to court,"—the earle of Kingston, "whose covetousness made him divide his sons between the two parties, till his fate drew him over to the king's side, where he behaved himself honourably, and died remarkably"—the earle of Clare, "who was very often of both parties, and, I think, never advantaged either"—and a great number of other persons, who are despatched with equal brevity; and venture to put her talents to a severer test, by trying whether they can interest the reader in a description of the burghers and private gentlemen of Nottingham, at the breaking out of these great disturbances.

There were seven aldermen in the towne, and of these only alderman James, then mayor, own'd the parliament. He was a very honest, bold man, but had no more but a burgher's discretion. He was yett very well assisted by his wife, a woman of greate zeale and courage, and more understanding than weomen of her ranke usually have. All the devout people of the towne were very vigorous and ready to offer their lives and famelies; but there was not halfe the halfe of the towne that consisted of these. The ordinary civil sort of people coldly adher'd to the better; but all the debosht, and such as had liv'd upon the bishop's persecuting courts, and bene the lacqueys of proiectors and monopolizers, and the like, they were all bitterly malig-

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nant. Yett God awed them, that they could not at that time hinder his people, whom he overrul'd some of their greatest enemies to assist, such as were one Chadwick and Plumptre, two who, at the first, put themselves most forward into the business.

Plumptre was a doctor of phisick, an inhabitant of Nottingham, who had learning, naturall parts, and understanding enough to discerne betweene naturall, civill righteousness and iniustice, but he was a horrible atheist, and had such an intollerable pride, that he brook'd no superiours, and having some witt, tooke the boldnesse to exercise it, in the abuse of all the gentlemen wherever he came. This man had sence enough to approove the parliament's cause, in poynt of civill right, and pride enough to desire to breake the bonds of slavery, whereby the king endeavour'd to chaine up a free people; and upon these scores, appearing high for the parliament's interest, he was admitted into the consultations of those who were then putting the country into a posture of defence.

Chadwick was a fellow of a most pragmaticall temper, and, to say truth, had strangely wrought himselfe into a station unfitt for him. He was at first a boy that scraped trenchers in the house of one of the poorest iustices in the county, but yet such a one as had a greate deale of formallity and understanding of the statute law, from whom this boy pick'd such ends of law, that he became first the iustice's, then a lawyer's clearke. Then, I know not how, gott to be a parcell-iudge in Ireland, and came over to his owne country swell'd with the reputation of it, and sett on foote a base, obsolete, arbitrary court there, which the conqueror of old had given to one Peverel, his bastard, &c.—When the king was in towne a little before, this man so insinuated into the court that, comming to kisse the king's hand, the king told him he was a very honest man; yet by flatteries and dissimulations he kept up his creditt with the godly, cutting his haire, and taking up a forme of godlinesse, the better to deceive. In some of the corrupt times he had purchas'd the honour of a barrister, though he had neither law nor learning, but he had a voluble tongue, and was crafty; and it is allmost incredible that one of his mean education and poverty should arrive to such things as he reacht. This basenesse he had, that all the iust reproaches in the world could not moove him, but he would fawne upon any man that told him of his villanies to his face, even at the very time. Never was a truer Judas, since Iscariott's time, then he; for he would kisse the man he had in his heart to kill. He naturally delighted in mischiefe and treachery, and was so exquisite a villaine, that he destroy'd those designes he might have thriven by, with overlaying them with fresh knaveries. p. 110—113.

We have not room for many of the more favourable delineations with which these are contrasted; but we give the following short sketch of Mr. Thornhagh, who seems to have been a great favourite of Mrs. Hutchinson's.

Mr. Francis Thornhagh, the eldest sonne of sir Francis Thornhagh, was a man of a most upright, faithfull heart to God and God's people, and to his countrie's true interest, comprehended in the parliament's cause; a man of greater vallour or more noble daring fought not for them, nor indeed ever drew sword in any cause. He was of a most excellent good nature to all men, and zealous for his friend. He wanted councell and deliberation, and was sometimes too facile to flatterers, but had iudgment enough to discerne his errors when they were represented to him; and worth enough not to persist in an iniurious mistake because he had once entertained it. p. 114.

This gallant gentleman afterwards fell at the battle of Preston. Mrs. Hutchinson has given the following animated description of his fate.

In the beginning of this battle, the valliant Coll. Thornhagh was wounded to death. Being at the beginning of the charge on a horse as courageous as became such a master, he made such furious speed, to sett upon a company of Scotch lanciers, that he was singly engaged and mortally wounded, before it was possible for his regiment, though as brave men as ever drew sword, and too afectionate to their collonell, to be slack in following him, to come time enough to breake the furie of that body, which shamed not to unite all their force against one man. His soule was hovering to take her flight out of his body, but that an eager desire to know the successe of that battle kept it within, till the end of the day, when the newes being brought him, he clear'd his dying countenance, and say'd: "I now reioyce to die, since God hath lett me see the overthrow of this perfidious enemy. I could not lose my

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life in a better cause, and I have the favour from God to see my blood aveng'd." So he died, with a large testimony of love to his souldiers, but more to the cause, and was by mercy remoov'd, that the temptations of future times might not prevaile to corrupt his pure soule. A man of greater courage and integritie fell not nor fought not in this glorious cause. He had also an excellent good nature, but easie to be wrought upon by flatterers, yett as flexible to the admonitions of his friends; and this virtue he had, that if sometimes a cunning insinuation prevail'd upon his easie faith, when his error was made knowne to him, notwithstanding all his greate courage, he was readier to acknowledge and repaire, then to pursue his mistake. p. 289—290.

The most conspicuous person by far, of the age to which Mrs. Hutchinson belongs, was Cromwell; and there is no character, accordingly, which she appears to have studied more, or better comprehended. Her work contains a great number of original anecdotes with regard to him; and with all the advantages which later times have derived from the collation of various authorities, and from considering, at a dispassionate distance, the various turns of his policy, we doubt whether any historian has given a more just or satisfactory account of this extraordinary personage than this woman, who saw him only in the course of his obliquities, and through the varying medium of her own hopes and apprehensions. The profound duplicity and great ambition of his nature, appear to have been very early detected by colonel Hutchinson, whose biographer gives this account of his demeanour to the Levellers and Presbyterians, who were then at the height of their rivalry.

These were they, says she, speaking of the former, who first began to discover the ambition of Lieftenant-general Cromwell and his idolaters, and to suspect and dislike it. About this time, he was sent downe, after his victory in Wales, to encounter Hamilton in the north. When he went downe, the chief of these levellers following him out of the towne, to take their leaves of him, receiv'd such professions from him, of a spiritt bent to pursue the same iust and honest things that they desir'd, as they went away with greate satisfaction,—'till they heard that a coachfull of *Presbyterian priests* coming after them, went away no lesse pleas'd; by which it was apparent he dissembled with one or the other, and by so doing lost his creditt with both.

When he came to Nottingham, Coll. Hutchinson went to see him, whom he embrac'd with all the expressions of kindnesse that one friend could make to another, and then retiring with him, prest him to tell him what thoughts his friends, the levellers, had of him. The collonell, who was the freest man in the world from concealing truth from his friend, especially when it was requir'd in love and plainnesse, not only told him what others thought of him, but what he himselfe conceiv'd, and how much it would darken all his glories, if he should become a slave to his owne ambition, and be guilty of what he gave the world iust cause to suspect, and therefore begg'd of him to weare his heart in his face, and to scorne to delude his enemies; but to make use of his noble courage, to maintaine what he believed iust, against all greate oposers. Cromwell made mighty professions of a sincere heart to him, but it is certaine that for this and such like plaine dealing with him, he dreaded the collonell, and made it his particular businesse to keepe him out of the armie; but the collonell never desiring command to serve himselfe, but his country, would not use that art he detested in others, to procure himselfe any advantage. p. 285—287.

An after scene is still more remarkable, and more characteristick of both the actors. After Cromwell had possessed himself of the sovereignty, colonel Hutchinson came accidentally to the knowledge of a plot which had been laid for his assassination; and was moved, by the nobleness of his own nature, and his regard for the protector's great qualities—though he had openly testified against his usurpation, and avoided his presence since the time of it—to give such warning of it to Fleetwood, as might enable him to escape that hazard, but at the same time without betraying the names of any of the conspirators.

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After Coll. Hutchinson had given Fleetwood that caution, he was going into the country, when the protector sent to search him out with all the earnestnesse and haste that could possibly be, and the collonell went to him; who mett him in one of the galleries, and receiv'd him with open armes and the kindest embraces that could be given, and complain'd that the collonell should be so unkind as never to give him a visitt, professing how wellcome he should have bene, the most wellcome person in the land; and with these smooth insinuations led him allong to a private place, giving him thankes for the advertisement he had receiv'd from Fleetwood, and using all his art to gett out of the collonell the knowledge of the persons engag'd in the conspiracy against him. But none of his cunning, nor promises, nor flatteries, could prevaile with the collonell to informe him more than he thought necessary to prevent the execution of the designe; which when the protector perceiv'd, he gave him most infinite thankes for what he had told him, and acknowledg'd it open'd to him some misteries that had perplext him, and agreed so with other intelligence he had, that he must owe his preservation to him. "But," says he, "deare collonell, why will not you come in and act among us?" The collonell told him plainly, because he liked not any of his wayes since he broke the parliament, as being those which led to certeine and unavoydable destruction, not only of themselves, but of the whole parliament party and cause, and thereupon tooke occasion, with his usuall freedom, to tell him into what a sad hazard all things were put, and how apparent a way was made for the restitution of all former tiranny and bondage. Cromwell seem'd to receive this honest plainnesse with the greatest affection that could be, and acknowledg'd his precipitatenesse in some things, and *with teares* complain'd how Lambert had put him upon all those violent actions, for which he now accus'd him and sought his ruine. He exprest an earnest desire to restore the people's liberties, and to take and pursue more safe and sober councells, and wound up all with a very faire courtship of the collonell to engage with him, offering him any thing he would account worthy of him. The collonell told him, he could not be forward to make his owne advantage, by serving to the enslaving of his country. The other told him, he intended nothing more than the restoring and confirming the liberties of the good people, in order to which he would employ such men of honor and interest as the people should reioyce, and he should not refuse to be one of them. And after, with all his arts, he had endeavour'd to excuse his publique actions, and to draw in the collonell, he dismist him with such expressions as were publickely taken notice of by all his little courtiers then about him, when he went to the end of the gallery with the collonell, and there, embracing him, sayd alowd to him: "Well, collonell, satisfied or dissatisfied, you shall be one of us, for wee can no longer exempt a person so able and faithfull from the publique service, and you shall be satisfied in all honest things." The collonell left him with that respect that became the place he was in; when immediately the same courtiers, who had some of them past him by without knowing him when he came in, although they had bene once of his familiar acquaintance, and the rest who had look'd upon him with such disdainfull neglect as those little people use to those who are not of their faction, now flockt about him, striving who should expresse most respect, and, by an extraordinary officiousnesse, redeeme their late slightings. Some of them desir'd he would command their service in any businesse he had with their lord, and a thousand such frivolous compliments, which the collonell smiled att, and quitting himselfe of them as soon as he could, made hast to returne into the country. There he had not long bene but that he was inform'd, notwithstanding all these faire shewes, the protector, finding him too constant to be wrought upon to serve his tirannie, had resolv'd to secure his person, lest he should head the people, who now grew very weary of his bondage. But though it was certainly confirm'd to the collonell how much he was afraid of his honesty and freedome, and that he was resolv'd not to let him longer be att liberty, yet, before his guards apprehended the collonell, death imprison'd himselfe, and confin'd all his vast ambition and all his cruell designes into the narrow compasse of a grave. p. 340—342.

Two other anecdotes, one very discreditable to Cromwell, the other affording a striking proof of his bravery and knowledge of mankind, may be found at p. 308. & 316. But we dismiss the subject of this "great bad man," with the following eloquent representation of his government after he had attained the height of his ambition;—a representation in which the keen regrets of disappointed patriotism are finely mingled with an indignant contempt for those who submitted to tyranny, and a generous admission of the talents and magnanimity of the tyrant.

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In the interim Cromwell and his armie grew wanton with their power, and invented a thousand tricks of government, which, when nobody oppos'd, they themselves fell to dislike and vary every day. First he calls a parliament out of his owne pockett, himselfe naming a sort of godly men for every county, who meeting and not agreeing, a part of them, in the name of the people, give up the sovereignty to him. Shortly after he makes up severall sorts of mock parliaments, but not finding one of them absolutely for his turne, turn'd them off againe. He soone quitted himselfe of his triumvirs, and first thrust out Harrison, then tooke away Lambert's commission, and would have bene king but for feare of quitting his generallship. He weeded, in a few months time, above a hundred and fifty godly officers out of the armie, with whom many of the religious souldiers went off, and in their roome abundance of the king's dissolute souldiers were entertain'd, and the armie was almost chang'd from that godly religious armie, whose vallour God had crown'd with triumph, into the dissolute armie they had beaten, bearing yett a better name. His wife and children were setting up for principallity, which suited no better with any of them then scarlett on the ape; only, to speak the truth of himselfe, he had much naturall greatnesse, and well became the place he had usurp'd. His daughter Fleetwood was humbled, and not exalted with these things; but the rest were insolent fooles. Cleypoole, who married his daughter, and his son Henry, were two debauch'd ungodly cavaliers. Richard was a peasant in his nature; yet gentle and vertuous; but became not greatnesse. His court was full of sinne and vanity, and the more abominable, because they had not yett quite cast away the name of God, but prophan'd it by taking it in vaine upon them. True religion was now almost lost, even among the religious party, and hypocrisie became an epidemicall disease, to the sad griefe of Coll. Hutchinson, and all true-hearted Christians and Englishmen. Allmost all the ministers every where fell in and worshipt this beast, and courted and made addresses to him. So did the city of London, and many of the degenerate lords of the land, with the poor-spirited gentry. The cavaliers, in pollicy, who saw that while Cromwell reduc'd all the exercise of tirannicall power under another name, there was a doore open'd for the restoring of their party, fell much in with Cromwell, and heighten'd all his disorders. He at last exercis'd such an arbitrary power that the whole land grew weary of him, while he sett up a companie of silly meane fellows, call'd maior-generalls, as governors in every country. These rul'd according to their wills, by no law but what seem'd good in their owne eies, imprisoning men, obstructing the course of iustice betweene man and man, perverting right through partiallity, acquitting some that were guilty, and punishing some that were innocent as guilty. Then he exercis'd another proiect to rayse monye, by decimation of the estates of all the king's party, of which actions 'tis said Lambert was the instigator. At last he tooke upon him to make lords and knights; and wanted not many fooles, both of the armie and gentry, to accept of and strutt in his mock titles. Then the earle of Warwick's grandchild and the lord Falconbridge married his two daughters; such pittiful slaves were the nobles of those days. Att last Lambert, perceiving himselfe to have bene all this while deluded with hopes and promises of succession, and seeing that Cromwell now intended to confirme the government in his owne famely, fell off from him, but behav'd himselfe very pitifully and meanely, was turn'd out of all his places, and return'd againe to plott new vengeance at his house at Wimbleton, where he fell to dresse his flowers in his garden, and worke at the needle with his wife and his maides, while he was watching an oppertunity to serve againe his ambition, which had this difference from the protector's; the one was gallant and greate, the other had nothing but an unworthy pride, most insolent in prosperity, and as abiect and base in adversity. p. 335—338.

In making these miscellaneous extracts for the amusement of our readers, we are afraid that we have too far lost sight of the worthy colonel, for whose honour the whole record was designed; and though the biography of a private person, however eminent, is seldom of much consequence to the general reader, except where it illustrates the manners of the times, or connects with the publick history of the nation, there is something in this account of colonel Hutchinson which appears to us deserving of notice with reference to both these particulars.

Soon after his marriage, he retired to his house at Owthorpe, where he took to the study of divinity; and having his attention roused to the state

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of publick affairs, by the dreadful massacres of Ireland, in 1641, set himself diligently to read and consider all the disputes which were then set on foot between the king and parliament; the result of which was, a steady conviction of the justice of the pretensions maintained by the latter, with a strong anxiety for the preservation of peace. His first achievement was, to persuade the parson of his parish to deface the images, and break the painted glass in the windows of his church, in obedience to an injunction of the parliament. His next, to resist lord Newark in an illegal attempt to carry off the ammunition belonging to the county, for the use of the king. His deportment upon this occasion, when he was only twenty-five years of age, affords a very singular proof of temper and firmness, good breeding, and great powers of reasoning.

When the king set up his standard at Nottingham, Mr. Hutchinson repaired to the camp of Essex, the parliamentary general; but "did not then find a clear call from the Lord to join with him." His irresolution, however, was speedily dissipated, by the persecutions of the royalists, who made various efforts to seize him as a disaffected person. He accordingly began to consult with others in the same predicament; and having resolved to try to defend the town and castle of Nottingham against the assaults of the enemy, he was first elected governour by his associates, and afterwards had his nomination confirmed by Fairfax and by the parliament. A great deal too much of the book is occupied with an account of the petty enterprises in which this little garrison was engaged; the various feuds and dissensions which arose among the different officers and the committees who were appointed as their council; the occasional desertion and treachery of various individuals, and the many contrivances, and sacrifices, and exertions, by which colonel Hutchinson was enabled to maintain his post till the final discomfiture of the royal party. This narrative contains, no doubt, many splendid examples of courage and fidelity on both sides; and for the variety of intrigues, cabals, and successful and unsuccessful attempts at corruption which it exhibits, may be considered as a complete miniature of a greater history. But the insignificance of the events, and the obscurity of the persons, take away all interest from the story; and our admiration of colonel Hutchinson's firmness, and disinterestedness and valour, is scarcely sufficient to keep our attention alive through the languishing narrative of the obscure warfare in which he was employed.

It has often been remarked, and for the honour of our country can never be too often repeated, that history affords no example of a civil contest carried on for years at the point of the sword, and yet producing so little ferocity in the body of the people, and so few instances of particular violence or cruelty. No proscriptions—no executions—no sacking of cities, or laying waste of provinces—no vengeance wreaked, and indeed scarcely any severity inflicted upon those who were notoriously hostile, unless found actually in arms. Some passages in the wars of Henry IV. as narrated by Sully, approach to this character; but the horrible massacres with which that contest was at other stages attended, exclude it from all parallel with the generous hostility of England. This book is full of instances, not merely of mutual toleration, but of the most cordial friendship subsisting between individuals engaged in the opposite parties. In particular, sir Allan Apsley, Mrs. Hutchinson's brother, who commanded a troop of horse for the king, and was frequently employed in the same part of the country where colonel Hutchinson commanded for the parliament, is represented throughout as living on a footing of the greatest friendship and cordiality

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with this valiant relative. Under the protection of mutual passes, they pay frequent visits to each other, and exchange various civilities and pieces of service, without any attempt on either side to seduce the other from the cause to which his conscience had attached him. In the same way, the houses and families of various royalists are left unmolested in the district commanded by colonel Hutchinson's forces; and officers conducting troops to the siege of the castle, are repeatedly invited to partake of entertainments with the garrison. It is no less curious and unique to find Mrs. Hutchinson officiating as a surgeon to the wounded; and the colonel administering spiritual consolation to some of the captives who had been mortally hurt by the men whom he had led into action.

After the termination of the war, colonel Hutchinson was returned to parliament for the town which he had so resolutely defended. He was appointed a member of the high court of justice, for the trial of the king; and after long hesitation and frequent prayer to God to direct him aright in an affair of so much moment, he deliberately concurred in the sentence which was pronounced by it; Mrs. Hutchinson proudly disclaiming for him the apology afterwards so familiar in the mouths of his associates, of having been overawed by Cromwell. His opinion of the protector, and of his government, has been pretty fully explained in the extracts we have already given. During that usurpation, he lived in almost unbroken retirement, at Owthorpe; where he occupied himself in superintending the education of his children, whom he himself instructed in musick and other elegant accomplishments; in the embellishment of his residence by building and planting; in administering justice to his neighbours, and in making a very choice collection of painting and sculpture, for which he had purchased a number of articles out of the cabinet of the late king. Such were the liberal pursuits and elegant recreations of one whom all our recent histories would lead us to consider as a gloomy fanatick, and barbarous bigot.

Upon the death of the protector, he again took his seat in parliament, for the county of Nottingham; and was an indignant spectator of the base proceedings of Monk, and the headlong and improvident zeal of the people in the matter of the restoration. In the course of the debate on the course to be followed with the regicides, such of them as were members of the house rose in their places, and made such a defence of their conduct as they respectively thought it admitted of. The following passage is very curious, and gives us a high idea of the readiness and address of colonel Hutchinson in a situation of extraordinary difficulty.

When it came to Inglesbies turne, he, *with many teares*, profest his repentance for that murther; and told a false tale, how Cromwell held his hand, and forc'd him to subscribe the sentence, and made a most whining recantation; after which he retir'd, and another had almost ended, when Coll. Hutchinson, who was not there at the beginning, came in, and was told what they were about, and that it would be expected he should say something. He was surpriz'd with a thing he expected not; yet neither then, nor in any the like occasion, did he ever faile himselfe, but told them, "That for his actings in those dayes, if he had err'd, it was the inexperience of his age, and the defect of his iudgement, and not the malice of his heart, which had ever prompted him to pursue the generall advantage of his country more then his owne; and if the sacrifice of him might conduce to the publick peace and settlement, he should freely submit his life and fortunes to their dispose; that the vain expence of his age and the greate debts his publick employments had runne him into, as they were testimonies that neither avarice nor any other interest had carried him on, so they yielded him iust cause to repent that he ever forsooke his owne blessed quiett, to embark in such a troubled sea, where he had made shipwrack of all things but a good conscience; *and as to that particular action of the king, he desir'd them to believe he had that sense of it that befitted an Englishman, a*

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Christian, and a gentleman. Assoone as the collonell had spoken, he retir'd into a roome, where Inglesbie was, with his eies yet red, who had call'd up a little spirit to succeed his whimings, and embracing Coll. Hutchinson, "O collonell," say'd he, "did I ever imagine wee could be brought to this? Could I have suspected it, when I brought them Lambert in the other day, this sword should have redeem'd us from being dealt with as criminalls, by that people, for whom we had so gloriously exposed ourselves." The collonell told him, he had forseene, ever since those usurpers thrust out the lawfull authority of the land, to enthrone themselves, it could end in nothing else; but the integrity of his heart, in all he had done, made him as chearfully ready to suffer as to triumph in a good cause. The result of the house that day was, to suspend Coll. Hutchinson and the rest from sitting in the house. Monke, after all his greate professions, now sate still, and had not one word to interpose for any person, but was as forward to sett vengeance on foote as any man. p. 367—369.

He was afterwards comprehended in the act of amnesty, and with some difficulty obtained his pardon; upon which he retired to the country; but was soon after brought to town, in order to see if he could not be prevailed on to give evidence against such of the regicides as it was resolved to bring to trial. The Inglesby who is commemorated in the preceding extract, is known to have been the chief informer on that occasion; and colonel Hutchinson understood that it was by his instigation, that he had been called as a witness. His deportment, when privately examined by the attorney general, is extremely characteristick, and includes a very fine and bitter piece of irony on his base associate, who did not disdain to save himself by falsehood and treachery. When pressed to specify some overt acts against the prisoners

— the collonell answered him, that in a businesse transacted so many years agoe, wherein life was concern'd, he durst not beare a testimony; having at that time bene so little an observer, *that he could not remember the least title of that most eminent circumstance, of Cromwell's forcing Coll. Inglesbie to sett to his unwilling hand, which, if his life had depended on that circumstance, he could not have affirmed.* "And then, sir," say'd he, "if I have lost so great a thing as that, it cannot be expected lesse eminent passages remaine with me." p. 379.

It was not thought proper to examine him on the trial; and he was allowed, for about a year, to pursue his innocent occupations in the retirement of a country life. At last he was seized, upon suspicion of being concerned in some treasonable conspiracy; and though no formal accusation was ever exhibited against him, and no sort of evidence specified as the ground of his detention, was conveyed to London, and committed a close prisoner to the tower. In this situation, he was treated with the most brutal harshness; all which he bore with great meekness of spirit, and consoled himself in the constant study of the Scriptures, and the society of his magnanimous consort, who, by the powerful intercession of her brother, was at last admitted to his presence. After an imprisonment of ten months, during which the most urgent solicitations could neither obtain his deliverance, nor the specification of the charges against him, he was suddenly ordered down to Sandown castle in Kent, and found, upon his arrival, that he was to be closely confined in a damp and unwholesome apartment, in which another prisoner, of the meanest rank and most brutal manners, was already established. This aggravated oppression and indignity, however, he endured, with a cheerful magnanimity; and conversed with his wife and daughter, as she expresses it, "with as pleasant and contented a spirit as ever in his whole life." Sir Allan Apsley at last procured an order for permitting him to walk a certain time every day on the beach; but this mitigation came too late. A sort of aguish fever, brought on by damp and confinement, had settled on his constitution; and, in little more than a month after his removal from the tower, he was delivered by death

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from the mean and cowardly oppression of those whom he had always disdained either to flatter or betray.

England should be proud, we think, of having given birth to Mrs. Hutchinson and her husband; and chiefly because their characters are truly and peculiarly English, according to the standard of those times in which national characters were most distinguishable. Not exempt, certainly, from errours and defects, they yet seem to us to hold out a lofty example of substantial dignity and virtue; and to possess most of those talents and principles by which publick life is made honourable, and privacy delightful. Bigotry must at all times debase, and civil dissension embitter our existence; but, in the ordinary course of events, we may safely venture to assert, that a nation which produces many such wives and mothers as Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, must be both great and happy.

For the reverend Julius Hutchinson, the editor of these Memoirs, it is easy to see that he is considerably perplexed and distracted, between a natural desire to extol these illustrious ancestors, and a fear of being himself mistaken for a republican. So he gives us alternate notes in laud of the English levellers, and in vituperation of the atheists and jacobins of France. From all this, our charity leads us to infer, that the said reverend Julius Hutchinson has not yet obtained that preferment in the church which it would be convenient for him to possess; and that, when he is promoted according to his merits; he will speak more uniformly, in a manner becoming his descent. In the mean time, we are very much obliged to him for this book, and for the pains he has taken to satisfy us of its authenticity, and of the accuracy of the publication. We do not object to the old spelling, which occasions no perplexity; but when the work comes to another edition, we would recommend it to him to add a few dates on the margin, to break his pages into more paragraphs, and to revise his punctuation. He would make the book infinitely more saleable, too, if, without making the slightest variation in what is retained, he would omit about 200 pages of the siege of Nottingham, and other parish business: especially as the whole is now put beyond the reach of loss or corruption by the present full publication.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

The History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade. By T. Clarkson, M. A. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1808. Philadelphia, republished, James P. Parke, 1808. 2 vols. $ 3.

THERE are works of so much moral worth, that it would imply a deadness of feeling in the critick, if, in reviewing them, he did not abate some part of his wonted attention to the minutiæ of style or arrangement. That which a deep sense of the importance of his subject had withheld from the author's notice during the composition, should gain only a subordinate degree of attention from the reader. Not unfrequently, indeed, the style itself will become more noble and affecting on the whole, in consequence of this neglect of rhetorical accuracy. There are beauties of style, which, like night violets, send forth their odours, themselves unnoticed. The traveller receives the gentle refreshment as he hurries on, without knowing or asking whence it proceeds.

In this class, we do think, that the present publication may be included, if any work might dare to advance such claims. It contains the history of the rise and progress of an evil the most pernicious, if only because the

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most criminal, that ever degraded human nature. The history of a war of more than two centuries, waged by men against human nature; a war too carried on, not by ignorance and barbarism, against knowledge and civilisation; not by half famished multitudes against a race blessed with all the arts of life, and softened and effeminated by luxury; but, as some strange nondescript in iniquity, waged by unprovoked strength against uninjuring helplessness, and with all the powers which long periods of security and equal law had enabled the assailants to develop; in order to make barbarism more barbarous, and to add, to the want of political freedom, the most dreadful and debasing personal suffering. Thus, all the effects and influences of freedom were employed to enslave; the gifts of knowledge to prevent the possibility of illumination; and powers, which could not have existed but in consequence of morality and religion, to perpetuate the sensual vices, and to ward off the emancipating blow of Christianity; and as if this were not enough, positive laws were added by the best and freest nation of Christendom, and powers intrusted to the basest part of its population, for purposes which would almost necessarily make the best men become the worst.

Nor are the effects of this strange war less marvelous than its nature. It is a war in which the victors fall lower than the vanquished; in which the oppressors are more truly objects of pity than the oppressed; while, to the nation which had most extensively pursued and most solemnly authorized it, it was an eating ulcer into the very vitals of its main resources as to defence, and a slow poison acting on that constitution which was the offspring, and has continued to be the protector, of its freedom and prosperity. In short, the present work is the history of one great calamity, one long continuous crime, involving every possible definition of evil; for it combined the wildest physical suffering, with the most atrocious moral depravity.

Were these the whole contents of this work, it would command the conscientious attention of every good man; for we must know, abhor, and pity the evil, before we can have light to guide, or vital warmth to propel us towards its removal. But this is not all. It is the history of its removal; of the means employed; of the patience exerted; of the fears and prudential sophistries which incessantly tempted virtuous hope to despondency; and of the glorious success which at length rewarded its perseverance. Finally, this interesting tale is related, not by a descendant, but a contemporary; not by a distant spectator, but by a participator of the contest; and, of all the many participators, by the man confessedly the most efficient; the man whose unparalleled labours, in this work of love and peril, leave on the mind of a reflecting reader the sublime doubt, which of the two will have been the greater final gain to the moral world,—the removal of the evil, or the proof thereby given what mighty effects single good men may realize by self-devotion and perseverance.

To those who have not considered the nature of the slave trade in its detail, or examined the evidences which were acted upon by the late legislature of Great Britain, our expressions may appear forced and extravagant. But if the perusal of this work, together with the evidences adduced before the committee of the house of commons, and the earlier masterly pamphlet of our author, "On the impolicy of the Slave Trade," do not furnish them with facts giving full and appropriate meaning to each word of each sentence we have used, we must either suppose obstinate prejudices, or appear to ourselves to wander in a world of enigma.

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After a few pages of general introduction, which might, perhaps, have been omitted with advantage, the author commences his history by an eloquent and dramatick representation of the evils belonging to the slave trade, with respect to the Africans, in its three principal stages. First, on the continent of Africa; secondly, in the middle passage; thirdly, in the West Indies and the adjoining colonies. This is followed by a well reasoned and affecting counterpart of the evil, in the grievous effects of this trade on those who are employed in carrying it on. First, on the masters and men of the slave ships; next, on the factors and those employed in purchasing or seizing the unhappy victims; and, lastly, on the planters and owners of slaves, and on the countries in general in which slavery is established. We have, indeed, always been of opinion, that too little stress has been laid on *this* part of the subject. The sufferings of the Africans were calculated, no doubt, to make a more rapid and violent impression on the imaginations and bodily sympathies of men; but the dreadful depravity that of necessity was produced by it on the immediate agents of the injustice; and the further influence of such corruption on the morals of countries that are in habits of constant commercial intercourse, and who speak the same language; these, though not susceptible of colours equally glaring, do yet form a more extensive evil,—an evil more certain, and of a more measurable kind. These are evil in the form of guilt; evil in its most absolute and most appropriate sense; that sense to which the sublimest teachers of moral wisdom, Plato, Zeno, Leibnitz, have confined the appellation; and which, therefore, on a well disciplined spirit, will make an impression deeper than could have been left by mere agony of body, or even anguish of mind; in proportion as vice is more hateful than pain; eternity more awful than time. To this may be added, the fatal effects on national morals, from the publick admission of principles *professedly* incompatible with justice and from the implied disavowal of any obligation paramount to that of immediate expediency, compared with which even state-hypocrisy may not have been without its good effects. Those who estimate all measures, institutions and events, exclusively by their palpaple and immediate effects, are little qualified to trace, and less inclined to believe, the ceaseless agency of those subtler causes to which the philosopher attributes the deterioration of national character. Yet history will vouch for us, if we affirm, that no government ever avowedly acted on immoral principles (as, for instance, the Prussian, since the accession of their Frederick *the unique*, as the Germans style him, and the court of France from the administration of Richelieu) without inducing a proportional degradation in the virtue and dignity of the individuals who form the mass of the nation.

Consistently with this conviction, our author, though least of all men insensible of the meritorious efforts of legislators acting in their legislative capacity, yet commences and concludes his history in one and the same spirit, every where aiming to establish the dignity and importance of individual minds, as the ultimate causes of moral phenomena, good or evil. Hence his conscientious anxiety to trace, from the earliest times, those who, by bearing publick testimony concerning the iniquity of this trade, had produced that state of knowledge and feeling throughout society, which was an indispensable condition of legislative interference for its removal. Hence, too, his amiable and cheerful faith, that all is safe, that all is virtually *effected* (εἰργασται, as Medea says in Euripides) when the good and intelligent part of the community have united in the same conviction. This is, indeed, the more amiable, since, great as was the effect of his own "Essay on the Impolicy of the Slave Trade;" yet, his indefatigable, personal labours form the more prominent and unusual characteristick of his fame. His writings, as well as the evidences

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adduced to the legislature, and the facts so eloquently managed by the great parliamentary advocates for the abolition, were but the results of those, perhaps unexampled, personal exertions.

It is a peculiar advantage of this subject, that the history of the abolition of the slave trade involves the history of the trade itself; as the manifestation of its rise and progress, by the detail of attested facts, and by the arguments deduced from them, furnished the sole weapons with which the friends of human nature could carry on their contest, or hope for final success. The history of the evil, therefore, and the history of its removal, though in themselves perfectly distinct, are not only compatible with the strictest unity of plan, but necessarily lead to it. And well may we deem both the one and the other awfully impressive: for the victory can scarcely prove more beneficent than the combat was arduous, the struggle obstinate.

This difficulty our author has stated with equal conciseness and energy. Many evils, says he, of a publick nature, which existed in former times, were the offspring of ignorance and superstition, and they were subdued, of course, by the progress of light and knowledge. But the evil in question began in avarice. It was nursed also by worldly interest. It did not, therefore, so easily yield to the usual correctives of disorders in the world. We may observe also, that the interest by which it was thus supported, was not that of a few individuals, nor of one body, but of many bodies of men. It was interwoven again into the system of the commerce and of the revenue of nations. Hence the merchant—the planter—the mortgagee—the manufacturer—the politician—the legislator—the cabinet-minister—lifted up their voices against the annihilation of it.

This trade seems to have been begun as early as the year 1503, when a few slaves were sent from the Portuguese settlements in Africa into the Spanish colonies in America. In 1511, it was greatly enlarged by Ferdinand the Fifth of Spain; and the benevolent Bartholomew de las Casas, blinded by anguish of compassion for the poor American Indians, proposed to the government of Spain, then administered by cardinal Ximenes, during the minority of Charles the Fifth, the establishment of a regular commerce in the persons of the native Africans. "The cardinal, however (says our author) with a foresight, a benevolence, and a justice, which will always do honour to his memory, rejected the proposal; not only judging it to be unlawful to consign innocent people to slavery at all, but to be very inconsistent to deliver the inhabitants of one country from a state of misery by consigning it to those of another. Ximenes, therefore, may be considered as one of the first great friends of the Africans, after the partial beginning of the trade."

It is no less pleasant to consider, that in the two nations to which the larger portion of this commerce belongs, it was first introduced by a base imposition on the government. Louis the Thirteenth was duped by assurances, that the main object of the adventurers was to facilitate the conversion of the poor Africans to Christianity: and our Elizabeth, suspecting the truth of the fine tales told to her of the redemption of poor victims from cruel deaths, and their eagerness to emigrate to happier lands, "expressed her concern lest any of the Africans should be carried off *without their free consent*, declaring that it would be *detestable*, and call down the vengeance of heaven upon the undertakers."

Thus our author proceeds to prove, that from the very commencement of the trade to the first combination for its abolition,—from the truly great cardinal Ximenes to the illustrious ministers Pitt and Fox, there were never wanting voices to declare its iniquity: that the best and most active good men, in the most different sects of religious or political opinion, had united their suffrages and efforts against this affrightful piracy, impudently enti-

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tled commerce, whenever they were made acquainted with its real state. To the testimonies of these men, aided by the spread of moral knowledge, the extension of education, and the general increase of readers, our author has justly ascribed that state of the publick mind, which has so eminently favoured and supported the good cause; and which, but for the delays occasioned by its unblushing but too powerful antagonists, must (as the facts contained in the two last chapters of the first volume clearly prove) have succeeded in storming and demolishing this fabrick of iniquity at the first attack. These names, whether of statesmen or of authors, from our author's first class, viz. that of the individuals who, by enlightening the publick mind, and kindling the publick feelings, produced, as it were, the materials, which the associate bodies, constituting a second class, were enabled to employ and organize. From the catalogue of honoured names in the first class, we must select, as deserving of especial reverence, those of George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, and John Woolman, a quaker of unsectarian benevolence, and of principles *truly* evangelical.

The second class consists almost wholly of the quakers in two divisions, —the former division comprising the efforts of the whole as a religious body, the latter the efforts of those individual quakers, who were the first, and ever remained among the most active members of a committee for the abolition of the slave trade. In the year 1727, and still more strongly in the year 1758, the quakers, at their yearly meeting, and in their collective character, fervently warned all their members to avoid being any way concerned in this unrighteous commerce. In the yearly meeting of 1761, they proceeded to exclude from membership such as should be found directly concerned in this practice: and, in 1763, declared it to be criminal to aid and abet the trade in any manner, directly or indirectly. From this time there appears to have been an increasing zeal on this subject among the friends, so as to impel the society to step out of its ordinary course in behalf of their injured fellow men. Accordingly, in the month of June, 1783, the friends collectively petitioned the house of commons against the continuance of this traffick; and afterwards, both collectively and individually, exerted themselves by the press, by private correspondence, and by personal journies, to enlighten the minds of men concerning it, especially those of the rising generation. Indeed, by the frequent intercommunion of the missionary quakers from England to America, and America to England, the quakers had earlier and greater opportunities than any other body of men in Great Britain, of becoming acquainted with its horrours; while, from their religious principles, they were likely to be the first in becoming uneasy under the sense of its injustice. Three or four years prior to the establishment of that publick committee, to whose persevering efforts we undoubtedly owe the abolition of the slave trade, six quakers had been in the habit of meeting privately, for the purpose of exposing and discouraging it by all legal means. For this purpose, they had secured a place in two London, and in many provincial papers, for such essays as they deemed most likely to influence the minds of unprejudiced readers in favour of the object of their institution. In 1787, Mr. Clarkson, whose attention had been turned to the subject, as he ingenuously relates, in the first instance, wholly by academick ambition, there having been given out, as the theme of the bachelors' prize, in the university of Cambridge, "*Anne liceat invitos in servitutem dare?*" discovered the existence of this small but benevolent institution, and, joining himself with it, raised upon it the superstructure of the great publick committee, which appeared afterwards.

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The publick efforts of Mr. Wilberforce, the sincere zeal and splendid eloquence of Mr. Fox, and of other senators in both houses, are so universally known and so properly estimated, that we shall content ourselves with observing, that the specimens of eloquence which are here given, were taken down with uncommon care, and will surprise and delight such readers as have taken their ideas of Pitt, Fox, and Wilberforce, as orators, exclusively from newspaper reports. We refer, with especial admiration, to the second speech of Mr. Wilberforce, on the 18th of April 1791, after the accumulation of evidence had rendered him perfectly master of the subject, vol. II. p 212 to 255; to Mr. William Smith's, 281 to 299; to Mr. Pitt's, 304 to 317; to Mr. Fox's, 318 to 333; but, above all, to tne admirable reply of this truly great man to the speeches of the then Messrs. Addington and Dundas in favour of moderate measures, 407 to 415. It is among the happiest productions of a rapid and vigorous intellect, called into action suddenly by the warmth of an honest and noble heart. The feeling seems all intellect,—the intellect all feeling. Never surely was the project of a medium between truth and falsehood, justice and injustice, rendered more completely ridiculous; nor the paltry wisdom of a narrow self-interest so withered and blasted by the lightnings of genius and virtue.

Without confining ourselves to our author's more complex classification, we have alluded to three of the four classes into which the abolitionists of the slave trade may be divided. The first, that of the individuals who, by writings or publick declarations, had prepared the minds of their countrymen for the abolition. The second, that of associate bodies, namely, the quakers in their collective capacity, and the committee who, during so many years, pursued this great object with such indefatigable energy. The third, that of the illustrious members of the legislature, who arranged themselves under Mr. Wilberforce, and preeminently that great and good man, among whose deathbed consolations the certainty of the complete abolition of the trade, as the result of his own short ministry, was (of all external events) the chief and most soothing. The merits of the last class, indeed, are already well known to the publick; and the details, both of it and of the two former, are ably and perspicuously given in their several places in these interesting volumes. We shall pay, therefore, a more minute attention to the fourth class, namely, that of the individuals, whose personal toils and unwearied efforts were not only highly conducive to the ultimate event, but were an indispensable condition of it. And this we feel especially a duty, because, from motives of delicacy, one of the most meritorious has been prevented from stating his own services as clearly and prominently as, for the benefit of mankind, they ought to have been stated. The gratitude which we feel to the illustrious benefactors of our race, ennobles our own hearts. It is a debt, the payment of which enriches the mind which discharges it. We participate of the goodness and greatness which we learn habitually to love and admire.

At the head of this list unquestionably stands the name of Mr. Wilberforce—a name already sanctified and immortalized in the memories of all good men, and to which, in any quarter of the world, it would be impertinent to annex any eulogium. He it was who first brought the evil to light, and ceased not until he pursued it to justice. He it was, who, for twenty long years, watched day and night over the sacred flame which his eloquence had kindled, and cherished and kept it alive when, chilled by an atmosphere of false policy, and blown upon by the breath of corruption, it sickened, and almost ceased to glow; nay, when the broader glare of other fires drew away from it the eyes of all men, he kept it steadily in view, and

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sent it forth at last to consume the scourges and fetters of oppression, and to purify and enlighten a benighted world. Mr. Wilberforce indubitably has been the great captain of the abolitionists; and without his courage, and skill, and unwearied perseverance, their cause must long since have been lost and abandoned.

Next to him, we think it a duty to mention the name of Mr. Granville Sharp, the cause and occasion of whose exertions in this great work, are related with much feeling and simplicity, vol. I. pp. 63 to 79. Regardless of the dangers to which he exposed himself, both in his person and his fortune, Mr. Sharp stood forward in every case as the courageous friend of the poor Africans in England, in direct opposition to an opinion of York and Talbot, the attorney and solicitor general for the time being. This opinion had been acted upon; and so high was its authority, that, after it had been made publick, it was held as the settled law of the land, that a slave, neither by baptism, nor arrival in Great Britain or Ireland, acquires freedom; but may be legally forced back to the plantations. Discouraged by judge Blackstone, and several other eminent lawyers, Mr. Sharp devoted three years of his life to the study of the English law, that he might render himself the more effectual advocate of these friendless strangers. In his work, entitled, "A Representation of the Injustice and dangerous Tendency of tolerating Slavery in England," published in the year 1769, and afterwards, in his learned and laborious "Inquiry into the Principles of Villenage," he refuted the opinion of York and Talbot by unanswerable arguments, and neutralized their authority by the counter opinion of the great lord chief-justice Holt, who many years before had decided, that as force could be used against no man in England without a legal process, every slave coming into England became free, inasmuch as the laws of England recognised the distinction between person and property as perpetual and sacred. Finally, in the great case of Somerset, which was argued at three different sittings in January, in February, and in May of the year 1772 (the opinion of the judges having been taken upon the pleadings) it was at last ascertained and declared to be the law of the land, that as soon as ever any slave set his foot upon English territory, he became free. Among the heroes and sages of British story, we can think of few whom we should feel a greater glow of honest pride in claiming as an ancestor, than the man to whom we owe our power of repeating with truth—

> "Slaves cannot breathe in England. If their lungs
> Receive our air, that moment they are free.
> They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
> Oh! this is noble!"

Solicitous, even to anxiety, as our author shows himself, in developing and holding forth the merits of all his individual coadjutors, he appears, with the exception of Mr. Wilberforce, to dwell with peculiar pleasure and warmth of sympathy on the character and labours of Mr. Sharp.

The last person, on whose merits we think it necessary to dwell individually, is the author of the volumes before us. The account which he gives of the rise and progress of his enthusiasm in this cause is very curious and interesting. To some it may appear to be tinctured with superstition, or to trespass beyond the limits of sober philanthropy; but to those who know the magnitude of the evil, and who think of the greatness of the redress which has at last been obtained, the simplicity and sensibility of heart which Mr. Clarkson here displays, must be objects of veneration and of envy. The details of his progress have raised our opinion of human nature; and the account even of his inward feelings and emotions becomes highly interesting, when we recollect to what noble exertions and heroick sacrifices

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they afterwards conducted him. After stating, with the most ingenuous simplicity, that he was led to consider the subject, in the first instance, solely by the desire of university reputation, and having particularized his first sources of information, chiefly consisting of manuscript papers of a deceased friend, who had been in the trade, and of a work, known to him by the accident of a newspaper advertisement, "Anthony Benezet's Historical Account of Guinea," proceeds thus:

Furnished then, in this manner, I began my work; but no person can tell the severe trial which the writing of it proved to me. I had expected pleasure from the invention of the arguments; from the arrangement of them; from the putting of them together; and from the thought in the interim that I was engaged in an innocent contest for literary honour. But all my pleasure was damped by the facts which were now continually before me. It was but one gloomy subject from morning till night. In the day time I was uneasy. In the night I had little rest. I sometimes never closed my eyelids for grief. It became now not so much a trial for academical reputation, as for the production of a work which might be useful to injured Africa; and keeping this idea in my mind, even after the perusal of Benezet, I always slept with a candle in my room, that I might rise out of bed, and put down such thoughts as might occur to me in the night, if I judged them valuable, conceiving that no arguments of any moment should be lost in so great a cause. Having at length finished this painful task, I sent my essay to the vice-chancellor, and soon afterwards found myself honoured, as before, with the first prize.

As it is usual to read these essays in the senate house soon after the prize is adjudged, I was called to Cambridge for this purpose. I went and performed my office. On returning, however, to London, the subject of it almost wholly engrossed my thoughts. I became at times very seriously affected while upon the road. I stopped my horse occasionally, and dismounted and walked. I frequently tried to persuade myself, in these intervals, that the contents of my essay could not be true. The more, however, I reflected upon them, or rather upon the authorities on which they were founded, the more I gave them credit. Coming in sight of Wadesmill, in Hertfordshire, I sat down disconsolate on the turf, by the road side, and held my horse. Here a thought came into my mind, that if the contents of the essay were true, it was time some person should see these calamities to their end. Agitated in this manner, I reached home. This was in the summer of 1785.

In the course of the autumn of the same year, I experienced similar impressions. I walked frequently into the woods, that I might think on the subject in solitude, and find relief to my mind there. But there the question still recurred, "Are these things true?" Still the answer followed as instantaneously, "They are."—Still the result accompanied it, "Then surely some person should interfere." I then began to envy those who had seats in parliament, and who had great riches, and widely extended connexions, which would enable them to take up this cause. Finding scarcely any one at that time who thought of it, I was turned frequently to myself. But here many difficulties arose. It struck me, among others, that a young man of only twenty-four years of age could not have that solid judgment, that knowledge of men, manners, and things, which were requisite to qualify him to undertake a task of such magnitude and importance—And with whom was I to unite? I believed also, that it looked so much like one of the feigned labours of Hercules, that my understanding would be suspected if I proposed it. On ruminating, however, on the subject, I found one thing at least practicable, and that this also was in my power. I could translate my Latin dissertation:—I could enlarge it usefully:—I could see how the publick received it, or how far they were likely to favour any serious measures, which should have a tendency to produce the abolition of the slave trade. Upon this then, I determined; and in the middle of the month of November 1785, I began my work.

In consequence of the obligation in conscience which our author felt to publish this essay, he became accidentally acquainted with the six quakers, who, unknown to the publick, had devoted themselves to the same cause. Through these he was first introduced to the labours of Mr. Granville Sharp, and the controversial writings of Ramsay.

Soon after, having received distinct encouragement from Bennet Langton, Dr. Baker, lord and lady Scarsdale, and lady and sir Charles Middleton

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(now lord Barham) all of whom are introduced to our acquaintance in the most pleasing manner, and with many interesting anecdotes, the author, at the house of the latter, declared himself ready to devote himself entirely to the cause. After serious consideration, and many struggles of reason and of feeling, he persisted in the resolution. He followed it out; and sacrificed to it his youth, his manhood, his health, and his worldly prosperity. The reader will henceforward follow him with unintermitting interest. The account of his introduction to Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Fox, could not fail to interest, in the perusal, even on a less important object. It is not, indeed, the least delightful impression left on our mind by these volumes, that we rise with a faith in the *goodness* of many of those whom we have been accustomed to contemplate chiefly as *great* and *powerful;* and feel the asperity of party prejudices die away when we find, that, where the cause of justice, and the liberation of the oppressed, call forth their efforts, so many political opponents felt no rivalry but that of zealous exertion in the same good cause.

Greatly must our author have congratulated himself, that such men as Wilberforce, Fox, and Pitt, were his countrymen and contemporaries, admired and reverenced by the nation, and in the full enjoyment of their natural and acquired powers,—of that robust, yet agile and fervid logick, by which they rendered irresistible the weight and mass of evidence dug up, as it were, and brought to light by his indefatigable toils. Independent, too, of that genius which they possessed in common, there was a felicity in the nature and separate department of the influence of each of the three, which, on such an occasion, we may venture to call providential The example and authority of Mr. Fox, which could not be powerless, even on the minds of his political opponents, acted with especial strength on that class which had distinguished themselves as the less timid friends of freedom and general illumination. Now, though this class contained its full share of disinterested, enlightened, and patriotick individuals, yet it cannot be denied, that their characteristick zeal for constitutional liberty had been assumed as a mask by many of lax and unconstitutional principles. The wishes and supposed designs of these men seen magnified through the mist occasioned by the panick of property, and (what was worse) attributed to thousands who held in abhorrence the whole Gallican code, as far as it was contradistinguished from our own, threatened every measure proposed by Mr. Fox with unpopularity, if not active opposition. We have too many analogous facts on record to render it probable that this, if Mr. Fox had stood single in the contest, would have scared away many truly good and pious persons (especially the more religious females in the higher ranks of society) and given a dangerous pretext to the adherents and patrons of the trade. To this danger, the fervent loyalty and known piety of Mr. Wilberforce and his particular friends presented a powerful antidote; while to the manufacturers and merchants, who were willing enough to impute their zeal to a fanatical enthusiasm, the name of Mr. Pitt seemed to hold out a still higher sanction.

We admit, therefore, that the countenance which Mr. Pitt gave to the cause of the abolition, was of the utmost consequence to its success. It discountenanced the opposition which it did not prevent; it confirmed the opinion of many who were too indolent not to prefer authority to evidence; and gave a license to many to express and to act upon a conviction which they might otherwise have been induced to suppress. By his eloquence, and by his authority, he gave confidence to the cause of justice, and currency to the dictates of reason. When we consider the solemnity of his pro-

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testations, and the great political interest of those whom he disobliged by his exertions, it is painful, and almost impossible to admit any doubt of his sincerity. Yet, if he was sincere, he certainly was not zealous in the cause; and neglected so many opportunities of promoting it, that it was not without wonder that we found Mr. Clarkson's book inscribed to his *Memory*, in a dedication in which the name of Mr. Wilberforce is omitted. That he was not altogether so zealous in the cause as his professions would lead us to believe, appears from a variety of circumstances. In the first place, from the uniform and strenuous opposition of Mr. Dundas, who had, in this instance, no immediate interest to serve, and was never known to differ from his patron on speculative grounds. In the second place, from the uniform failure of the cause in parliament, during his long and strong administration. For the long space of twenty years, Mr. Pitt could persuade about three fourths of the members of parliament to adopt any scheme of finance, or of external policy, which he chose to countenance,—but could never once prevail with a bare majority to support him against the slave traders and consignees of sugar in Bristol and Liverpool. Even in 1805, he was in a minority upon a decision on that question;—and yet, no sooner did the late ministry come into power, than they contrived, some how or other, so effectually to remove those deep rooted scruples, that the bill for the instant abolition passed almost unanimously;—there being, if we rightly remember, no more than 16 dissentient voices out of a very full attendance in the lower house. The most suspicious thing, however, in all Mr. Pitt's conduct was his proceedings in 1797, and in 1805, with regard to the Dutch colonies of Guiana, Demarary, Berbice, &c. Those possessions fell into our hands in 1797; and having been prevented from supplying themselves with negroes during the war, were ready to take off a greater number than usual. It was in the power of the ministry, without a vote of parliament, to prohibit or restrain the slave trade of those colonies, by a mere order in council. Mr. Pitt, however, took no such step; and such was the vast addition that was consequently made to the British slave trade, that the annual importation was immediately increased from 25,000 to 57,000,—being an addition of no less than 32,000. This tremendous traffick went on under Mr. Pitt's eye for eight years; and then, when the extended cultivation of those new colonies had begun to sink the value of West India produce, and of the old plantations, the clamours of the sugar dealers produced that interference which humanity and justice had formerly solicited in vain. In August 1805, Mr. Pitt annihilated the whole slave trade of the Dutch colonies, by a single order in council. This he did avowedly to appease the jealousies, and allay the clamours of the planters in the old islands; and this he did not do in 1797, or any of the intervening years, though he had it all that time in his power, and though he was all that time making eloquent professions of the horrour and detestation with which he regarded this inhuman traffick.

The most interesting part of this book, after all, perhaps, is the account of the author's incredible perseverance in procuring evidence. And here it is indeed a most observable fact, and one which conveys the keenest satire on the cause of his opponents, that though, of the few witnesses which toil, danger, and the voice of conscience, had with difficulty obtained from distant parts of the kingdom, not above a third were heard in evidence; and though, even of these, a great and important part were men in humble situations in life; while, on the other hand, every individual of the numerous witnesses in favour of this traffick (and these men of the highest rank and fortune,—admirals, governours, and wealthy proprietors) were heard,

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and four fifths of the time allotted to the examinations, liberally devoted to them; yet, such was the force of truth, that, with the exception of the members of the interested cities, and of one or two individuals closely connected with the trade, no one of the opponents of the abolition ever pretended to doubt the attestations of the humble and despised few, or to believe the truth of the testimony, however they might respect the veracity, of the great and powerful body of counter witnesses. The conduct and fate of the individual, against whom, in his own presence, our author was reluctantly cross-examined, and which is related Vol. II, p. 181, with a delicacy most honourable to Mr. Clarkson's feelings, will furnish an awful warning to those who can be bold in defence of evil, and shrink away from their own prior testimony in support of truth and justice.

With a deep interest, and the warmest sympathy, we have followed our author in his journeys to Bristol, during his hazardous detection of the horrours of those publick houses employed to allure unhappy mariners into the pitfall of guilt and perdition; the dread which—after he had brought a murderer to trial—his presence spread among the whole party concerned in this immemorial opprobrium of that city* [Vol. I. from p. 292 to 368.] and during his yet more toilsome and hazardous adventures at Liverpool, in which his life was more than once in imminent jeopardy; and all his ceaseless pursuit of facts and individuals, which enabled him, in the year 1788, to arrange and publish that great body of evidence comprized in his work of "The Impolicy of the Slave Trade," to which nothing was, or could indeed be added; with one exception, viz. that of the important documents procured by the authority, and enforced by the eloquence of Mr. Pitt, concerning the black population of the colonies, its gradual increase, and undoubted capability of supporting itself, unaided by fresh importations. This was, indeed, a most important accession; for although the fact, so established, had been absolutely demonstrated *a priori*, from the congeniality of the West Indian climate with the African constitutions, and the known prolificity of the blacks under very unfavourable circumstances; yet the quarter from which these documents were furnished added prodigiously to their strength, and furnished the abolitionists with a weapon against which the most unabashed impudence, and the blindest prejudice, could present no defensive armour. And in fact, after the publication of the "Impolicy," and the appearance of these documents, the whole ground of *argument* was in a manner abandoned, and the agents of the slave merchants and planters recurred wholly to secret intrigues, and the lowest tricks of delay. Blessed as the final event has been, we cannot, without the most painful shame, remember, that, even thus baffled, confuted, and put to silence, they remained dangerously powerful; and that blind and unfeeling avarice ran a race of perseverance with humanity and the sense of national honour, in which the latter, more than once, appeared to lag behind, and to rest, as if desirous of sleeping.

* "Directly opposite the Irish coast, there is a seaport town called Bristol, the inhabitants of which frequently sail into Ireland, to sell, there, people whom they had bought up throughout all England. They exposed to sale maidens in a state of pregnancy, with whom they made a sort of mock marriages. There you might see with grief, fastened together by ropes, whole rows of wretched beings, of both sexes, of elegant forms, and in the very bloom of youth, a sight sufficient to excite pity even in barbarians, daily offered for sale to the first purchaser. Accursed deed! Infamous disgrace! that men, acting in a manner which brutal instinct alone would have forbidden, should sell into slavery their relations, nay, even their own offspring." *William of Malmsbury, Book ii. ch. 20.—Life of St. Wolstan, Bishop of Worcester.*

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Then was made apparent the great importance, and even the necessity, of an association, formed on such principles, and composed of such individuals, as was the committee for the abolition. They remained unwearied on the watch tower. Under their auspices our author renewed his journeys for witnesses—we might almost say, his one, long, and continued journey! We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting the following passage, as a singular instance of almost unexampled perseverance. There were, it seems, strong grounds of suspicion concerning the mode of procuring the slaves which were brought down from the interiour on the rivers of Calabar and Bonny. From a variety of circumstances, the committee inferred, that a part, or perhaps the greater part, had been kidnapped. How, then, says our author, were we to decide this important question? for it was said, that no white man was ever permitted by the natives to go up in their canoes. On mentioning, accidentally, these circumstances to a friend, this friend informed him, that he himself had been in company, about a year before, with a sailor, a very respectable looking man, who had been up these rivers. He had spent half an hour with him at an inn, and described his person; but he knew nothing of his name, or of the place of his abode. All he knew was, that he was either going, or that he belonged to some ship of war in ordinary; but he could not tell at what port.

Our author, determining to find out so important a witness, procured from sir C. Middleton, as the comptroller of the navy, a permission to board all the ships of war in ordinary. Ships of war in ordinary are those which are out of commission, and laid up in the different rivers and waters in the neighbourhood of the king's dock yards. For the completion of this interesting tale, we shall use our author's own words.

At length I began my journey. I boarded all the ships of war lying in ordinary at Deptford, and examined the different persons in each. From Deptford I proceeded to Woolwich, where I did the same. Thence I hastened to Chatham, and then, down the Medway, to Sheerness. I had now boarded above a hundred and sixty vessels of war. I had found out two good and willing evidences among them; but I could gain no intelligence of him who was the object of my search.

From Chatham I made the best of my way to Portsmouth harbour. A very formidable task presented itself here; but the masters' boats were ready for me, and I continued my pursuit. On boarding the Pegase, on the second day, I discovered a very respectable person in the gunner of that ship. His name was George Millar. He had been on board the Canterbury slave-ship at the dreadful massacre at Calabar. He was the only disinterested evidence living, of whom I had yet heard. He expressed his willingness to give his testimony, if his presence should be thought necessary in London. I then continued my pursuit for the remainder of the day. On the next day, I resumed and finished it for this quarter. I had now examined the different persons in more than a hundred vessels in this harbour; but I had not discovered the person I had gone to seek.

Matters now began to look rather disheartening; I mean as far as my grand object was concerned. There was but one other port left, and this was between two and three hundred miles distant. I determined, however, to go to Plymouth. I had already been more successful in this tour, with respect to obtaining general evidence, than in any other of the same length; and the probability was, that as I should continue to move among the same kind of people, my success would be in a similar proportion, according to the number visited. These were great encouragements to me to proceed. At length I arrived at the place of my last hope. On my first day's expedition I boarded forty vessels, but found no one in these who had been on the coast of Africa in the slave trade. One or two had been there in king's ships; but they had never been on shore. Things were now drawing near to a close; and, notwithstanding my success, as to general evidence, in this journey, my heart began to beat. I was restless and uneasy during the night. The next morning, I felt agitated again between the alternate pressure of hope and fear; and in this state I entered my boat. The fifty-seventh vessel I boarded was the Melampus frigate.

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One person belonging to it, on examining him in the captain's cabin, said he had been two voyages to Africa; and I had not long discoursed with him, before I found, to my inexpressible joy, that he was the man. I found, too, that he unravelled the question in dispute precisely as our inferences had determined it. He had been two expeditions up the river Calabàr in the canoes of the natives. In the first of these, they came within a certain distance of a village. They then concealed themselves under the bushes, which hung over the water from the banks. In this position they remained during the daylight; but at night they went up to it armed, and seized all the inhabitants, who had not time to make their escape. They obtained forty-five persons in this manner. In the second, they were out eight or nine days, when they made a similar attempt, and with nearly similar success. They seized men, women, and children, as they could find them in the huts. They then bound their arms, and drove them before them to the canoes. The name of the person thus discovered on board the Melampus was Isaac Parker. On inquiring into his character from the master of the division, I found it highly respectable. I found also, afterward, that he had sailed with captain Cook, with great credit to himself, round the world. It was also remarkable, that my brother, on seeing him in London, when he went to deliver his evidence, recognised him as having served on board the Monarch man of war, and as one of the most exemplary men in that ship.

I returned now in triumph. I had been out only three weeks, and I had found out this extraordinary person, and five respectable witnesses besides. These, added to the three discovered in the last journey, and to those provided before, made us more formidable than at any former period; so that the delay of our opponents, which we had looked upon as so great an evil, proved in the end truly serviceable to our cause.

Willingly, if our space permitted it, and if it were not our duty to refer our readers to the work itself, we should follow our author in his journey through France at the commencement of the revolution, and his interviews with Mirabeau, Brissot, and others of the then popular demagogues. Of Mirabeau, our author has inserted a letter, which is *truly French*. With a much lower opinion of Mirabeau's talents than Mr. Clarkson seems to entertain, we yet could have wished to have seen more of his letters. In reading this part of the work, two reflections force themselves upon us—the one honourable to our author, the other to our country. When we consider how perfectly unconnected Mr. Clarkson has preserved himself from all political partialities, neither blaming one party nor extolling another, but devoted, as he felt himself, to one great work, and almost deeming an ignorance of whatever might distract him from it, to be a duty, we were particularly pleased with the courage with which he defends the moral character and intentions of Brissot. It was natural, almost inevitable, that a man with such objects and such feelings as Mr. Clarkson's, should be strongly prepossessed in favour of every one who felt, or appeared to feel, equal zeal in the same cause. He may or may not have been deceived in the virtues of Brissot; but, considering his attachment to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Wilberforce, and his evident personal affection for the latter, it was a noble act of fortitude to step forward, and, with no wish to decide on the publick principles of the man, yet to give his attestation for the purity of his motives, and the innocence of his private life. The second involves a far more important fact. In Great Britain, the chiefs, the eminent characters as to influence at least, though not talent, arranged themselves under different banners in this contest. A majority of the cabinet, it is believed, were hostile to the abolition; but the nation, throughout city, town, and village, was only not unanimous: and though the almost weekly explosion of new events, all of them more or less directly affecting the interests of Great Britain, drew away their attention, or deadened their zeal, for a time, as to this great subject, yet it was only necessary to proclaim the same facts anew, and the same zeal was rekindled, the same sense of duty felt and expressed by all classes. In France, on the contrary,

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the most eminent characters were deeply interested for a little moment in the abolition; but the people throughout France were either ignorant of the horrours of the trade, or unaffected by them. This is that which constitutes the true, the fundamental strength of our empire. Great Britain is, indeed, a *living body politick:* the chain of interests extends in unbroken links from the great city to the far extremities of the empire; and thoughts and feelings are conducted by it with the rapidity of an electrick charge. At the commencement of the revolution, a temporary enthusiasm seems, indeed, to have shed one and the same spirit on the great majority of the French people; but (wanting both the continuous gradation of ranks which exists in our landed property, and that unbroken connexion of interests produced by insular situation; our national debt; our established commercial preeminence; and that unbounded confidence between man and man, which is the consequence of these) the enthusiasm was transient; and the first victorious soldier, who dared act the traitor, gave proof to all Europe, that France had indeed an immense *populace*, but not a *people; plebem, non populum.* The republican legislators had laboured, by a variety of evolutions and schemes of arrangement, to give to the people the means of acting on, and influencing, the conduct of their governours. But conventional statutes, neither harmonizing with old customs, nor arising out of the state and circumstances of the country, could weave only a rope of sand; they could not supply that true link of interests, which law may protect and encourage, but which individuals must have previously created. London is *the* chief city of Great Britain; Paris *a* vast city in France. London is the true *heart* of the empire. No pulse beats there, which is not corresponded to proportionally through the whole circulation. Paris is a wen; and the existence of such an excrescence was not the least powerful cause of the failure of every effort to give France a free constitution.

Though much depressed by his ill success in France, Mr. Clarkson continued his labours, till excess of exertion, joined to repeated and bitter disappointments, utterly ruined his health; and, after a hard struggle, subdued a constitution naturally strong and vigorous beyond the lot of men in general, but shattered by anxiety and fatigue, and the sad probability, often forced upon his understanding, that all might at last have been in vain.

After this decision, says our author, the question was in a desperate state; for if the commons would not renew their own resolution, and the lords would not abolish the foreign part of the slave trade, what hope was there of success? It was obvious, too, that in the former house, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas voted against each other. In the latter, the lord chancellor Thurlow opposed every motion in favour of the cause. The committee, therefore, were reduced to this—either they must exert themselves without hope, or they must wait till some change should take place in their favour. As far as I myself was concerned, all exertion was then over. The nervous system was almost shattered to pieces. Both my memory and my hearing failed me. Sudden dizziness seized my head. A confused singing in the ears followed me wherever I went. On going to bed, the very stairs seemed to dance up and down under me, so that, misplacing my foot, I sometimes fell. Talking, too, if it continued but for half an hour, exhausted me, so that profuse perspirations followed; and the same effect was produced even by an active exertion of the mind for the like time. These disorders had been brought on by degrees, in consequence of the severe labours necessarily attached to the promotion of the cause. For seven years, I had a correspondence to maintain with four hundred persons with my own hand. I had some book or other annually to write on behalf of the cause. In this period, I had travelled more than thirty-five thousand miles in search of evidence, and a great part of these journeys in the night. All this time my mind had been on the stretch. It had been bent, too, to this one subject; for I had not even leisure to attend to my own concerns. The various instances of barbarity, which had come successively to my know-

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ledge within this period, had vexed, harassed, and afflicted it. The wound which these had produced was rendered still deeper by those cruel disappointments before related, which arose from the reiterated refusal of persons to give their testimony, after I had travelled hundreds of miles in quest of them. But the severest stroke was that inflicted by the persecution, begun and pursued by persons interested in the continuance of the trade, of such witnesses as had been examined against them, and whom, on account of their dependent situation in life, it was most easy to oppress. As I had been the means of bringing these forward on these occasions, they naturally came to me, when thus persecuted, as the author of their miseries and their ruin. From their supplications and wants it would have been ungenerous and ungrateful to have fled.* These different circumstances, by acting together, had at length brought me into the situation just mentioned; and I was therefore obliged, though very reluctantly, to be born out of the field, where I had placed the great honour and glory of my life.

Mr. Clarkson, accordingly, retired for some years; and, by devoting himself to agricultural pursuits, had effected, by slow degrees, the restoration of his health. When a change of ministry took place, Mr. Fox and lord Grenville brought, not only their own, but all their official interest, to cleanse away this guilt from the national character; and our author and his virtuous coadjutors received the final reward of their labours in the legal abolition of the trade relatively to the British empire; which, conspiring with the same measure in America and Denmark, suspends at present, and in no short period must extinguish the existence of this infamy of Christendom altogether. There were many awful circumstances attendant on this final and formal consummation of the wishes and efforts of the good and enlightened. Mr. Fox, who, struggling up against the manifest decay of his mortal life, had assumed the place of power chiefly to effectuate the two grand objects of his anxiety, the peace of Europe, and the conclusion of the infamous and still more pernicious war against the continent of Africa, saw the vessel, after its long, tempestuous voyage, entering its harbour—and closed his eyes! The anchor was cast on the very last day of the ostensible ministry of his friends, and fifteen days after a notice of dismissal had been received by them from their sovereign.

Mr. Clarkson has assured us, from private conversations with Mr. Pitt, that this great minister felt it near to his heart, that his country should not only discontinue its permission of guilt so enormous, but that, by some well arranged plan of civilizing commerce, it should make compensation to the inhabitants of Africa for past oppressions. We feel an honest indignation, when we hear the difficulties attendant on such a plan ostentatiously held forth, and always on the supposition that the work is to be begun and carried on solely by unaided individuals. No! The guilt was national, and authorized by acts of the legislature. Let the compensation then be national also, and let the national wish be invested with powers of accomplishing it. Never, perhaps, has there occurred a time in which the command of virtue was so imperiously the dictate of prudence. If we retain our possessions in North America, these colonies, joined to commercial intercourse with the interiour of Africa by means of its great rivers, would render our trade and manufactures independent of the continent of

* It appears, in a note to this passage, highly to the honour of the late Mr. Whitebread, that as soon as he became acquainted with this circumstance, he generously undertook, in order to make Mr. Clarkson's mind easy on this subject, to make good all injuries, out of his own purse, which should arise to individuals from such persecution. Nobody heard at the time of this noble act of generosity. It is proud for England, that her commoners should be thus able and willing to baffle the schemes of oppression; and magnanimous enough, at the same time, to decline the fame they have deserved.

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Europe, and safe from the wars in which European policy has so often involved us. The love of British conveniences and comforts will not cease with the cessation of the slave trade. If the desire of these conveniences (a circumstance of good omen, inasmuch as the multiplication of wants, and consequently of ideas, is the commencement of civilisation) if this desire of European implements and luxuries was so strong, that their petty kings were tempted thereby to kidnap their own subjects, burn their own towns, and lay waste their own fields, it certainly seems highly irrational to suppose, that the same, or greater inducements would not be an adequate motive for employing their tribes, in the first instance, perhaps, in the mere collection of the products of the country, and doubtless within no long period in the cultivation of whatever would certainly be accepted as the price of our importations. History, which furnishes proofs of the ultimate superiority of moral action over the powers either of climate or the lower parts of our nature, does not permit us to doubt, that the progress of such a plan will be accelerated beyond the conception of vulgar minds. We refer, not without pride, to the late progress made by the quakers in North America, over far more obstinate prejudices, in proof how soon liberal motives, substantiated by corresponding conduct, would gain the confidence of the African princes, and induce their tribes to refer to us as counsellors and guides.

It is surely not to be feared, for the time to come, that in contempt of uniform experience, we should ever attempt, for the sake of commerce, to govern by force of arms, an already peopled country. We have heard, indeed, the prosperity of America declared by lord Sidmouth, when he was minister of state, to be an awful warning to Great Britain, never hereafter to colonize a new country. Merciful heaven! that the brethren of our ancestors should have founded a mighty empire, indefinite in its increase—an empire which retains and is spreading all that constitutes "country" in a wise man's feelings, viz. the same laws, the same customs, the same religion, and above all the same language; that, in short, to have been the mother of prosperous empires, is to *be a warning to* Great Britain! And whence this dread? Because, forsooth, our eldest born, when of age, had set up for himself; and not only preserving, but, in an almost incalculable proportion, increasing the advantages of former reciprocal intercourse, had saved us the expense and anxiety of defending, and the embarrassment of governing a country three thousand miles distant! That this separation was at length effected by violence, and the horrours of a civil war, is to be attributed solely to the ignorance and corruption of the many, and the perilous bigotry of a few. But Africa is free from the objections even of this "*Genus Attonitorum*," both from the climate, and the absence of those temptations, which have been found too powerful in India.

The Africans are more versatile, more easily modified than perhaps any other known race. A few years of strict honesty and humane attention to their interests, affections, and prejudices, would abolish the memory of the past, or cause it to be remembered only as a fair contrast. The legislature of Great Britain having once decreed that no territorial conquest shall be made in Africa, this law having been made publick there, and enforced by correspondent conduct on the part of our mercantile agents, there would be less difficulty in buying up the tributes hitherto levied by the African chieftains on the great rivers, than William Penn found in purchasing the more important possession of Pennsylvania from the American Indians. Permission would in time be gained to raise commercial magazines, so armed and manned as should be found necessary for the

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security of our countrymen. Privileges, both useful and flattering, should be held forth to such of the African tribes as would settle round each of these forts. Still higher honours should be given to the individuals among such settlers as should have learnt our language, and acquired our arts of manufacture or cultivation. Thus, each fort, instead of being, as hitherto, a magazine of death and depravity, would finally become a centre of civilisation, with diverging lines, the circumference of which would join or pass through similar circles.

The intercourse with every part of Africa would not only be rendered secure in relation to the natives, but, from their friendly dispositions, rendered less dangerous to the health of European adventurers, no longer compelled to remain unsheltered, exposed to the vertical sun by day, or the destructive dews of the night. How valuable the productions of Africa already known are, may be learnt by consulting either Mr. Clarkson's work on the Impolicy, or the volumes now before us, vol. II. p. 14, &c. or the Evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons. That these bear but a small proportion, both in number and value, to what would be hereafter discovered in consequence of our being masters of the great rivers, is most probable: and we are certain, that if African industry were awakened, few, indeed, are the articles necessary for our manufactures or consumption, which might not be raised in Africa, and come to us more cheaply, including the first cost and the freightage, than from any other part of the world.

Africa holds out no temptations, either to conquest or individual rapacity. The timid statesman will have to contemplate no independent American republick in its germ: the philosopher no future East Indian empire, to render peace short and insecure, and war more costly and anxious. It cannot be denied that the superstitions of the Africans will occasion great difficulties and embarrassments; but, by a systematick repression of all religious proselytism, except, indeed, that most effective instrument of conversion, the Christian conduct of our agents; by a prudent and affectionate attention to the wishes and comforts of the chieftains, and the Mandingo priests; and by sedulous endeavours to enlighten them as *men*, this obstacle might gradually be removed—at all events greatly lessened. Every individual employed in the different forts or settlements, should act under the conviction, that knowledge and civilisation must, in the first instance, form the foundation, not the superstructure, of Christianity.

The African character is strikingly contrasted with that of the North American Indians; and the facility with which the Africans are impressed, the rapidity with which they take the colours of surrounding objects, oftentimes place them in a degrading light, as men, but are most auspicious symptoms of what they may hereafter become, as citizens. A crowd of slaves shouting in triumph at the proclamation of the reestablishment of slavery (we allude to Villaret's letter) or fighting with desperate fury against their own countrymen, who had escaped from a common tyrant, will not, indeed, bear a comparison, in moral dignity, with the stern, unbending warriours of the interiour of North America; and yet present far better *data* of hope, regarded prospectively, and as the materials of a future nation. The American Indians are savages: the Africans (to speak classically) barbarians. Of the civilisation of savages, we know no certain instance, the actual origin of Mexico and Peru, the only cases that have any claim at all to be adduced, not having been preserved even by the rudest tradition. But of the progress from barbarism to civilisation, through its

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various stages, the history of every nation gives a more or less distinct example, in proportion to our opportunity of tracing it backward.

This distinction between the savage and barbarous state, which is indeed fruitful in consequences, bears upon the present question, in one important point, the willingness, we mean, with which barbarous tribes adopt, as it were at command, the changes in laws or religion, dictated to them by their leaders. Let no alarming zeal be betrayed: rather let the initiation into Christianity be held up as a distinction—as a favour to be bestowed; and it need not be doubted, that natural curiosity will prompt the chieftains, and most intelligent of the African tribes, to inquire into the particulars of a religion professed by a race confessedly so superiour to them, and that the sense of this superiority will act as a powerful motive toward their adoption of it. At all events, a long trial has been given to injustice and cruelty. Surely justice and benevolence may claim, that one experiment should be made of their influence, and in their favour.

In the commencement of this review, we stated our purpose, not to examine these volumes as a mere work of literature. It is sufficient for us to say, in concluding, that the style, in general, is perspicuous, correct, and characterized by a sort of scriptural simplicity, well suited both to the author and the subject. Here and there, indeed, we have met with an incongruous metaphor, and occasionally felt a want of cement in the style, from the shortness and independence of the sentences; but we can with truth aver, that the only fault which remained in our memory, after the perusal of the two volumes, was the want of a third. Many interesting events, such as the trial of Somerset, should have been given at large; and of the last part of the second volume, the narration appeared to us rather hurried. We rise, however, from the perusal, with feelings of gratitude and veneration to Mr. Clarkson, and with pleasing and favourable impressions of human nature in general.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

A Voyage round the World, in the years 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, and 1804; in which the Author visited the principal Islands in the Pacifick Ocean, and the English Settlements of Port Jackson and Norfolk Island. By John Turnbull. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. 13*s.* 6*d.* Boards. London.

SOME centuries ago, Europe could look but a little way into the varied state of society; and though every nation knew those which were in contact with it, yet it could only guess at the condition of those that were somewhat remote. France and Italy, in a high state of improvement, were aware that the Laplanders and the Muscovites were comparatively rude and ignorant: but they looked through a cloud to Africa and the East, and fancied that they perceived nations in a still lower state of progress. At the end of the 15th century, the discovery of an immense continent, with its islands, peopled by a strange and peculiar race of men, while it enlarged their knowledge, confounded their theories. They had formed a scale of improvement; had arranged on it the various nations which they surveyed; and had fixed the lowest point of ignorance and rudeness:—but the view of the inhabitants of America forced them to reconsider the subject, and to enlarge their scale by adding many degrees to the lower end of it. They saw tribes far inferiour to the rudest with which they had been hitherto acquainted; some whose intellectual powers were very little exercised; and others who seemed merely to vegetate on the earth, who strictly sur-

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veyed only the present moment, gloomy and spiritless, and in whom all hope seemed to be dead.

These, however, in their several stages of degradation, were human beings capable of advancement in the road to knowledge and happiness; and the philosophical mind naturally feels a desire to know whether, in a course of years they had made any progress towards civilisation. Curiosity cannot readily obtain this information; since we have few inducements to revisit regions peopled by such inhabitants. Commerce expects there no gains, and conquest chooses other subjects. We are therefore much gratified when chance, as it were, leads navigators and traders to those countries which had before been slightly known. We are solicitous to learn what effect time has wrought; and what kind of harvest the few seeds of European improvement incidentally dropt may have produced.

The track in which the celebrated captain Cook moved is highly interesting to our feelings, because it led him among tribes which presented to view singular and simple manners, and because he paid them enlightened and benevolent visits. By means of his voyages, we contracted a kind of intimacy and friendship with them, and we feel a sincere concern in their fate. Nearly 40 years have now passed since that distinguished navigator first explored the islands in the south sea; and after such a lapse of time, we might naturally expect important changes in the condition of their inhabitants. This circumstance, therefore, among others, makes the voyage before us very attractive. It brings us minute tidings of people whom we had visited with captain Cook, and subsequently with King and Vancouver; and it narrates very particularly their present condition, which Mr. Turnbull is enabled to detail by the lengthened stay that he made among them. There is another set of friends, if it be safe to claim kindred with them, of whom also Mr. Turnbull speaks very minutely; we mean the colonists of Botany Bay; for here too his stay was considerable; and this part of the work we must regard, from the information which it gives, as of no small importance.

Mr. Turnbull thus describes his setting out, and the purpose of his voyage:

Whilst second officer of the Barwell, in her last voyage to China, in the year 1799, the first officer of that ship and myself had every reason to suppose, from our own actual observation, that the Americans carried on a most lucrative trade to the north west of that vast continent. Strongly impressed with this persuasion, we resolved on our return home to represent it to some gentlemen of well known mercantile enterprise. They approved of the speculation, and lost no time in preparing for its execution.

It was some time before we could find a vessel suited to the purpose of so long and perilous a voyage. A new ship, and built wholly of British oak, was at length purchased, and the command of it given to the above mentioned gentleman, whilst the cargo and trading part was intrusted to the writer. Having each of us, as owners, considerable shares, we were equally interested in the success of the voyage.

Having obtained the necessary permission of the honourable East India company, and completed all our preparations, we proceeded to Portsmouth in the latter end of May 1800; and having here joined our convoy and the East India fleet, finally left England on the first of July to push our fortunes in regions but little frequented by Europeans.

Their vessel was rather too small for such an expedition, not exceeding one hundred and twenty tons burthen: but in sailing she surpassed their most sanguine expectations. She was, says Mr. T. "generally half under water, but dived into it like an arrow, and rose to the surface without straining a rope yarn."—They touched at Madeira; and afterward, from the prevalence of southerly winds, they were obliged to bear up for St. Salva-

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dor, in Brazil; where they were very far from being satisfied with the treatment which they received in the port of our good ally.—On their arrival at the Cape of Good Hope, they were much pleased with the appearance and usages of this important British settlement.

Our time passed so pleasantly at the Cape that we should not have regretted even a longer stay. Our intercourse with the town's people was satisfactory on both sides. We were received at once with the civility due to strangers, and the confidence which only exists between those of the same country. The singular mixture of inhabitants has had one not unpleasing effect. The characteristick singularities of the natives of different countries, whether by collision, or insensible and mutual imitation, are in a great degree polished away, and thus none of them are found to exist in any very repugnant excess. The Dutchman, indeed, still wears his hat in almost every assembly whether publick or private; and, in despite of every change of weather, the Frenchman of the Cape will still carry his umbrella; but the Dutchman of the Cape is still another creature from his countrymen of the Hague, and the Frenchman is here some degrees less frivolous.

The general character of the people, at least as it appeared to us, is made up of content, independence, and all those happy qualities which are the never failing scions of so fertile a root. Industry is here the certain means of fortune. There is commerce suited to every kind of capital, and a certain and profitable market for all produce and minor manufactures. Hence independence, and hence (is it not needless to mention a result so inevitable?) cheerfulness, self-esteem, and social affection.

At Port Jackson, in New South Wales, they found various ships; among which were the Royal Admiral from Europe, the Trimmer from Bengal, and the Harbinger from the Cape; all of these being, with regard to this port, on the same speculation as themselves. The captain went with the vessel on a trading scheme to the north-west, and Mr. Turnbull remained in the settlement, where he continued ten months; and concerning which he details, in four chapters, much useful information and many just remarks. The colony was then making great advances, though in no settlement under his majesty's government was an explosion more to be dreaded. The factious and discontented were numerous, and the military establishment was small.

It is not a little surprising that the natives bordering on the settlement, and mixing with our colonists, should have gained absolutely nothing in civilisation; and that they are still the same savages as when ground was first broken. The example set before them is certainly not, in many respects, the best; but still they are most perverse and inapt scholars.

These aboriginal inhabitants of this distant region are indeed beyond comparison the most barbarous on the surface of the globe. The residence of Europeans has here been wholly ineffectual. The natives are still in the same state as at our first settlement. Every day are men and women to be seen in the streets of Sydney and Paramatta, naked as in the moment of their birth. In vain have the more humane of the officers of the colony endeavoured to improve their condition. They still persist in the enjoyment of their ease and liberty in their own way, and turn a deaf ear to any advice upon this subject.

Is this to be imputed to a greater portion of natural stupidity than usually falls to the lot even of savages? By no means. If an accurate observation, and a quick perception of the ridiculous, be admitted as a proof of natural talents, the natives of New South Wales are by no means deficient. Their mimicking of the oddities, dress, walk, gait, and looks, of all the Europeans whom they have seen from the time of governour Phillip downwards, is so exact, as to be a kind of historick register of their several actions and characters. Governour Phillip and colonel Grose they imitate to the life. And to this day, if there be any thing peculiar in any of our countrymen, officers in the corps, or even of the convicts, any cast of the eye, or hobble in the gait, any trip, or strut, stammering or thick speaking, they catch it in the moment, and represent it in a manner which renders it impossible not to recognise the original. They are, moreover, great proficients in the language, and Newgate slang, of the convicts, and in case of any quarrel, are by no means unequal to them in the exchange of abuse.

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But this is the sum total of their acquisitions from European intercourse. In every other respect they appear incapable of any improvement or even change. They are still as unprotected as ever against the inclemencies of weather, and the vicissitudes of plenty and absolute famine, the natural evils of a savage life. In their persons they are meagre to a proverb. Their skins are scarified in every part with shells, and their faces besmeared with shell lime and red gum. Their hair is matted with a moss, and what they call ornamented with sharks' teeth: and a piece of wood, like a skewer, is fixed in the cartilages of the nose. In a word, they compose altogether the most loathsome and disgusting tribe on the surface of the globe.

Their principal subsistence is drawn from the sea and rivers, the grand storehouse of nature in all the lands and islands of the Pacifick; and were it not for this plenteous magazine, the natives of these islands must have long ceased to exist. From this cause it is reasonable to infer that the seacoast is much better inhabited than the interiour. When a dead whale is cast on shore, they live sumptuously, flocking to it in great numbers, and seldom leaving it till the bones are well picked. Their substitute for bread is a species of root, something resembling the fern. It is roasted and pounded between two stones, and being thus mixed with fish, &c. constitutes the chief part of their food.

When all things are considered, we may still balance in our opinion of this settlement; which has been strongly reprobated by some, while others have prophesied that it will soon be the Poland of the southern hemisphere. The land is good: it has limestone for manure: the seas abound in fish: the cattle increase quickly: and *coal* has been discovered: but it is against *mind*, corrupt and depraved, that we have chiefly to contend; and the question is, how is it to be meliorated, and how shall the dregs of society be transformed into honest men and useful citizens? The great number of law suits in this colony is almost incredible; gambling is excessively prevalent; spirituous liquors are most eagerly sought; and a proneness to insubordination is but too frequent.

Leaving Norfolk island, our voyagers made in due time Maitai, and soon afterward Otaheite, and anchored in the well known bay of Matavai. They were speedily visited by king Otoo, and his consort, by Pommarie, father of the king, by the missionaries, and by multitudes of natives, who all welcomed their arrival. At this time, they stayed in Otaheite only a month; they then touched at Huaheine, and afterward at Ulitea, and found to their surprise a countryman in each of these islands. The former was satisfied with his situation: but the latter, named Pulpit, considered his life as in great jeopardy; earnestly solicited the protection of the voyagers for himself and an Otaheite wife; and gave them a most unfavourable picture of the Uliteans. Here, indeed, the navigators were afterward in the greatest hazard, from the evil designs of the natives. The king and the chiefs, who visited the ship, acted treacherously. They induced four of the crew to desert, three of whom had been Botany Bay convicts; and a plan was formed between them and the deserters to cut the ship from her anchors, and, when she was thus driven on shore, to murder the crew and share the vessel with its contents. In the night before the intended departure of the navigators from this island, it was discovered that these men had deserted, and had allured to their party two Otaheitans who were also in the ship. Mr. Turnbull instantly went singly on shore in quest of his men, and had a conversation with the king and chiefs; who promised, on receiving some presents, to find the deserters and restore them: but they only dissembled well, and delayed the business, and he therefore returned on board.

Here again, says he, another difficulty awaited me. On entering the ship I found one of my fellows, the best seaman in the ship, haranguing the rest of his shipmates, recommending them to abstain from their duty till the rest of the crew were restored. However, upon instantly adopting strong measures, that is to say, applying loaded pistols to his head, and informing him at the same time, in a determined tone,

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that another word should be his last, this spark of mutiny was suppressed, and the orator and his abettor being punished on the spot, good order was restored.

A whole day had been lost in this fruitless negotiation. About half an hour past ten o'clock at night, I was aroused from my sleep by the voice of the captain, who then held the watch, exclaiming, *Turnbull, our ship is on shore, the ship is on shore.* Jumping instantly out of bed, and running upon deck, in my shirt, I found there was no wind to affect the ship; and it being too dark to see the shore, I sounded, and found upwards of twelve fathoms of depth, and no sensible motion of the ship or water. I was persuaded, therefore, that the captain was in errour; that his anxiety had overpowered his vigilance, and given reality to the object of his imagination. Examining the cables, I found them both lying slack on the deck, which confirmed me still more in the idea that the captain was mistaken; but the seamen being commanded to haul the cables, the first pull brought the ends of both of them on board. It is impossible to describe the general sensation produced by this discovery, that our cables were cut, and we were drifting on shore. Another anchor, having an iron stock, was immediately ordered to be cleared away; but such was our alarm and confusion, that it was not till after repeated trials, that we effected the stocking of it. The old adage, the more haste the less speed, was never more truly verified. It happened very providentially, that there was not a breath of wind stirring, otherwise the ship must have gone to pieces very speedily, for she now lay with her broadside against a reef of coral rocks, the edges of which were as sharp as flints, having twelve fathoms of water on the outside. In addition to these circumstances, we had every thing to dread from the designs and practices of some of our crew, who were as little to be trusted as the savages on shore. It therefore demanded all our skill to keep their minds in proper order, and to maintain due authority in so critical a situation, and particularly into whose hands we trusted fire arms. It is but justice to say, that as far as we could judge from appearances, our representations and precautions on this trying occasion had the happiest effect.

It was fortunate for us also, in this distress, that for some slight offence given by individuals of the crew, the natives had threatened to murder them, whenever an opportunity should offer itself. The apprehensions of these men were now extreme, and by communicating their fears to the other seamen, and persuading them that one common lot awaited them without distinction, they united all hands in the common effort of endeavouring to rescue the vessel from her present very perilous situation. It is, indeed, a remark which even my own experience has suggested, that however discontented from other causes, there is a generous sentiment in an English seaman which, in cases of difficulty and danger, retains them to their duty and fidelity. Thus it has not unfrequently happened, that symptoms of a mutiny on board our vessels have been restrained by the appearance of an enemy, when all as unanimously united to defend their officers, as they had before conspired to resist their authority.

Having bent the remaining part of one of the cables, about thirty fathoms, to the anchor, it was carried out in the long boat to eighteen fathoms water, and the ship hauled seven or eight fathoms off from the reef. Whilst this was doing, we suddenly heard a loud and clamorous noise amongst the natives on shore, and seemingly close under the ship's stern; the wretches were rendered outrageous by the disappointment of their hopes, the ship being now visibly moved from the rocks. They had hitherto maintained a profound silence, in the expectation that her bulging would give the signal for the commencement of their plunder. They now began an assault with stones in such quantities, and with such force, that in the hopes of intimidating them, we were compelled to discharge some swivels and muskets over their heads. This however produced a volley of musketry from the natives stationed on different points of the shore. We now found it necessary to have recourse to our great guns, commencing a brisk fire; with what success we knew not, as they still kept up an irregular discharge of musketry in various directions, though we continued to play on those quarters whence the fire seemed to proceed. Their noise and clamour remained unabated, and we could discover, by the fury of their menaces, both their hopes of ultimate success, and the fate that awaited us in that event. Some of us were particularized as set aside to be roasted, while others were to be flayed alive to make tiaboolas, or jackets, of their skins, &c. with many similar expressions, which were not without a salutary effect in encouraging the resistance of our sailors, who, of all things seemed to entertain the greatest horrour of being roasted.—

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That we might, however, neglect no means of security which our circumstances allowed, we got another anchor from the hold, and stocked and bent to it the remainder of the other cable, still keeping up our fire of musketry, and occasionally discharging a great gun. When this second anchor was run out to the last inch of cable, all on board felt as the condemned malefactor who receives a reprieve when on the eve of execution. The fury and menaces of the savages on shore seemed to increase, and they continued to assail us with stones and fire arms without ceasing, their numbers by this time being considerably augmented.

As daylight was now approaching, we hoped to be enabled to dislodge them from their shelter; and menaced in our turn an effectual revenge. Of this, however, confident in the safety of their posts, they appeared to entertain no apprehension. Our threatenings seemed only to call forth fresh attacks and new defiance of our power. We now learned the truth of what we had before often heard from others, that the fury of savages in battle is incredible, and bears no resemblance to that of a civilized being under the same circumstances. They forcibly recall to the mind the fables of heathen mythology. They appear possessed. A fury more than human seems to flare in their eyes, and convulse their souls. But I will not attempt to describe what no words can convey. I will only observe, that if their courage and talent of mischief were equal to their fury, they would be invincible.

The Uliteans, in great crowds, and the deserters, were constant and furious in their attacks. They had fourteen muskets; and with these and stones they greatly damaged the rigging, nettings, and boats. The shot from the ship did them little injury; because they were sufficiently acquainted with the use of guns to watch the motions of those on board; and when the latter were ready to fire, they suddenly skulked behind the rocks or trees, which were in great numbers along the shore. The crew repeatedly attempted to weigh the anchor, and carry the vessel further out to sea; but the men who went into the boat for this purpose were always compelled by the fire of the enemy to abandon it, and return to the ship for protection. When the light failed, they expected a general onset:

It was now four in the afternoon, and we were all fully employed in making every preparation to repel the grand attack expected in the night. Each man was furnished with twelve rounds of ball cartridge, and twenty four pistol bullets. Our muskets, being thirty in number, were well cleaned and fresh flinted; the great guns and swivels were double shotted and filled with old iron; and blunderbusses and cutlasses distributed on the deck, to be ready for service at a moment's notice. And, as much as possible to prevent the stones thrown by the natives from doing us injury, awnings were spread over the deck, and every other precaution taken to enable us to sell our lives at the dearest rate, and defend the ship to the last extremity. During all these operations, our worthy captain was suffering most severe pain, from firing off an overloaded blunderbuss in the beginning of the affair, when the swivels were dismounted.

About half past six in the evening, the wind, which had hitherto blown from the sea, shifted gently round to a land breeze, furnishing us with a most favourable opportunity for getting away unperceived in the night. That our operations might not be discovered, we muffled the pauls of the windlass, and began to heave away upon one anchor at a time. When this was done, we got the long boat ahead, hove short on the second anchor, and carried out the first to the last inch of cable. We then got up the second anchor, and carried it out to sea in the same manner; and in this way our hopes began to revive, having the prospect of getting well off the shore, or perhaps out to sea, before day light should discover our motions. So deeply were the minds of all on board impressed with a sense of our situation and danger, that in all this time not a whisper was heard in the ship. We were even in terrour lest the uncommon brilliancy of the stars should discover the passing and repassing of our boat, as it passed backwards and forwards in weighing and carrying out the anchors.

In all these transactions we received signal services from poor Pulpit, whom we had taken on board here; for he was an excellent marksman, and was well aware of what his fate would be, should he fall again into the hands of the Uliteans. He therefore fought like a lion, resolved never to yield but with his last breath. His young Otaheitan wife likewise behaved like a heroine, carrying powder to the men, and exerting herself to the utmost in every way in which she could be useful; at the

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same time that she seemed to regret that so much ammunition should be expended, one half of which would have rendered her the wealthiest lady in all her native country.

Notwithstanding all our difficulties, by the blessing of Providence on our strenuous exertions, we succeeded in getting some sail set before our motions were discovered by the natives on shore. The wretches, seeing the ship under sail, hailed us with a most hideous and savage howling, mingled with mutual reproaches and upbraidings for not keeping a better look out, as the ship would now be for ever lost to them.

By this time, nearly two in the morning, we had moved off far enough to be out of their reach; but the weather becoming thick and dark, we came to with both anchors, and stood on our guard until day light. We now thought it might be possible to recover the anchors we had lost; but the chief mate coming to the quarter deck, brought a message from the ship's company, requesting they might be allowed to weigh the anchors and get under sail, lest we should be caught by the wind from the sea, and again be thrown into the hands of this treacherous and savage people. This proposal was agreed to; as it must have been extremely difficult, however desirable, to recover our anchors. When we had now fairly escaped without the harbour, and were about hoisting in the boat, one of the men, in hauling her from under the counter, perceived a long thick rope towing astern, which was fastened to the rudder five or six feet under water, and was most probably the very rope by which the natives had drawn the ship on shore, after they had cut her cables.

Our navigators now passed the island Bollabolla, without seeking any intercourse with the natives; but they stopped a short time and procured some hogs at Maura, an island about fifteen miles in circuit. Then leaving, for the present, the Society isles, they shaped their course to the Sandwich islands.

It is in this part of the voyage, especially, that the philosophical mind will derive abundant food for reflection, and that the thoughts which suggest themselves are most pleasant. A new spectacle in these remote regions is presented to the eye; savage manners are rapidly fading away; and the arts of civilized life are gaining ground. In the Sandwich islands the land is beginning to be cultivated and enclosed; commerce not inconsiderable is carried on; general industry and activity prevail; and the people have profited by the repeated visits and intercourse of Europeans. This machine must have a moving power; these efforts must have a soul that inspires them; and this soul is chiefly Tamahama, the king of Whahoo and of some of the adjacent islands. Ambitious despots are occasionally of some benefit. Through them in ancient times men were assembled together; great empires were founded; and the useful and ornamental arts of life were cultivated. In modern days, and in a savage region, we find a Tamahama indulging extensive schemes, which he directs with a mind far above that of a savage.

Those who, in the accounts of former navigators, have observed the simple and almost patriarchal manner in which the kings of the islands in these seas lived with their subjects, will no doubt be surprised to hear that Tamahama has regular body guards clothed in uniform, who go on duty and relieve each other, calling out at every half hour, "*All is well;*" that he has a palace built after the European style, of brick, and with glazed windows; that he has about him European and American artificers of almost every description, and that his own subjects have acquired a great knowledge of several of the mechanical arts; that he has a naval force of upwards of twenty vessels, from 25 to 50 tons burthen, some of them even copper bottomed; that he has a considerable trading connexion with the western parts of America, and that he is about to open a commerce with China; in short, that he unremittingly spreads all knowledge which is useful, and perseveringly sets himself against abuses among his subjects. It seems, indeed, that his mind is always brooding over new designs; his

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soul burns with ambition and the love of conquest; he excites in the islands and the kings around him a continual alarm; and he is darkly suspicious of his chiefs. In these respects, do we not behold a Buonaparte of the south, constantly awake himself and keeping others awake, feeling terrour and incessantly infusing it?

It must be obvious that the inhabitants of the Sandwich islands have, in improvement, left the Otaheitans, in whose favour we are naturally prejudiced, far behind them.—Among these islands our navigators spent some time, collecting salt, yams, and hogs. They touched at Owhyhee, where captain Cook was unfortunately killed: the natives of which frequently spoke of him, and constantly lamented his untimely fate, as if giving proof of their progress to a better life by their deep repentance. Their advancement, like that of the other inhabitants of the Sandwich islands, is become very considerable in many mechanical arts.

The voyagers now returned to Otaheite; and leaving there Mr. Turnbull and a few men, the captain went with the vessel to the windward islands in order to collect hogs. In this expedition the ship was unfortunately cast away on a reef; which occasioned Mr. Turnbull's stay to be greatly lengthened among the Otaheitans, and gave him abundant opportunity for obtaining the information which he imparts to his readers concerning this singular people. In the second and third volumes, he minutely describes their usages and manners, and in many instances more satisfactorily than former narrators. Time, together with a better comprehension of the language, unfolded many particulars.—He speaks of their superstitions; their festivities; their general contempt of old age; their food and mode of cooking; the exclusion of the women from eating with the men; their courtesy to strangers, and generosity to one another; their indolence; their propensity to theft; their houses and furniture; their form of government; their wars; the influence of their priests; the situation of the Christian missionaries, &c.

One feature is very repulsive, and such as we should not expect to find in so mild a people, whatever influence we might suppose superstition to have among them; we mean the existence of human sacrifices. On this subject, Mr. Turnbull observes:

The human sacrifices are not put to death by their priests, as many have been led to imagine. The executioner is usually one of the miscreants about the person of the king, and generally adds treachery to the horrour of his murder. He calls upon the victim under the pretext of a visit of friendship, and seizing his opportunity when the poor fellow is off his guard, knocks him down and kills him on the spot. An instance of this treachery and murder occurred whilst I resided amongst them.

One of the confidants of Otoo, upon our return from the Sandwich islands, a fellow who visited us daily previous to our voyage thither, was advanced to the command of a district at some distance from Matavai. This man had been often importuned for a human victim, and as often excused himself by the difficulty of finding any suitable object within his district. This passed for a time; but the king, or rather Pomarrie, at length insisted on his compliance. The wretch, now put to his shifts, and apprehensive of losing the smiles of his benefactor, found he could defer it no longer. He therefore sent a message requesting the immediate visit of a near relation. The unsuspicious man obeyed, and was received with the greatest friendship and cordiality by the treacherous chief, so that he departed enraptured with his reception. But he had no sooner left the house than the villain gave orders that one of his trusty agents should follow him, and, watching his opportunity, should kill him when off his guard. This was accordingly done one day when the unsuspicious man was walking down the beach. The body was then laid out in a long basket made of cocoa nut leaves, and conveyed past our door. The natives in our yard beheld it with the most perfect apathy and indifference, and requested me to look at it as it passed; but I expressed my abhorrence at such an outrage to humanity, and refused to go out of my doors till it had proceeded beyond my sight.

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When the sacrifices arrive at the moreas, the eye is scooped out, and presented on a bread fruit leaf. The king holds his mouth open as if to receive it. They imagine that he thereby receives an addition to his strength and cunning.

Upon great solemnities the chiefs of every district bring one or more of these human sacrifices. It was supposed that not less than from twelve to fifteen would be offered at the inauguration of Otoo. The bodies, after the ceremony of the sacrifice, are removed to the moreas, and there interred.

When upbraided with this most horrible practice they never want an excuse. They allege that the victims were bad men, and men to whose crimes their lives were just forfeits. But in my opinion this is only one of those excuses which, on every occasion that requires an excuse, these people have ready made for the purpose.

Mr. Turnbull speaks with good sense of the small success which attended the very assiduous labours of the missionaries:

The Otaheitans consider the missionaries as very good men, and love and esteem them accordingly; but they do not comprehend, and therefore do not believe, the articles of their religion.

It is perhaps expecting too much of them in their present state, to expect any thing of Christian faith from a people so rude and barbarous. Perhaps the missionaries, according to a trite proverb, have begun at the wrong end, preaching the mysteries of their religion, before they have laid a foundation by instructing them in its simple elements. It is doubtless wrong to temporize or falsify, in any of the slightest of its points of faith, the religion of truth; but there is room, ample room, for the exercise of discretion, in adapting their lessons to the natural capacities of their pupils. It is not necessary to teach them all, in circumstances under which they cannot comprehend one half. The doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation are not for Otaheitan understandings.

He adds, "There are many mysteries in Christianity beneath which an Otaheitan understanding must sink confounded.—It is not till the lapse of many years, that, in the true sense of the word at least, the Otaheitans can become Christians.—The first converts of the apostles were the citizens of the most learned and polite nations of the ancient world."

After a long stay, the unfortunate voyagers were conveyed to Port Jackson, New South Wales, by a British vessel which accidentally touched at Otaheite.

It is sometimes amusing to contemplate people when they first go from home. Three Otaheitan boys, eagerly desirous of seeing England, of which they had heard so much, had come off with the ship:

Upon touching at Norfolk island in our way to Port Jackson, these boys were very eager for permission to go on shore. They all entreated that they might be allowed to see the Englishmen's fenowa or land. This permission was granted to one of the most intelligent of them, in the expectation of deriving some amusement from his curious remarks. This expectation was not disappointed. Nothing, in fact, escaped his observation. The military guard being under arms at the time of his landing, he was transported with a kind of ecstacy of astonishment and admiration. Twice or thrice he exclaimed in his country language: Arahie my tye the tata poo pooey! Noble man, the man of the musket! He doubtless supposed from the appearance of the soldiers that they were superiour to the rest of mankind.—

On making the land about Port Jackson, the Otaheitans were again in raptures, probably thinking this was England. But seeing the barrenness of the country as they entered the harbour, and the scragginess of the trees, their spirits evidently sunk. Here again they looked at the trees for food, and seeing none, exclaimed in their country language: Very bad land, very bad country!

On coming to an anchor in Sydney Cove, there was a coach and four horses standing almost opposite the ship. This astonished them beyond measure. Every one inquired of the other their opinion of this wonderful phenomenon. They concluded that it must be a travelling house; but they could find no names for the horses, having in their country no larger animals than hogs. Some of these indeed were uncommonly large. The Otaheitans therefore called them by the name of mighty hogs. A short time after this, the coach setting off at a good round trot, they exclaimed in ecstacy to each other, Oh! how they fly. It was impossible to recall their attention to any part of the ship's duty at this time. On the following morning, seeing the New South Wales corps under arms, they were in the most extravagant raptures

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imaginable; but when the band began to play, they began to leap about, their very eyes dancing in their heads with the vivacity of their sympathy. So enchanted were they with this sight, that had the governour made his appearance, I am persuaded they would have regarded him only as a secondary character.

Having again made some stay in this colony, in which various improvements are noticed, Mr. Turnbull and the captain took their passage to England, where they arrived in safety after an absence of more than four years.

The hopes which were once entertained of Otaheite are by this voyage considerably sunk. By disease and wars, by want of care, and by practices altogether hostile to population, the inhabitants have dwindled away to an extent scarcely credible. The other Society isles, also, as well as the Friendly islands, do not promise much. Botany Bay convicts have found their way to many of them; and perhaps future times may unfortunately see these delicious islands, instead of being stations for trade and resting places for refreshment, become nests of pirates, and the dens of banditti, who shall there revenge the injuries which they imagine they received in Bow street and at the Old Bailey.

On the whole, we have perused these three volumes with much pleasure, and do not hesitate to recommend them to our readers. They are written with neatness and interest, though not always with correctness, and promise to maintain their station among voyages which lie in the parlour, of which every one *takes a spell* when he can.

We have, however, one sin of omission to charge on Mr. Turnbull. He is a seaman by profession, and he visited many islands in the south sea, some of which were not previously known, or at least, before his voyage, were not inserted in the charts. He had thus great opportunities of making geographical remarks; and he must have been aware that information of this kind would be expected from him. Yet he has given no latitudes, no longitudes, nor any charts!

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

The Theory of Dreams, in which an Inquiry is made into the Powers and Faculties of the human Mind, as they are illustrated in the most remarkable Dreams recorded in sacred and profane History. 12mo. 2 vols. 8*s*. London. 1808.

THESE are two very curious, interesting, and learned little volumes. They demonstrate much diligence of research, much acuteness of remark, and no inconsiderable learning. Indeed they are evidently the production of a man of grave deliberation, and very extensive reading.

The general theory inculcated is this; that no dreams, excepting those involved in the history of Revelation, have any necessary connexion with or can afford any assistance towards discovering the scenes of futurity.

Every more remarkable dream recorded in sacred and profane history, in ancient as well as in more modern times, is introduced with sensible and pertinent remarks. Distinctions are very sagaciously made between them all, and many, at first sight mysterious and perplexing, are satisfactorily accounted for from particular habits of life; from feelings of superstition; from peculiarity of constitution; or from local circumstances. The references throughout are very circumstantial and very accurate. The pious mind can no where be offended; the wayward and petulant no where provoked to ridicule; and above all the licentious no where be encouraged. The impression left upon every ingenuous mind from the perusal of these volumes, must necessarily be that they were composed and compiled entirely from a love of truth; from a desire to encourage a due investigation of recorded incidents; and to distinguish, as far as possible, between the delusions of fanaticism and the momentous warnings of the God of Truth.

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SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

SKETCHES OF THE PUBLICK SERVICES OF THE LATE SIR JOHN MOORE.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

EVERY profession has participated in the honour of contributing to the defensive strength of the British empire, during those interesting events which late years have presented. Nelson was the son of a clergyman; Moore was the son of a physician; and the grandson of a clergyman of the kirk of Scotland. He was born at Glasgow. His father, Dr. John Moore, was educated at the university of Glasgow; but being called to exercise the duties of his profession in the military hospitals, and preserving at all times a considerable connexion among military men, the attention of his sons was very naturally directed toward the publick service of their country.

Dr. Moore was of extremely facetious manners, which, together with his skill, recommended him as a fit person to take charge of the two young noblemen, heirs of the house of Hamilton, who were constitutionally inclined to pulmonary consumption.

In company with Douglas Hamilton, the surviver of the two brothers, Dr. Moore made the tour of Europe, which occupied four or five years. The result of his observations was communicated to the publick, in his "View of Society and Manners in France, &c." 1799. In Italy, 1781. His eldest son, John, accompanied his father in this tour; and as the tacticks of the Prussian army under old Frederick were then supposed to be the *ne plus ultra* of military skill, they engaged the particular attention of our travellers, especially of young Moore, who could not but acquire ideas from them, to be afterwards employed in promoting his personal reputation. He entered the army early in life; and being favoured by the patronage of the Hamilton family (and of the duke of Argyle) his rise was rapid. He was successively lieutenant-colonel and colonel of the 52d regiment. Lieutenant colonel Moore was employed in the Mediterranean, and was at the evacuation of Toulon in December 1793. In the capture of Corsica, which succeeded, early in the following year, he was one of two officers selected by lord Hood, to examine the state of that island, before an attempt was made on it. The other officer was major Koehler, of the artillery, who died while on a mission, in the service of Turkey. The famous defence of a small circular tower at Martello, occurred on this attack; and trifling as that tower was, as a fortification, from its construction and situation, it required a regular battery to reduce it. Lieutenant-colonel Moore was at this time extremely active, in attacking Fornelli, a small town, which from local advantages, was a place of some strength. The cannon, &c. destined to this attack were dragged for the space of several miles, over rugged mountains, with exemplary perseverence; and after a labour of four days continuance, were formed into a battery, on an eminence no less than 700 feet above the level of the sea. The defences of the town were commanded from hence; but the works were assaulted by lieutenant-colonel Moore, and carried after considerable resistance.

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The skill and enterprise that distinguished lieutenant-colonel Moore on this occasion pointed him out for further services. He was the officer to whom was committed the attack on the Mozello, a strong star fort, which was carried by storm, at daybreak, after waiting in concealment among the bushes, as near to the fort as prudence permitted. The nature of the ground, and the resistance made by the enemy, occasioned a good deal of *scrambling* in this service: and here the lieutenant-colonel was wounded in the head, by the explosion of a shell. Nevertheless, he entered the place with the grenadiers; and the applause of the army, with the congratulations of his general, Stuart, induced him quickly to forget his wound. General Stuart also recommended the lieutenant-colonel now appointed adjutant general, to succeed him in the military government of the island: but his abilities were to find opportunities for distinction elsewhere.

In 1795, general sir Ralph Abercrombie was ordered with forces to the West Indies, and among his officers was general Moore, now brigadier general. He distinguished himself eminently at the reduction of St. Lucie. His promptitude in the attack on Morne [*i. e. Mountain*] Chabot, one of the strongest posts on the island, was conspicuous: for, having been detached with about 600 men, to advance by a circuitous path, he was misled by his guide; fell in with an advanced picquet of the enemy, and his design was discovered. Another detachment, under general Hope, was advancing by a nearer way; but general Moore, now depending on his own strength, by a decisive movement carried the post. He afterwards defeated a desperate sally of the enemy at the Vigie, and the island surrendered May 25th, 1796.

In 1798, brigadier general Moore was appointed major-general. He was at this period a representative in parliament for a district of North Britain.

The same officers were ordered on the expedition to Holland, in 1799. Sir Ralph Abercrombie appointed two brigades under major generals Moore and Burrard, to attack the Helder; but the enemy retired. In this country major general Moore received a slight wound. The English were successful; but their Russian coadjutors failed, and their failure ruined the enterprise.

Sir Ralph Abercrombie was afterwards sent to the southern part of Europe. He summoned Cadiz; but the Spanish governour refused to hearken to him. Egypt, being at that time in possession of the French, the British army bent its course thither, intent on dislodging them. While the fleet lay in Marmorice bay, major general Moore was sent to Jaffa, to learn by occular inspection the state of the Turkish army, under command of his highness the Grand Vizier.——Such an army!——

The British general, left to his own resources, arrived in Aboukir bay, March 7, 1801, and major general Moore, who commanded the reserve, in defiance of a hail storm of shot and shells, landed, formed his companies, and would have rushed up the sand hills; but, in truth, all that could be done was to clamber up them; and many of the same individuals who had effected it, when making this exertion, some days afterwards, in cold blood, found themselves unable to accomplish it. This movement, however, startled the French: and seeing British soldiers rising over the ridges, in all directions, they abandoned their cannon, &c. and retreated.

At the battle of Aboukir, major general Moore was wounded, while leading on the reserve: yet he was not long laid aside; but assisted at the siege of Cairo, and escorted the French troops to their embarkation. At the siege of Alexandria, an attack was committed to his charge.

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On returning to England, the major general was retained in active service; and had the command of the Kentish district.

Having been employed in several negotiations and services of observation, requiring a keen eye, a firm heart, and mature judgment, in union with promptitude and decision, sir John was selected for the purpose of assisting with troops, the king of Sweden, early in 1808. That monarch, it is shrewdly suspected, attempted to overbear the British officer, and to induce him to exceed his orders. This sir John peremptorily declined; and by his firmness incurred the displeasure of his Swedish majesty. Whenever the particulars of this affair shall be disclosed, we doubt not but that the principle on which sir John acted will do him honour. After a delay of two months, his departure from Sweden was sudden, and even rapid. In this he was assisted by the British ambassadour. He anticipated unpleasant circumstances, and escaped them by diligence.

In the meanwhile, the atrocities committed by Buonaparte in seizing the crown of Spain, had become too flagrant to be born; and resistance sprung up, in that country, almost in all parts of it at the same instant. Like a thunder storm which suddenly bursts over an extensive champaign, was the burst of Spanish patriotism: and the British ministry having determined on complying with the request of the Spaniards by sending them assistance, sir John Moore was one of the first officers selected for that purpose.

Very short was the interval between his arrival from Sweden, and his sailing for Spain. A few days spent in refitting the vessels, and in recruiting the stores and equipments of the army, sufficed to prepare this gallant band of heroes for their intended service. Sir John arrived after the battle of Vimiera: and when the officers whose testimonies were necessary to elucidate the convention consequent on that affair, were departed for England, sir John remained commander in chief of the British forces on the west of the peninsula. Conscious of the hazard of the undertaking, yet unwilling to leave any thing unattempted, that had the smallest chance of success, this gallant general determined on marching into the interiour, to assist the Spaniards. The scarcity of supplies was so great, that his army was obliged to march in small bodies; and when it had penetrated into the mountains that border Spain, it found itself reduced to little more than the supports it had brought.

The country afforded no magazines, nor the means of establishing any. The governing authority in Spain had never possessed the power of effectively remedying this deficiency: and the time necessary in which Spaniards might be supposed to attempt it, could not be obtained. The object of sir John's first anxiety, was, to assemble the divided corps of his army. To have left a detachment exposed to the enemy, would have appeared in his eyes no less dishonourable than treason. This junction he happily accomplished: and though he knew that he must retire, ultimately, from scarcity of supplies, yet he determined to bring the French to action before that became notorious. His intention was to attack marshal Soult, who was posted in his neighbourhood, with about 30,000 men; but the French general not daring to trust the event of a battle man to man with the British, clamoured so loudly for assistance, that Buonaparte, then at Madrid, complied with his demands, and forwarded all his troops that could be spared from every quarter. Intelligence of this determination did not reach general Moore so soon as it ought to have done. He was, therefore, under the necessity of ordering a sudden retreat, for which he was not prepared: nor did the rapidity with which he moved, allow him time to prepare. The

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country did not possess the means of supporting his army: and had it possessed the means, they could not have been combined, owing to the shortness of the notice.

We fear he was not well seconded by those who would have reaped the benefit of his success; and that the scale of preparations and exertion required by an internal warfare, is not yet understood among them.

What happened, during this retreat, and at the close of it, has been extremely well described by those who were concerned in it, and to the publick documents on that subject, we must now refer our readers.

* * * * *

Particulars of Sir John Moore's Death—by Colonel Anderson.

I met the general on the evening of the 16th instant, as some soldiers were bringing him into Corunna, supported in a blanket with sashes. He knew me immediately, though it was almost dark; squeezed me by the hand, and said: "Do not leave me!"—He spoke to the surgeons on their examining his wound, but was in such pain he could say but little.

After some time he seemed very anxious to speak to me; and, at intervals, expressed himself as follows. The first question he asked was: "Are the French beaten?"—which inquiry he repeated to all those he knew, as they entered the room. On being assured, by all, that the French were beaten, he exclaimed: "*I hope the people of England will be satisfied. I hope my country will do me justice.* You will see my friends as soon as you possibly can—tell them every thing—say to my mother—[*here his voice failed him*] HOPE—HOPE—I have much to say, but cannot get it out. Is colonel Graham, and are all my aids de camp, well?—I have made my will, and have remembered my servants.—Colborne has my will, and all my papers."

Major Colborne, his principal aid de camp, then came into the room—He spoke most kindly to him, and then said to me: "*Remember*, you go to ———, and tell him it is my *request*, and that *I expect* he will befriend major Colborne—he has been long with me, and I know him most worthy of it." He then again asked major Colborne, if the French were beaten. And on being told they were repulsed on every point, he said: "It was a great satisfaction, in his last moments, to *know he had beaten the French.*"

"Is general Paget in the room?" On my telling him he was not, he said: "Remember me to him."

"I feel myself so strong, I fear I shall be long dying—I am in great pain."

He then thanked the doctors for their attention. Captains Percy and Stanhope came into the room; he spoke kindly to both, and asked Percy, if all his aids de camp were well.—He pressed my hand close to his body, and in a few minutes died without a struggle.

He said to me, while the surgeons were examining his wound: "You KNOW I HAVE ALWAYS WISHED TO DIE THIS WAY!"

As far as I can recollect, this is every thing he said, except asking to be placed in an easier posture.

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OF FOOLS, AND THEIR WIT.

SHAKSPEARE says well,

> This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
> And, to do that well, it craves a kind of wit:
> He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
> The quality of the persons, and the time,——
> ———This is a practice,
> As full of labour as a wise man's art.——

An instance or two may vindicate our poet's assertion, and convince, were they capable of conviction, our dashing witlings, that they have not sufficient sense to play the fool: moreover, wise fools have been of use on sundry occasions: but of what use have their foolish wisdoms been?

Kel Anayet was the jester of Abbas the Great, of Persia. His fame is still fresh in that country for his sprightly wit, his burlesque drollery, his uncouth attitudes, and his uncontrollable command over the laughing powers of all who saw or heard him. The shah by punning on his name, called him *Ketchel Anayet*, "Scald pate;" and suffered *him* to joke without danger on occasions which would have cost others dearly.

Abbas was excessively fond of a white hawk, which had been sent him as a present from mount Caucasus. Being out one day on a hawking excursion, the shah discovered that this bird was sick. In great vexation he called his grand falconer, named *Hossein-bec*, and charged him most solemnly to take special care of this hawk: adding "whoever comes and tells me that he is dead, shall lose his head; depend upon it." Nevertheless, the bird died at the week's end. *Hossein-bec* in utter despondency saw *Kel Anayet* walking before the mews, in his way to the court. To him he told the disaster, conjuring him, with many tears, to save his life. "Agreed," said the droll, "if the shah takes off any body's head to day, it shall be his own." Pursuing his intention, he found the shah in the greatest good humour, just after dinner. "Scald pate, where do you come from," said Abbas. Anayet assuming the most jocose air imaginable answered: "From your majesty's falconry: and pray listen with your utmost attention, for I am going to tell you the most marvellous!—most wonderful!—most astonishing!—that ever has been seen in this world! There I saw Hossein-bec, with his broom in his hand, sweeping a little square place, just before the gilded aviary; then he besprinkled it with rose-water; then he spread over it a little silken carpet, very curiously enriched with wrought flowers; then he went and fetched your white hawk, and—would you believe it?—shedding scalding tears over it, he laid it very gently on its back. There lay the hawk, without motion, his wings fallen, his bill uppermost, his claws clasped, his eyes shut"—"What then;" said Abbas surprised, "my bird is dead!"—"Heaven preserve your majesty's head," replied Anayet, "for surely it is safe to day, notwithstanding your threat!—You have announced the tidings to yourself."

A management not less dexterous, on a subject much more important, was employed by a jester of the French court, when the king's servants were perplexed by what means to inform their master of the defeat his formidable armament at Sluys had met with from the English king Edward, in which many ships were sunk. Knowing that the bearer of such unwelcome tidings would be ruined—they intrusted the favourite droll with the dangerous commission. He immediately equipped himself completely *à la militaire:* and strutting with martial fierceness began to vociferate "O brave Frenchmen! O brave Frenchmen!"—"Why brave Frenchmen?"—said the

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king—"Why?" said the plumed hero, "Why!—THE FRENCHMEN LEAPED INTO THE SEA; BUT THE ENGLISH DARED NOT FOLLOW. O brave Frenchmen! O brave Frenchmen!"

HORSE RACING IN ITALY.

The following is extracted from Macgill's late Travels in Italy, &c.

THE method of horse racing in Italy is singular. The horses run without riders; and to urge them on, little balls with sharp points in them are hung to their sides, which, when the horse is employed in the race, act like spurs. They have also pieces of tinfoil fastened on their hinder parts, which as the animals rush through the air, make a loud, rustling noise, and frighten them forward. I was much amused with the horse races at Ancona. A gun is fired when they first start, that preparations may be made to receive them at the farther end; when they have run half-way, another gun is fired; and a third when they arrive at the gaol. To ascertain, without dispute, which wins the race, across the winning post a thread is stretched, dipped in red lead, which the victor breaking, it leaves a red mark on his chest, and this mark is decisive. The first race was declared unfair, as one horse had started before the rest; and the governour ordered another to be run the following evening. To guard the course, a great number of Roman soldiers under arms were ranged on each side of it, from one end to the other. The morning after the first race, the wind blew from the north, and was rather cold. I was sitting with his excellency the governour, signior Vidoni, when a messenger arrived from the general, with his compliments, requesting that the race might be deferred till another day, as he thought the weather too cold to put his troops under arms. The governour replied to him, that, "as the weather was not too cold for the ladies, he thought it was not too much so for Roman soldiers." I have seen on a day which only threatened rain, a guard of Romans turn out, every one of which had an umbrella under his arm, the drummer and fifer alone excepted.

From the Universal Magazine.

THE FIRST IDEA OF BURNS'S "TAM O' SHANTER."

SIR,

THERE can be none of your readers who have not been delighted with the "Tam o' Shanter" of Robert Burns; and to none, therefore, can the following letter be unacceptable. It was written to the antiquary Grose; and besides the tradition upon which "Tam o' Shanter" is founded, contains two others which may amuse the curious in hobgoblinism. It is but justice to add, that it appeared in print some years ago, and that Mr. Cromek has also transplanted it into his *Reliques*, recently published. Still, however, it may not be familiar to the general reader, as it is not in Dr. Currie's edition of his works; and therefore I transmit it to you.—I remain, &c.

January 14*th*, 1809. S. S.

"Among the many witch stories I have heard relating to Aloway kirk, I distinctly remember only two or three.

"Upon a stormy night, amid whistling squalls of wind, and bitter blasts of hail; in short, on such a night as the devil would choose to take the air in; a farmer, or farmer's servant was plodding and plashing homeward with his plough irons on his shoulder, having been getting some repairs on them at a neighbouring smithy. His way lay by the kirk of Aloway,

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and being rather on the anxious lookout in approaching a place so well known to be a favourite haunt of the devil and the devil's friends and emissaries, he was struck aghast by discovering through the horrours of the storm and stormy night, a light, which on his near approach, plainly showed itself to proceed from the haunted edifice. Whether he had been fortified from above on his devout application, as is customary with people when they suspect the immediate presence of Satan; or whether according to another custom, he had got courageously drunk at the smithy, I will not pretend to determine; but so it was that he ventured to go up to, nay, into the very kirk. As good luck would have it his temerity came off unpunished.

"The members of the infernal junto were all out on some midnight business or other, and he saw nothing but a kind of kettle or cauldron, depending from the roof, over the fire, simmering some heads of unchristened children, limbs of executed malefactors, &c. for the business of the night. It was in for a penny, in for a pound, with the honest ploughman: so without ceremony he unhooked the cauldron from off the fire, and pouring out the damnable ingredients, inverted it on his head, and carried it fairly home, where it remained long in the family, a living evidence of the truth of the story.

"Another story which I can prove to be equally true, was as follows:—

"On a market day in the town of Ayr, a farmer from Carrick, and consequently whose way lay by the very gate of Aloway kirk yard, in order to cross the river Doon at the old bridge, which is about two or three hundred yards further on than the said gate, had been detained by his business, 'till by the time he reached Aloway it was the wizard hour, between night and morning.

"Though he was terrified, with a blaze streaming from the kirk, yet as it is a well known fact, that to turn back on these occasions is running by far the greatest risk of mischief, he prudently advanced on his road. When he had reached the gate of the kirk yard, he was surprised and entertained, through the ribs and arches of an old Gothick window, which still faces the highway, to see a dance of witches merrily footing it round their old sooty blackguard master, who was keeping them all alive with the power of his bagpipe. The farmer, stopping his horse to observe them a little, could plainly descry the faces of many old women of his acquaintance and neighbourhood. How the gentleman was dressed, tradition does not say; but the ladies were all in their smocks: and one of them happening unluckily to have a smock which was considerably too short to answer all the purpose of that piece of dress, our farmer was so tickled that he involuntarily burst out, with a loud laugh: "Weel luppen, Maggy wi' the short sark!" and recollecting himself, instantly spurred his horse to the top of his speed. I need not mention the universally known fact, that no diabolical power can pursue you beyond the middle of a running stream. Lucky it was for the poor farmer that the river Doon was so near, for notwithstanding the speed of his horse, which was a good one, against he reached the middle of the arch of the bridge, and consequently the middle of the stream, the pursuing, vengeful hags were so close at his heels, that one of them actually sprung to seize him; but it was too late. Nothing was on her side of the stream but the horse's tail, which immediately gave way at her infernal grip, as if blasted by a stroke of lightning; but the farmer was beyond her reach. However, the unsightly, tailless condition of the vigorous steed was to the last hour of the noble creature's life an awful warning to the Carrick farmers, not to stay too late in Ayr markets.

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"The last relation I shall give, though equally true, is not so well identified as the two former, with regard to the scene; but as the best authorities give it for Aloway, I shall relate it.

"On a summer's evening, about the time that nature puts on her sables to mourn the expiry of the cheerful day, a shepherd boy, belonging to a farmer in the immediate neighbourhood of Aloway kirk, had just folded his charge, and was returning home. As he passed the kirk, in the adjoining field, he fell in with a crew of men and women, who were busy pulling stems of the plant Ragwort. He observed, that as each person pulled a Ragwort, he or she got astride of it, and called out: "up horsie!" on which the Ragwort flew off, like Pegasus, through the air with its rider. The foolish boy likewise pulled his Ragwort, and cried with the rest: "up horsie!" and, strange to tell, away he flew with the company. The first stage at which the cavalcade stopt, was a merchant's wine cellar in Bourdeaux, where, without saying by your leave, they quaffed away at the best the cellar could afford, until the morning, foe to the imps and works of darkness, threatened to throw light on the matter, and frightened them from their carousals.

The poor shepherd lad, being equally a stranger to the scene and the liquor, heedlessly got himself drunk; and when the rest took horse, he fell asleep, and was found so next day by some of the people belonging to the merchant. Somebody that understood Scotch, asking him what he was, he said he was such-a-one's herd in Aloway; and, by some means or other getting home again, he lived long to tell the world the wondrous tale.

"I am, &c. &c."

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

CURIOUS TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROURS.

HAVING, in an odd voume of a magazine upon German literature, met with laughable mistakes made by errours in copyists, or misreadings, I send a few of the same kind, which have occurred within my own knowledge in our language; and if you think them worthy insertion in your valuable miscellany, they are heartily at your service.

A compositor of the name of Killenbeck, an eccentrick genius, once made the following mistake, I believe in Mr. Woodfall's paper; and for which he received his discharge. Instead, in the ordinary phrase, of saying: "Yesterday a petition was presented to the house of commons," he composed it, and it was printed: "Yesterday a *pistol* was presented to the house of commons." The ludicrous inquiries upon the nature of such an attack upon that great constitutional body may be better conceived than detailed.

In printing the list of subscribers to the first edition of Carey's Balnea, I just arrived in time to correct the following ludicrous errour, which, by one of the types having fallen out, and being misplaced, had occurred:—One of the subscribers was deputy controller of the penny-post; but, from the transposition of the s in the last word, it stood, "Deputy controller of the *penny-pots!*"

When the late Dr. Hale superintended the printing of the Pharmacopæia Londinensis, published in 1780, a mistake occurred in one of the proof sheets which excited the Dr's mirth, and occasioned him to send express from Bow to correct the errour. The manuscript almost as uncouth as marks for physical quantities, was extremely difficult to read. One word,

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more intricate than the rest, was referred to every person in the office for an explanation, but without success: at length the compositor on the work, priding himself on his ability at decyphering the mystical letters, found out the word to be "*cordial gin*;" whence the phrase went: "This medicine is to be taken in *cordial gin*." The original word was *cardialgria*, or the *heart burn*, a disorder rather produced than allayed by the cordial above alluded to.

When the work of a compositor is extremely incorrect, the operation of changing the wrong letters for the right is attended with the danger of wounding and destroying the tender face of the contiguous letters. The drawing them out is performed by a sharp pointed bodkin, which enters the shoulder of the letter, and thus it is raised to be changed. I forget the name of the master printer, who made this appesite exclamation, upon seeing two very bad compositors correcting a foul proof of that size of type called Small Pica, "O small pica! small pica! how art thou *crucified* between two thieves!"

THE TEA TREE IN BLOSSOM.

THE ingenious Mr. Capel Loft, of Troston Hall, near Bury, has recently informed the publick, that he has had a tea tree in blossom in his parlour ever since the 18th of December last, notwithstanding the extreme severity of the weather; and though on the 21st of that month, at half past nine in the morning, the thermometer within doors in a southern aspect was at 28.

The following is his description of the same:—

"Petals 6 (one smaller and shorter than the rest) concave, obtusely heart-shaped. Stamens very numerous (probably above 200) with golden summits. The whole appearance of the flower like the single broad leaved myrtle; but longer and more brilliant, from the multiplicity of the stamens, texture of the petals, stronger colour, not quite so white. Calyx: stellate, quinquetid, about one fourth the length of the petals.

"The scent of the flower delicate and evanescent; resembling that of fine green tea dried.

"There seems little doubt that this charming plant would bear a warm and sheltered exposure in the southwest of our island, like the broad leaved myrtle. Its affinity to the myrtle is indeed very striking; so much, that many species having been lately transferred from the genus *Myrtus* to other genera, so that it is now very thin, I doubt whether this might not be annexed to it under the denomination of *Myrtus Thea*, changing its elegant generick name, which it ought not wholly to lose, into its specifick. Fond as I am of plants, I have never till now seen it in bloom

"It is long in coming into blossom. The buds appeared early in September. The season of its flowering renders it peculiarly valuable. And had the weather been mild, I have no doubt that in some few days it would have been covered with bloom

"The flowers proceed from near the extremities of the branches, on solitary footstalks, some opposite, others alternate. My plant is near three feet high, and came from Mr Mackie, nurseryman, of Norwich, the year before this. In close, moist weather it requires air, and some heat, to absorb the damp: otherwise its blossoms fall without opening. This I experienced last year.

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"I cannot imagine that its beauty in a good green house would be at all inferiour even to the myrtle itself. It seems to form the intermediate link, in the botanical chasm between the myrtle and the orange.

"It is curious, that plants of so extensive use as the coffee and tea trees (the coffee, perhaps, one of the greatest blessings, among those that are not really necessaries of life, that Providence has indulged to mankind, considering its beneficial qualities in use as well as its agreeable) should be among the most elegant of plants in foliage and blossom; and the coffee in fruit also. It is impossible not to rejoice that the present cheapness of coffee, though it is to be feared a short-lived cheapness, has made it, to a considerable degree, the beverage of the poor. It is strengthening, where tea is not; it is even nutritive, while tea certainly is not. Tea, however, moderately taken, and not too hot, may be regarded as not only innocent, but salutary. It is favourable to temperance and to tranquillity of mind. And perhaps, of all our daily repasts, it constitutes the most generally and unexceptionably agreeable, from which even reading is not excluded, and where conversation can be most itself."

Mr. Loft then remarks that the tea tree was first introduced into England by Mr. Ellis, about 1768. It was first treated as a stove plant; and its first flowering in this country was in the stove of the duke of Northumberland. He thinks the coffee tree may also, in time, be brought to endure the greenhouse without being confined to the stove.

March, 1809.

AN ORIGINAL SONG BY BURNS.

To the Editor of the Universal Magazine.

SIR,

POETA nascitur non fit. To no one can that maxim be with greater propriety applied than to Burns, the ever lamented Scottish bard. The nation, and the literary world in particular, are indebted to Dr. Currie of Liverpool, for a judicious selection of the works of that unfortunate son of genius; but there are many smaller pieces, the early effusions of his vigorous mind, which deserved to be drawn from their concealment; and, I am convinced that the following pathetick piece, would have obtained a prominent place in Dr. Currie's selection, had he ever experienced the pleasure of its perusal. It is one of those wild flowers which spring spontaneous in the soil of genius: and if a wanderer chance not to pass where it flourishes, it blooms unheeded, its sweets are unenjoyed, and it is left to waste its beauties on the desert air. During a visit to a gentleman in the neighbourhood of the country, where Burns first "warbled his wood notes wild," I was anxious to obtain every information respecting that highly favoured but ill fated son of the muses. Amongst others the following anecdote was related to me. Burns being in company with some of his jovial companions, the conversation turned on the old song, to the tune of *Hey tutti tait*, to which Bruce led on his troops at the battle of Bannockburn, the words of which are as follows:

"I'm wearin awa John, I'm wearin awa John,
I'm wearin awa John, to the Land of the Leal.
There's a needle in the wa John, keep it to your sel John,
I'm wearin awa John, to the Land of the Leal.
You'll eat and drink to me John, you'll eat and drink to me John,
You'll eat and drink to me John, sugar sops and all."

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Burns, on a sudden, sunk into a deep musing, and taking a blank leaf from his pocket book he wrote the following: which for pathos and simplicity will not yield to any of his productions:

I'm wearin awa John, like snow weather, when it thaws John,
I'm wearin awa John, to the Land of the Leal.
There's nae hunger there, there's neither cauld nor care John,
The day's aye fair John in the Land of the Leal.
Dry your glistening een John, my soul langs to be free John,
And angels wink on me John to the Land of the Leal.
Ye've been baith leal and true John, your task is near done now John,
And I'll welcome you John to the Land of the Leal.
Our bonny bairn's there John, she was baith gude and fair John,
And oh! we grudg'd her sair John to the Land of the Leal.
But sorrow's sel wears past John, and joy is coming fast John,
The joy that's aye to last John in the Land of the Leal.
Now fare ye well my ain John, the world's cares are vain John,
We'll meet and we'll be fain John in the Land of the Leal.*

As the above has never yet been published in any collection of Burns's Poems, the perusal of it may perhaps gratify your numerous readers, and the insertion of it will oblige,

Yours, &c.

February 12th, 1809. R. H.

ANECDOTES.

SKARLOTZ, THE BILLIARD PLAYER.

DURING the time the two emperours were at Erfurth, among the variety of singularities collected for the gratification of Alexander, there was introduced to his notice *Peter Skarlotz*, a person who was formerly a schoolmaster at Aix-la-Chapelle, and eminent for his knowledge of the mathematicks, which he taught there with considerable *éclat*, but whose incomparable adroitness at billiards suggested to him the wiser policy, in this age of dissipation, to relinquish science, and follow a more profitable pursuit. He therefore transferred the energies of his mind to the dexterity of his hands, and is, without doubt, the best billiard player in Europe. Alexander, who himself plays exceedingly well, condescended to afford him an opportunity of manifesting his skill, by taking vast odds, but was beat every game. Skarlotz then displayed his astonishing powers, in going through a game of his own invention, with four balls, when he established his fame for ever, by the surprise and wonder he excited with *mace* and *queue*. To add still more to the fame of this singular phenomenon, both his arms are diminutively short. He received splendid tokens from both the emperours, of their approbation and astonishment, especially Alexander, together with commands to repair to Petersburgh.

The following anecdote of Rhodolph, emperour of Germany, and an old woman, is recorded in Coxe's History of the House of Austria.

Being at Mentz in 1288, he walked out early in the morning, dressed as usual in the plainest manner, and, as the weather was cold, entered a baker's shop to warm himself. The mistress, unacquainted with his person, pee-

* We trust in the accuracy of our correspondent's information: and though the above has merit enough to have been written by Burns, yet we do not think it so decidedly characteristical as R. H.—*Editor.*

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vishly exclaimed: "Soldiers ought not to come in poor women's houses."—"Do not be angry, good woman," returned the king of the Romans, with great complacency, "I am an old soldier, who have spent all my fortune in the service of that rascal Rhodolph, and he suffers me to want, notwithstanding all his fine promises." "As you serve," rejoined the woman, "that fellow who has laid waste the whole earth, and devoured the poor, you have deservedly incurred all your misfortunes." She then virulently abused the king of the Romans, adding, with great bitterness, that she and all the bakers in the town, except two, were ruined by his means; and compelled him to depart, by throwing a pail of water on the fire, which filled the room with smoke and vapour.

Rhodolph, on sitting down to dinner, ordered his hostess to convey a boar's head and a bottle of wine, to her neighbour, the baker's wife, as a present from the old soldier who had warmed himself in the morning by her fire, and then related the anecdote with much humour. When thus apprised of her mistake, the woman was greatly terrified, and approaching the table, entreated forgiveness in the most suppliant manner. Rhodolph consented, on condition that she would repeat her abusive expressions; with which the woman faithfully complied, to the amusement and laughter of all who were present.

Professor Porson, of Cambridge, a short time before his death, being in a mixed company, among which were many eminent literary characters, and particularly a poet, who had a very high opinion of his own talents, the conversation turned on some of his productions, when, as usual, he began to extol their merits—"I will tell you, sir," said the professor, "what I think of your poetical works: they will be read when Shakspeare's and Milton's are forgotten—[every eye was instantly fixed upon the professor] but *not* till then."

The late lord George Germain was not more distinguished for his abilities than for his amiable disposition. Of this his domesticks felt the comfort, living with him rather as humble friends than menial servants. His lordship one day entering his house in Pall-mall, observed a large basket of vegetables standing in the hall, and inquired of the porter to whom they belonged, and from whence they came.—Old John immediately replied: "They are *our's*, my lord, from *our* country house." "Very well," said the peer. At that instant a carriage stopped at the door, and lord George, turning round, asked what coach it was? "*Our's*," said honest John: "and are the children in it *our's* too?" said his lordship, laughing. "*Most certainly*, my lord," replied John, with the utmost gravity, and immediately ran to lift them out.

Barrow meeting lord Rochester at court, his lordship, by way of banter, thus accosted him: "Doctor, I am yours to my shoe tie." Barrow, seeing his aim, returned his salute obsequiously, with "My lord, I am yours to the ground." Rochester, improving his blow, quickly returned it with "Doctor, I am yours to the centre:" which was as smartly followed by Barrow, with "My lord, I am yours to the antipodes." Upon which, Rochester, scorning to be foiled by a musty old piece of divinity, as he used to call him, exclaimed: "Doctor, I am yours to the lowest pit of hell." On which Barrow, turning on his heel, answered: "There, my lord, I leave you."

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BUFFON.

His private character was that of a libertine, and he was extremely vain of his person and his talents. "The works of eminent geniuses (he would say) are few. They are those of Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, Montesquieu, and my own. He left an only son, who suffered under Robespierre in 1799. On the scaffold he said to the people: "Citizens, my name is Buffon."

Mr. Sheridan being informed that a certain dramatick writer never laughed at the performance of *The School for Scandal*, satirically exclaimed: "It is surely very *ungrateful* in him; for I never refused to *laugh* at his *Tragedies*."

A gentleman once observed to Dr Johnson, that there were fewer vagrant poor in Scotland than in England, and as a proof of it, said there was no instance of a beggar dying in the streets there —"I believe you are very right there, sir," says Johnson; "but that does not arise from the want of vagrants, but the impossibility of *starving a Scotchman*."

POETRY.

VERSES

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM CONGREVE, THE DRAMATICK POET.

[*Never before published.*]

FALSE tho' you've been to me and love,
I ne'er can take revenge,
So much your wonderous beauties move,
Tho' I lament your change.

In hours of bliss we oft have met:
They could not always last;
And though the present I regret,
I still am grateful for the past.

But think not * * tho' my breast
A generous flame has warmed,
You e'er again can make me blest,
Or charm, as once you charmed.

Who may your future favours own
May future change forgive,
In love the first deceit alone
Is what you never can retrieve.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

IMITATION OF MODERN POETRY.

NOT a breeze crisped the leaves of the bower,
Not a murmur was heard through the air,
As with twilight approached the blest hour
Love had fixed for a sight of my fair.

Expectation had flushed every nerve,
While on tiptoe I listened around,
Not a soul could my glances observe,
Not a footstep was heard on the ground.

Every object now faded from sight,
While my thoughts were now fixed on my love,
O'er my fancy they beamed such a light,
That I marked not the darkness above.

How my heart beat its cell in my breast,
As the form of a female I spied,
Till in rapture to feel myself blest,
I resolved for a moment to hide.

Then I heard how she eagerly sought,
To discover the nook where I lay,
Till I felt so transported, I thought
Her desires were increased by delay.

Round the bower she repeatedly moved,
Like an angel that fancy creates,
When I rushed and exclaimed,—"My beloved!"
And it hoarsely replied: "Supper waits."

SONNET UPON A SONNET,

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

TOO cruel maid, who ordered me to write
What mortals call a sonnet; I despair
That fourteen lines my muse will e'er indite:
However, four are made, and here they are.

At first most grievously I racked my brain;
But making verses teaches one the trade—
Courage! I see my labour's not in vain,
For lo! my fair, the second stanza made.

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Once more, ye muses, condescend to rhyme!
Nor have I prayed in vain: the muses smile
Upon their slave, and in a little time
I shall complete this more than mortal toil;
For thirteen lines are done, my life upon it!
Now count, you'll find fourteen, and there's a sonnet.

THE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

In Imitation of certain fashionable Poetry.

BY the side of a soft running stream,
An elderly gentleman sat;
On the top of his head was a wig,
On the top of his wig was a hat,
The wind it blew hard, it blew cold;
It blew his hat into the stream;
He sat on the bank and he sighed,
And he tried his lost hat to redeem.

He laboured to pull it to shore,
While mourning his sorrowful fate;
Another gale took off his wig,
Which swam away after his hat.

His bald head exposed to the wind,
All wild and despairing he stood;
He muttered a few angry words,
And then *threw* his stick in the flood.

He folded his arms and he groaned;
He smote his sad breast in dismay;
To the river with anguish he looked;
While his HAT, WIG, and STICK, swam away.

January, 1809.

PHILOSOPHICAL AND ECONOMICAL INTELLIGENCE.

MR. JOSEPH JEWEL has invented a new process of producing calomel that shall always be in the state of an impalpable powder. This is effected by a particular manipulation in the last sublimation of the calomel, which he describes as follows: "I take calomel or mercurius dulcis, broken into small pieces, and put it into an earthen crucible, of the form of a long bowl, so as to fill about one half of it. I place the crucible on its side in a furnace provided with an opening, through which the mouth of the crucible projects about an inch. I then join to the mouth of the crucible an earthenware receiver, having an opening at its side, to receive the open end of the crucible. The receiver is about half filled with water. I lute the joint with a mixture of sand and pipe clay. The receiver has a cover, that has a side continued upwards for containing water, with a chimney or tube in it to allow the escape of steam from the water below. I then apply a fire round the crucible sufficient to raise the calomel in vapours, and force it through the mouth of the crucible into the receiver; where, by the water while cold, or assisted by the steam when it becomes hot, it is instantly condensed into an impalpable powder, possessing all the qualities of calomel in its most perfect state. The calomel, when thus prepared, is purer, whiter, and more attenuated than that obtained by grinding. It is proper to wash the product over with water, before it is dried, to rid it of the coarser particles which may form about the mouth of the crucible.

Mr. Joseph Hume has published some observations on the use of sulphur as a vermifuge, and the proper way of applying it to vegetables. The method is extremely simple; for nothing more is required than to sprinkle sublimed sulphur, or what is commonly called flowers of brimstone, over the leaves of the tree or plant wherever the effects of worms or insects prevail. The sulphur may be tied up in a piece of muslin or linen, and with this, the leaves and young shoots should be dusted; or it may be thrown on by means of a puff, or a dredging box. This application is found not only to be effectual in destroying the whole tribe of worms and other insects which prey upon vegetables; but it is likewise ascertained to be congenial to the trees and plants on which it is sprinkled. Peach trees in particular, are remarkably improved by it.

Mr. James Scott, of Dublin, states, that he has found, by repeated experiments, that platina possesses, on account of its imperceptible expansion, a great superiority over other materials for making the pendulum spring of watches; but that arsenick must not be employed in consolidating it, as it would then be liable to expansion. When properly drawn it possesses self-sufficient elasticity for any extent of vibration.

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It coils extremely well, and if placed, when coiled, on the surface of a flat piece of metal, making one end of the spring fast, and marking exactly the other extremity, not the slightest expansion is visible when heat is applied. Mr. Scott further remarks, that he has, for a considerable time, made use of platina for compensation curbs, and considers it as very superiour to steel for every instrument of that kind.

Mr. Acton, of Ipswich, having used a still containing nine gallons, for distilling common water, essential oils and water, refrigerated them with a tub which holds about thirty-six gallons, found it very inconvenient to change the water of the tub as often as it became hot, which it very soon did, after commencing distillation. He therefore contrived the following addition to the refrigerating part of the apparatus, which he has found to succeed so well, that he can now distill for any length of time without heating the water in the worm-tub above one degree; so that it never requires to be changed. The heat passes off entirely into the additional condenser, and when it exceeds 150 degrees, goes off by evaporation. The additional condenser consists of a trough three feet long, twelve inches deep, and fifteen inches wide, with a pewter pipe passing through the middle of it horizontally, about two inches in diameter, at the largest end next the still, and gradually tapering to about three quarters of an inch at the smallest end, which communicates with the top of the worm. The great simplicity of this contrivance and its utility render a fair trial of it in other stills very advisable. The small degree of heat which went to the water in the worm-tub shows, that the additional condenser performed nearly the whole of the condensation; and that therefore it is extremely probable, that a second pipe and trough added to the first, would perform the whole condensation effectually, without using any worm, and thus enable distillers to dispense with this expensive and troublesome part of the apparatus.

FIR-BUILT SHIPS.

To the Editor of the Literary Panorama.

Sir,—Every thing relating to the publick good claims the particular attention of a work so truly devoted to the commonwealth as yours is. If the following observations on fir-built ships should suggest any new ideas to your nautical readers, I shall be happy in having put them into English.

Yours—Scrutator.

"I built," says M. Ducrest, "at Copenhagen, in 1799, a vessel of 500 tons, entirely of fir planks, an inch and a half thick. For three years successively it has navigated the north seas, which are reckoned the most boisterous in Europe; and it weathered a tremendous gale in the Baltick, in November 1801, when a great number of merchant ships perished. On entering the port of Havre, the following year, it struck on the pier, and no one on board expected to be saved. However, the ship righted, and entered the harbour without having staved a single plank, or sprung a nail.

"The expense of building this vessel was just half what it would have cost, had it been built of oak. The hull does not weigh above half of that of a common merchantman, which, when of 400 tons burthen, is said to weigh 200 tons. Thus by diminishing the weight we should have, with the same cargo, vessels which, when well constructed, ought to sail as fast as the best frigates. An objection having been made that vessels thus built could not last long, as the intermediate planks, by wanting air, would heat and soon rot, I had one of the ports opened and found that the inside planks were much sounder than the others.

"Building with fir planks is incomparably more solid than building with squared timber: and by being as cheap again, we might employ our immense forests in the Pyrennees and the Vosges to great advantage. The danger arising from springing leaks is entirely avoided; and by the lightness of the timber, our armed vessels might be made to sail as fast as our present frigates. In short, the use of oak timber might be entirely confined to the navy; consequently we should have it much cheaper; and the economy in the construction of merchantmen is a very material object, as they might not require any repairs for twelve or fifteen years. Though line of battle ships could not be built of fir, yet the navy might use it for vessels armed en flûte, and for hospital ships attached to a squadron."

M. D. does not state whether the red or white fir is preferable.

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Cheap Glazing for Pottery.

From an "Essay on the Improvement of Pottery in General," by C. R. Jouselin, manufacturer at Nevers, we learn, that the author has established a manufactory on his own principles, and announces a discovery of a new method of enameling or glazing, composed of materials so cheap, that the enamel, which costs the manufacturer at present 320 livres for one batch, will not amount to more than 20 livres.

Process of Soap.

Count Rumford has made a new application of the process of heating water by steam, to the manufacturing of soap. By this means, he has succeeded in boiling soap to a proper degree in six hours, which, in the common mode, required sixty. He is of opinion, that this saving of time is partly owing to the concussions given to the mixture of oil and lie by the heated vapour forced into it, and suddenly condensed.

VINE-LEAF TEA.

To the Editor of the Literary Panorama.

SIR,—From the experiments I have tried, I find that, on being dried, which should be done in the shade, the leaves of the vine make an excellent and an extremely wholesome tea, though somewhat different, both in taste and flavour, from that commonly used. I have also found that, besides being admirably calculated for making vinegar, the prunings of the vine, on being bruised and put into a vat, or mashing-tub, and boiling water poured on them, in the same way as is done with malt, produce a liquor of a fine vinous quality; which, on being fermented, forms a fine substitute for beer, and which, on being distilled, produces a very fine spirit, of the nature of brandy. As this is the season for pruning the vine; many thousand cart loads of which are, year after year, thrown away as useless, where there are not goats to eat them; and the idea here suggested is not only new, but of high importance to the inhabitants of this country, particularly at the present juncture, your inserting it in your highly useful and interesting work will oblige,

Sir, your constant reader, and most humble seavant,

JAMES HALL.

June 11th, 1808.

On a remarkable Property of Steel.

SIR,—The following curious fact not being generally known, I take the liberty of communicating it, that among the numerous readers of your valuable work it may meet with an explanation.

There is a fault in most candles, viz. that of not having the cottons properly disposed, and of the same length throughout, which causes what is commonly called a thief, from its wasting the tallow in its descent down the candle. Now the effect of steel is such, that if you lay any piece of that metal, as the snuffers, on the opposite side of the candle to that on which the thief is, in such a manner that it may touch the candle, where it meets the candlestick in the socket, it will not only stop the progress of the thief down the candle, but will cause it to be taken up and consumed in the flame itself.

In hopes that through the medium of your valuable magazine, I may learn in what way the steel thus acts,

I am, sir,

Your very obedient servant,

CANTABRIGIENSIS.

February 9, 1809.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

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By Mathew Carey, Philadelphia, republished, in handsome editions, the following works.

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Second Volume, do. do. do.
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PROPOSED AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

Mathew Carey, Philadelphia, proposes to republish,

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Lady's Library.

A new edition of Ferguson's Astronomy.

Bradford and Inskeep, Philadelphia, to republish,

The Hungarian Brothers. A celebrated novel, by Miss Ann Maria Porter, author of Thaddeus of Warsaw, &c.

Also, a new work by Miss Owenson, entitled Woman; or Ida of Athens.

Also, Leontine, by Augustus Von Kotzbue.

James Humphreys. Philadelphia, to republish,

Lessons for young Persons in humble Life.

Caledonian Sketches; or a Tour through Scotland in 1807. By sir John Carr, author of the Northern Summer, &c. &c.

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Hamilton and Ehrenfried, Lancaster, Penn. to publish by subscription, in one large octavo volume,

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I. Riley, New York, has in press,

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A Treatise on Scrophula. By James Russel, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, and professor of clinical surgery in the University of Edinburgh. 8vo. price 3s.

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Ella St. Lawrence; or the village of Selwood and its inhabitants.—By Mrs. Isaacs, author of Ariel, Glenmore Abbey, and the Wood Nymph. In four volumes, 12mo. price 1l. 2s. in boards.

A Letter to John Haygarth, from Colin Chisholme, exhibiting further evidence of the infectious nature of pestilential diseases in Grenada during 1793, 4, 5, and 6; and in the United States of America, from 1798 to 1805. 6s.

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An Essay on Sepulchres; or, a Proposal for erecting some Memorial of the Illustrious Dead in all ages on the spot where their remains have been interred. By William Godwin. Foolscap, 8vo. 4s. boards.

The London Review, conducted by R. Cumberland, Esq. No. 1, for February, 1809. To be published quarterly. 5s.

The Works of the late Right Hon. Henry St. John Lord Viscount Bolingbroke; with the Life of Lord Bolingbroke, by Dr. Goldsmith, now enlarged by more recent information relative to his publick and personal character. Selected from various authorities. 3 vols. 8vo. 3l. 12s. boards.

Amelie Mansfield. Par Mad. Cottin. 3 tom. 12mo. 18s. sewed.

PROPOSED BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

The Medical and Chirurgical Society of London intend shortly to publish the first volume of their Records. Some very valuable contributions from practitioners of first-rate eminence in the metropolis will thus meet the publick eye.

Mr. Macartney intends to publish a small work on the Relation between external and internal Parts, by which the situation of any important blood vessel, nerve, &c. may be precisely ascertained in the living body. To be illustrated by plates, &c.

Mr. Todd's new edition of Milton will appear in a few weeks; and he has sent to the press, Observations on Gower and Chaucer.

Mr. Southey has in preparation a romance in rhyme, founded on the mythology of the Hindoos, to be entitled, The Curse of Kehama.

Mr. Taylor, the Platonist, is engaged in writing a work on Infinitesimals in Mathematicks, in which it is said he has made some important discoveries.

Mr. Campbell's new poem, Gertrude of Wyoming, or the Pennsylvanian Cottage, is on the eve of publication.

Dr. Stock of Bristol, has undertaken to write a Life of the late Dr. Beddoes, with the approbation of his family and friends.

The Reports of the Preventive Medical Institution at Bristol, which have been some time expected, were left in a certain degree of forwardness by the late Dr. Beddoes: and they will be completed and published, as soon as possible, by Mr. King and Dr. Stock. The former gentleman has been surgeon to the institution from its commencement.

Speedily will be published, A System of Surgery, in 4 vols. 8vo. by James Russell, F. R. S. E. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, one of the surgeons of the Royal Infirmary, and Professor of Clinical Surgery in the University of Edinburgh.

In the press, and soon will be published, A System of Surgery, in 4 vols. 8vo. by John Thomson, M. D. one of the surgeons to the Royal Infirmary, Professor of Surgery to the Royal College of Surgeons, and Regius Professor of Military Surgery in the University of Edinburgh.

A member of the university of Oxford has announced for publication, Lindley Murray Examined, or an address to classical French and English teachers; in which grammatical errours in Mr. Murray's grammar are pointed out; showing, at the same time, the necessity of an English grammar, that will lead to the grammar of any other language, without violating the purity of the English.

Lord Valentia has printed two volumes of his Travels. The whole will appear about May or June next, in 3 quarto volumes.

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SELECT REVIEWS.

FOR JUNE, 1809.

ORIGINAL.

[FOR THE SELECT REVIEWS.]

Voyage en Pologne et en Allemagne fait en 1793, par un Livonien, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 1808.

Travels through Poland and Germany, by a Livonian.

THE republick or kingdom of Poland is no more. A series of revolutions which took place within the last forty years, has terminated in the total destruction of a state formerly much renowned in the annals of civil, military, and political glory. In the present state of affairs, details concerning the ancient constitution of this kingdom, its senate, its diet, and its king, can be considered only as contributions to the history of past times, and would scarcely furnish our American readers with any considerable share of interest. But the picture of men and manners will never cease to engage a reasonable curiosity; and happily the present work contains, in this respect, a number of very valuable observations. We shall first select a very lively description of the manner of living of one of the most illustrious families of Warsaw, which will give a pretty adequate idea of high life in general in that country.

This family, says our author, is composed of five persons, viz. the prince, the princess his spouse, two sons, and one daughter. The place of their residence is not fixed, and they never live two years together in the same place. Wherever they fix their abode, a regular court is paid to them by the numerous officers appointed for the administration of the finances of the house. This court is increased by all those whom the family patronizes in a political respect, and by a number of courteous neighbours. An open table, theatrical performances, and rural festivals, form the constant amusements and almost the only occupations of the company. When the family is on a journey, they carry along with them all the persons they stand in need of, such as tutors for their children, chaplains, valets, musicians, physicians, secretaries, and servants. All these people attend in carriages. Wagons follow loaded with wardrobe, wine, kitchen utensils, and beds. The whole forms a long procession of carriages and horses led by drivers, equerries, grooms, &c. Most of the publick taverns in Poland being very miserable, the travelling party is provided with tents, which are pitched wherever they choose to repose. It might be said, that such a camp is like those of the ancient patriarchs. When the journey takes place to a foreign country, the attendants are not equally numerous; nevertheless, they seldom employ less than three or four carriages drawn by six horses each. If they wish to make any considerable stay in a large city, an entire hotel is hired, and the family is established there completely. There they give dinners, suppers, balls, and card parties. They frequent the best company and admit parasites of every description. It happens often that the princess finds more pleasure in a city than her husband. In

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that case *she* remains with her court, whilst *he* proceeds further with his own. Thus *she* stays at Vienna and *he* at Rome. On his return to Poland he will meet her, perhaps, at Pisa going to Naples. In this manner the family is often scattered over all Europe; its ducats circulate every where, and years elapse before they find themselves united again in Warsaw. Each keeps a separate apartment and separate attendants. These adhere so strictly to their particular business that often the master or mistress of the house find nobody to execute their orders, whilst there are a dozen servants in the house. A stranger having business with the master addresses by chance one of the servants of madame. He scarcely receives an answer. At the utmost he is directed to the room of the master's servants. There you may find often ten persons waiting an eleventh one to announce them. The prince gets up sooner or later according to the hour at which the supper or the ball of the last evening was finished. The large door of the palace remains shut until the prince gives admittance; but the small side door is sooner open. By this the trusty confidants, the clients, the officers of the family, the creditors, the solicitors, the scholars, and the artists glide in, whenever they have any thing to ask from the prince. The servants are accustomed to receive them with a *pan śpie*, that is: *the master is asleep*. Others who are acquainted with the place, visit one of the secretaries or of the pages, explain their business, under the protection of a present, or give to understand that they will not be ungrateful if they are introduced by a private door. The prince is found in his bed or sitting before the chimney in his dressing gown, either alone or surrounded by his clients, solicitors and other people, who pay him their court. When there is no diet the prince spends the forenoon either in riding on horseback out of town, or he goes on foot to visit his acquaintances, or else glides into the suburb of Cracovia to see a young person, whom he entertains regularly or whom he visits only through accident. Meanwhile the apartment of madame begins to stir. As she did not get to bed till after midnight, she does not rise till between ten and eleven o'clock. She finds near her bed two or three ladies of her friends, who chatter with her about the company of last evening, and who listen to her own observations. They will plan some amusement for the day. For fear of missing a *rendezvous* in the *garden of Saxony*, the princess puts on, in haste, an elegant morning dress, and covers her head with a muslin handkerchief of dazzling white, which conceals every part of her face except two sparkling eyes. Another time she rings the bell for the breakfast and gives orders to let in the people who are waiting in her antichamber. These are tradesmen of both sexes and of every description, who bring in new wares and old accounts, painters, genealogists, virtuosos from abroad, who come to invite her to a concert, hairdressers just arrived from Paris, dentists, and other people of the same kind. They enter all in a crowd, together with lords decorated with crosses and badges, who are not ashamed to flatter the wife in order to get the more surely at the husband. Whilst all this is going on in the apartments of the prince and the princess, the children remain not inactive. Masters of languages, of dancing, of musick, and of drawing have arrived in the room of the daughter; they have given their lessons or have been sent back, because the princess had a headach, or because she wished to embroider. In the chamber of the sons you hear a confused noise of violins, of whistling flutes, and of clashing foils, intermixed with voices chaunting Polish songs and the huzzas of half a dozen young people chasing one another, fighting one against the other, and throwing topsy turvy chairs and tables. In the midst of this tumult you may distinguish the voices of the drawing and fencing masters, and that of the tutor, alternately entreating, threatening, swearing, but almost constantly accompanied with shouts of laughter. In the yard some Tartar horses, on which the princes, their companions, and their equerries intend to take a ride, stamp and beat the pavement, and by their gambols tire the hoarse voices and the whips of the grooms. At last the blustering company run down stairs; leap upon the horses; rush out from the gate, and tranquillity is finally restored in the palace.

There is certainly a great deal of variety in this picture. It would not be unworthy of the pencil of a Teniers or of a Vateau. The description of Poland fills the first volume of the work, and the first pages of the second. After this the author sets out for Dresden. He visits Berlin, Munich, Salzburgh, Vienna, and arrives at last at Balsamo where his journey ends. The following is a faithful representation of the manners, and especially of the economical habits of the inhabitants of Dresden.

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It is difficult to discern, that Dresden is the residence of ministers, of generals, of officers of superiour rank, and of wealthy citizens. Nevertheless, the number of all these persons is very considerable. You will not see in this place that number of magnificent carriages, that numerous retinue of servants, those sumptuous tables, those brilliant assemblies, those splendid repasts, nor those pleasure parties, things so frequent in other chief cities. In compensation for this you will not hear in this city of men famous for their debts, nor of merchants and mechanicks cheated and ruined by fashionable debtors. Many of the officers in the service of the state, who in other small residences cannot commonly do without horses and carriages, walk here on foot, and use, on days of ceremony, a modest sedan chair. How should it happen, that a counsellor should think himself obliged to incur expenses of this kind, when he sees the ministers themselves dressed very plainly and going on foot? There is, I believe, not one instance of a merchant keeping horses and a carriage. Two or three bankers only keep equipages. All other persons of this class keep at the utmost a gig or a carriage drawn by one single horse [une demi fortune] and a small country seat in a neighbouring village, where they spend some time in the summer season. It must not be imagined that this economy degenerates into avarice. On proper occasions they show themselves in a manner suitable to their fortune. They are equally removed from the profusion of Warsaw and from the Spanish pageantry that reigns in Vienna. They will display in exquisite dishes and in delicious wines every thing a delicate palate may wish for. At the same time you will be treated with a conversation more agreeable, more witty, and more various than in either residence before mentioned. The fashionable people of both sexes are there better informed and possessed of more wit than in many other residences of Germany.

We shall not follow our author to Nuremberg, to Berlin, to Munich, nor even to Vienna, although there are interesting details enough in the description he gives of these different cities; but if we except some slight shades, the physiognomies are there nearly the same. In Nuremberg the fine arts are a little more cultivated; in Berlin the higher classes of society are more austere; in Munich more affable and more hospitable; in Vienna more solemn and more cold. Such is the general result of his observations, and the writer of this article can bear testimony, that this result is in general correct. We shall conclude this article with the account our author gives of the saltworks of Salzburgh, situated near the small town of Hallein, where they purify the salt extracted from a neighbouring mountain called Durremberg.

I had procured at Salzburgh a permission for visiting the mines. On my arrival at Hallein, I sent it to the officer of the administration, in order to inform him of my design. As I was assured that more than two hours would pass before I could get an answer, I ordered my dinner to be served, after which I took the way of the mine. People go there commonly on horseback or in sledges, but these two modes equally displeased me. I preferred walking. I found the road neither too long nor too rough, and the diversity of the prospects, which change every moment, rendered the walk very agreeable. After you have ascended a mountain for nearly one hour, you discover before you a small village with a neat church built of pale red marble, which is highly ornamental to the landscape.

About two hundred paces further you reach the end of your journey, and arrive at a tavern where the director of the mine awaits the curious visiters with the costume necessary to undertake the subterraneous excursion. When entering I perceived a being of a singular form, dressed in white, which suddenly disappeared. The director having conducted me to a closet, told me, that a company was to visit the mine with me. He displayed the bundle of garments necessary for the purpose, and now I guessed immediately what the kind of phantom was, that had struck my eyes at the moment of entering. He explained to me the rest. It was a young woman, who had come from a neighbouring town with her brother and her elder sister. The attire consists of a white great coat, breeches of the same colour, long, white cotton stockings, large shoes with thick soals, a leathern apron, and finally, a cap for the protection of the head. The breeches, the great coat, and the stockings are wide enough to be put on over every other dress. The good humour which these preparations excited in us, was the cause, that from the first instant we were toge-

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ther like old acquaintances. We entered the mine under the guidance of the director. The soil is clayey and of unequal hardness. As we proceeded, we had the pleasure of enjoying the admirable effect produced by the torches which each of us held in his hand. Their light was reflected by the water and the vault of the gallery covered with crystalized salt. The numerous facets of the mineral decomposed the rays of light, and produced a variety of admirable colours. The director had made some arrangements to render our excursion more amusing, by placing at proper distances miners engaged in some particular kind of work. One continued to dig the gallery; another was employed in carrying the earth out of the mine; a third was repairing the canal where the briny water flows along. On a sudden the director stopt on the brink of a deep abyss, where our eye could penetrate only to the depth of a few feet. "We must descend to the bottom of this abyss," said the director. Our ladies, alarmed at the proposition, inquired whether there was no other way to be pursued. Without paying any attention to their anxiety he answered coolly, it was the only one. At the same time he spread his apron upon two parallel beams with a smooth surface and extending into the abyss in an oblique direction. All along the beams a rope was fastened to take hold of during the descent. Having seated himself on his apron, he requested a gentleman of our company to do the same behind him, to have afterwards a lady seated in the same manner, and so alternately with the others. In the twinkling of an eye we glided with him to the bottom of the abyss. We had already alighted before our fair companions had yet completely fetched the sigh which their fears had excited. They give this expeditious mode of descending the name of rolling. The ingenious mind of the director had reserved until the last moment the most beautiful prospect. He led us, as it seemed, to the entry of a new gallery. We plunged into it, and on a sudden a dark vault was open before us, whose spacious extent could be discovered by the light of our torches. At the first sight it presented the image of a dark sky, where a few stars sparkled at a distance. As soon as the eye was accustomed to their lustre they took the appearance of glistening exhalations, which illuminated the surrounding objects and communicated to them that intermediate tint of light and shade which is so pleasing at the entry of a large cavern. This ought to be visited by novel writers desirous of producing some grand effect in the modern manner that has been adopted for this kind of composition. Otherwise all the efforts of their imagination will produce nothing but wretched sketches whenever they have to describe caverns, subterraneous halls, tombs, prisons, and other scenes dire and lugubrious. This cavern may contain as many as seven hundred thousand buckets of water. At the moment we saw it, it resembled much the publick square of a city illuminated all around, which made its extent appear much more considerable. The mine contains thirty-three similar caverns. The one we visited is the largest. They make use of them in the following manner. They convey to them soft water, which dilutes the saline parts with which the side walls are impregnated. The water is left there for some time to be perfectly well saturated, after which, it is conducted by canals to Hallein, where it is made to boil and to evaporate in order to extract the salt. After we had gone through the cavern in all its extent, we saw a kind of chariot advance, drawn by two workmen of the mine. We all seated ourselves on it. Our charioteers carried us at a fast trot through a beautiful gallery on an inclined plane hewn in a white marble rock, and we saw again the splendour of daylight. We found our clothes in a neighbouring saw-mill, where we took leave of our obliging director and his workmen.

C. F. A. C.

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ORIGINAL.

[FOR THE SELECT REVIEWS.]

The Complete Farrier, or Gentleman's Travelling Companion; comprising a General Description of the Perfections and Imperfections of that Noble Animal the HORSE; with a concise Account of his Diseases, their Symptoms and Remedies; and Advice with respect to Purchase, Age, Action, Condition, Shoeing, Feeding, Exercise, Docking, Nicking, Pricking the Tail, and the Structure and Management of the Stable; with Directions for the Treatment of a Horse, Preparatory to, and on a Journey, whereby a Person will be at once prepared to treat any Accident or Disease that may occur. Compiled from the best Authorities, particularly adapted to this Country, and interspersed with much Original Matter, the Result of the Observations of a Gentleman of known Experience in the United States. pp. 248. Bradford and Inskeep, Philadelphia, 1809.

ON the first notification and appearance of this volume, *which offers so much*, we prepared ourselves for a disappointment when we should come to its perusal; for the titles of book are something similar to Vintners' *Signs*; the most specious and promising do not always indicate the best entertainment; and under an inviting portico we frequently find but an insipid host, and a very scurvy bill of fare. Amidst the swarms of ephemeral publications to which this observation is justly applicable, the volume now before us must be acknowledged to be a solitary but honourable and distinguished exception. We have examined its contents with a high degree of satisfaction, and we do not doubt, but every friend to that noble and generous animal which is the subject of the treatise, will find in its perusal an unexpected treat; and more clear and comprehensive practical information than in any other volume of its size hitherto published.

The author or compiler, with a view to render the account of the diseases of the horse more intelligible to those readers who are altogether unacquainted with anatomy, commences with a sketch of the general structure of the animal; the bones, with their vessels, ligaments, cavities, period of formation, &c. the eyes, lungs, heart, stomach; their conformation, functions and peculiarities. Next follow the formidable train of diseases to which this most useful quadruped is subject, among which are fever, inflammation of the lungs, inflammation of the bowels, stomach, kidneys, bladder, eyes and liver; strangles, or throat distemper, lockjaw, broken wind, jaundice, gripes, staggers, diarrhœa or purging, diabetes or excessive staling, worms, hide-bound, surfeit, mange, grease or scratches, mallenders and sallenders, glanders, farcy, wounds and bruises, fistula in the withers, poll-evil, saddle-galls, sitfasts, strains, ringbones, wind-galls, spavin, with a melancholy train of *et ceteras*. The symptoms, causes, nature, prevention and proper treatment of these, are particularly pointed out. The observations of the writer are evidently deduced from long experience and a minute attention to the subject; and so much feeling and good sense appears in his reasoning and remarks, as do equal honour to his understanding and humanity. The anatomy and physiology of the foot are treated in a clear and masterly manner. The principles of *shoeing*, so little known and attended to by those whose ignorance produces such extensive mischief and misery to this generous, uncomplaining animal, are laid down with such plainness and precision, that, for the sake of humanity, we could wish this section in particular, to be read and studied by every blacksmith in the union. The numerous and distressing diseases of the foot are next minutely described, and the proper treatment, as well as mode of prevention particularly pointed out. The articles bleeding, physick, &c. are followed by advice on the management of a horse preparatory to and during a journey, with which every

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gentleman ought to be familiarly acquainted. Feeding, exercise, docking, and nicking are treated of at large; and the volume concludes with advice and direction with respect to the purchase of a horse; from which we make the following extract as a specimen of the merits and usefulness of the work.

ADVICE AND DIRECTIONS WITH RESPECT TO THE PURCHASE OF A HORSE.

The chicanery and artifice too generally practised by dealers in horses, renders it necessary that unwary as well as unskilful purchasers should have some rules laid down by which they may, in a degree, avoid or guard against such fraudulent and dishonourable practices. Indeed, it is to be lamented that some men who evince a proper regard for moral rectitude in their ordinary transactions, will, when selling a horse, deviate from their true character, by extolling the animal beyond his real merit, or by concealing material faults or latent defects, in direct violation of truth and candour.

We shall now describe the horse in as brief a manner as possible, noticing some of the most material imperfections; and shall also lay down some rules by which the age may be judged of with a tolerable degree of certainty, at least until he arrives at an advanced age.

The purchaser ought first to examine the horse as he stands in the stall, when no person is near him, and observe whether he stands firm and steady on all his legs; if he shifts their position frequently and appears restless, it indicates hard usage or something worse; and, although it may not be a sufficient reason alone, to decline a purchase, the cause ought first to be well inquired into.

BREAST AND FORE LEGS.

Having examined the horse in the stall, let him be brought out of the stable and placed upon level ground (not with his fore feet several inches higher than the hind ones, which is a universal practice among dealers) then minutely examine his limbs, beginning at his breast which should be reasonably broad and a little projecting; as a hollow, small, and contracted breast indicates weakness and an aptness to stumble.—Thence examine from his elbows to his knees, which is by some called the fore thighs, and by others the arms. These ought to be fleshy and a little bulging on the out side, but nearly straight within. If, on the contrary, they are lean and slender, it is a sign of weakness. See that he does not tremble or totter, but stand firm upon his knees, which should bear an exact proportion to each other and be stout, lean and sinewy; if they be scared it will at least afford reason to suspect that he is a stumbler if nothing worse.—The legs from the knees to the pasterns, or fetlock joints, should be lean and flat. If, on the inside, hard excrescences or knots are found, they are splents; but if they do not approach too near the knee joint, they seldom or never occasion lameness, and generally go away of themselves as the horse grows in years.

The horse should also stand firm on the pastern joints, which must be of equal size, clean, and well knit, and the pasterns be strong, stout, and almost upright. If, on the contrary, they are long, slender, and bending, or tottering and leaning forward, it indicates weakness as well as hard usage. After examining thus far, stand a few paces before the horse and see that he is not bow-legged, that is, the knees turning outwards and the toes inward; for, this is a defect not only disagreeable to the sight, but a horse thus formed never can be sure footed.

HOOFS.

This is a proper time also to examine the hoofs, on which much depends; they should be large, black, smooth, tough and nearly round, not too flat, neither too upright, and the bottom concave. White hoofs are apt to be tender and do not so well bear, or retain the shoe. A hoof that is flat and pumiced on the under side is generally tender, and indicates founder or some other defect. If the hair lie smooth at the edge of the hoof and the flesh even, all is well there, but if the hair is rough and the flesh raised and uneven, a ring, or quittor-bone may be apprehended.

THIGHS AND HIND LEGS.

The hinder thighs should be thick, full within, and bulging on the outside, at what is called the stifle or middle joint. Lean and slender thighs are not so agreea-

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ble to the sight, nor do they promise much service. From the thigh bones to the hock, or what is by some called the gambrel joints, should be pretty long, but from thence to the pasterns or fetlock joints short, and the leg lean, flat and sinewy.

The hock joint should be particularly examined, and to be perfect must not be fleshy, but consist of skin, bone, veins, and sinews only; bending a little rather than too straight. If any knots or swellings (either hard or soft) are found in the hollow part, or inside of the legs, just below the joint; beware of spavin; for although the horse may not yet be lame, a little labour will probably make him so. The remarks before made with respect to the pastern, or fetlock joints of the fore legs, also apply to those of the hind. If scabs are found on the inside of the pasterns of the fore or hind legs, it is evident that he cuts or interferes, which is a great objection, particularly if the horse is intended for the saddle. Windgalls are little swellings which are often found just above the fetlock joints. They proceed from hard usage, but seldom occasion lameness unless when they become very large and firm.

HEAD.

The head should be of a medium size, the forehead bulging, and the face from the root of the ears to the nose a little bending outward. A hallow faced horse, with his nose projecting, never can please the eye, though he may not be the worse for service.

The countenance should be cheerful, the ears sharp, well pricked, set high and moving, which indicates life and activity; while on the contrary, thick, leering, wide set and unmoving ears, are signs of dulness and bad temper. The cheeks should be wide and thin, and the space between the jaws also wide, and without knots or kernels, and the windpipe very large; which are all signs of good wind as well as courage. But if the jaws are fat and thick, and the space between them fleshy and nearly closed up, the horse must necessarily breathe with difficulty. The head should be of a gradual taper, rather small just above the mouth, which should be large, as a horse with a small mouth never carries or bears the bit well. The nostrils should be wide, and when the horse is in motion, a redness should appear within, which indicates free breathing.

EYES.

These organs ought to be most minutely examined, and in a situation where the glare of light is not too strong; the middle sized eyes are to be preferred. It is better, however, that they should be rather large than small. They should be round, lively, dark coloured (but not entirely black) and so clear and shining that you can see far into them, and when the horse is moving, but little of the white should appear.—Eyes that are very black or cloudy, ought to be avoided, as they are generally prone to disease. Most dealers in horses are prepared to account (and sometimes with great adroitness) for every defect that an observing purchaser may happen to discover or point out, and particularly as respects the eyes, which they studiously endeavour to make appear as trivial, or of no consequence at all. The purchaser, however, should be aware of such sophistry, and not rely too implicitly upon it; but rather trust to his own judgment, or that of some disinterested friend.

NECK AND SHOULDERS.

The neck should be long, and small at the setting on of the head, growing deeper from thence to the shoulders. The upper edge should be thin and rising a little semi-circular from the shoulders to the head; the mane thin and strong, as a heavy, thick mane, bull neck, or a very lean and slender neck, are never pleasing to the sight. The shoulders should be thin, and lie well back; but to judge correctly of them, the horse should stand upon level ground. If the shoulders are thick and upright, he will not answer well for the saddle, as too much weight will necessarily be thrown upon his fore legs, which will make it unpleasant, as well as unsafe for the rider. For a draught horse, however, thick and upright shoulders are rather a recommendation than otherwise. Beware of swellings on the top of the head, or on the withers, as the former may result in the poll-evil and the latter in the fistula.

BODY.

The back should be short, and the chine broad or thick, and moderately curved, but if too much bending, or what is called saddle backed, it is never strong. A horse with a high or roach back is very objectionable, as he never can be used under the saddle with satisfaction to the rider. If the chine be thin the saddle will not

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sit well. A horse with a high back, or thin chine, is, however not the worse for harness.

The ribs should not be flat, but bend well outward, the last rib should approach the hip or huckle bone within about four or five inches, and the belly be moderately let down, but not to swag.

A flat ribbed horse with a gaunt or clung up belly, can never perform much labour. The buttocks should be round, full, and the rump nearly on a level with the back, and the tail set high. Thin, contracted, or steep buttocks, are always offensive to the eye, though probably do not injure the animal for actual service.

It is a good sign when a horse is deep in the girthing place; but if, on the contrary, he is there slender, it indicates weakness.

MOVING.

After having attentively examined the horse standing, let him be rode in your presence on hard level ground, fifteen or twenty rods backward and forward frequently, first in a walk, then alternately in his other gaits. Observe his mouth that he bears steady and fair on the bit, his head well up, but his nose not much projecting, as this is a great fault, especially for a riding horse. Stand occasionally before as well as behind him, and see that his toes neither turn inward or outward, and that he goes rather narrower before than behind, as no horse can move well on his legs unless he does. If he goes too close there is reason to believe he will cut. His action should be lively, and when in a trot his fore legs well thrown forward, though even and regular, and not clambering. Observe that he treads firm on the hardest ground, otherwise you may be assured he is tender footed, which is a great fault and diminishes his value much. His hind legs when in a trot should move even, bending a little outward at the hock, and be thrown well under him, though never to strike the fore shoes, which is called forging, and is very objectionable. If he takes up his feet slovenly, throws them outward, steps irregular, or clambers, have nothing to do with him for any active service; as he is only fit for the heavy draught.

RIDE YOURSELF.

After a minute examination, such as before recommended, should you be of opinion that the horse is likely to answer your purpose, mount yourself and ride him a few miles *alone*, otherwise you cannot judge correctly of his gaits or spirits, as most horses go much freer and better in company than they do alone. This is a proper time also to observe his wind. Such trial is the more necessary as it is not uncommon to meet with horses whose gaits and actions are pleasing to the eye; yet, when mounted, are intolerably rough and unpleasant to the rider, and often addicted to start and stumble.

Do not permit yourself to be hurried into the purchase of a horse because he is a beautiful figure, or otherwise fascinating in his external appearance, but always examine *more than once* before you purchase; otherwise, it is highly probable that some material defects will escape your notice; especially, if you are not a critical judge. This caution is the more necessary because your morals as well as pecuniary interest may both suffer. For, should it so happen that by making a hasty purchase, you get a horse defective in some essential points, that will by no means answer the intended purpose, you may possibly be induced to commence the jockey, to get him off your hands; and, in order to do this with the least loss to yourself, you may not consider it indispensably necessary to acquaint the purchaser (perhaps as unwary as yourself) with the whole truth respecting the defective animal; in which case your morals will most certainly be implicated.

It is also necessary to have particular regard to the kind of service for which the horse is intended. If for the saddle or any active service, the middle size, say about fifteen hands high, well formed as before described, is to be preferred; but, if for a slow and heavy draught, the larger and stronger the better.

Small horses answer equally well for the purposes of agriculture, as well as for many other employments to which their strength are adequate.

All the extraordinary qualities and exact symmetry, before described, will seldom or never be met with in any one horse; the purchaser, however, will, no doubt, give a preference to those that approach them the nearest.

We cannot take leave of this little volume without most heartily recommending it to the perusal of every person in the United States, who either is or expects to be in possession of a horse. The general dissemination of

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the information and instructions it contains, would, we are persuaded, be productive of the most beneficial effects, not only to the excellent and most useful class of animals it describes, but would check a thousand impositions which are daily practised in the transfer of horses, and all the numberless inconveniences, losses, and vexations which are the necessary consequences of such deceptions.

The volume is also illustrated by three well executed quarto plates; one exhibiting the muscular system of the horse; another the asteology or complete skeleton; and a third displaying the elegance and majesty of this noble animal in two fine figures of the celebrated race horse *Royalist*, and the hunter *Sky Lark*.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Code de la Conscription, ou Recueil Chronologique des Lois et des Arrêtes du Gouvernement, des Décrets Imperiaux relatives à la Levée des Conscrits, à leur remplacement, aux dispenses de service, &c. depuis l'an VI. jusques et compris l'an XIV. Avec Tables, &c. 8vo. pp. 270. Paris, 1806.

WE hate war, and we detest despotism; and wish earnestly that there were no occasion to study the organization of the one, or the resources of the other. But when war is inevitable, and despotism overbearing,—and when both together are darkening the whole horizon of the civilized world, it becomes, of all things, the most necessary to inquire, how they have been united, and in what manner their combination has contributed to their success. It is now our indispensable duty, we think, to make ourselves acquainted with the structure of that military establishment which has triumphed so fatally over every other to which it has yet been opposed,—to ascertain how far its excellences may be copied among a free people,—and to determine to what extent its efficacy or permanence may be rendered precarious by the oppressions which it entails on those who are subject to it.

The perusal of the work before us, which has been recently transmitted from France, with a full commentary of facts, by a diligent and judicious observer, has enabled us to lay before our readers some materials for such an inquiry; and to direct the attention of our countrymen to the internal organization of a power, which must be understood before it can be resisted; and with which we can neither be at peace nor at war in safety, till we comprehend, in some measure, the nature of the foundations on which it rests. The book is entitled "*Code de la Conscription*," and contains a chronological series of laws enacted since the year 1798, on the subject of the military conscription of France. It should be remarked, that the new French jurisprudence has been promulgated under the various titles of the Civil, Rural, Commercial, and Criminal *Codes*—and this, the "Code de la Conscription;" which, no doubt, is, of the whole *Napoleon Corpus Juris*, most dear to the modern Justinian, and most odious to his "great and good subjects."

Tacitus somewhere observes of Tiberius, that his speeches to the senate, by the "involutions" of the style, at once betrayed the character of their author, and seemed to shadow out the picture of his cautious, dark, and crooked policy. This volume, consisting of two hundred and seventy close printed pages, obscure and even unintelligible in all its clauses of lenity, and clear only in its provisions of rigour, might suggest a similar observation, and be traced to the ruminations of an ambitious and sanguinary despotism.

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In fact, the extreme difficulty which we (with no vulgar helps) have experienced in collecting the scope and import of this extraordinary volume, convinces us that to the great majority of Frenchmen, the whole must be as incomprehensible as the mysteries of Eleusis, or the traditions of the Cabala. There is an oracle at hand, indeed, which will readily expound one half of the mystery. The military tribunals will soon make them understand the penalties annexed to disobedience; but they have, and can have no instruction as to their immunities. For it is a remarkable and most instructive fact, that notwithstanding the voluminous annotations daily issuing from the French press on *every other* branch of the imperial jurisprudence, no one has yet been bold enough to publish a single word to elucidate the text, or blazon the moderation of the *Code de la Conscription*.

It is impossible even to glance at this volume, without being struck with the extreme anxiety which these statutes betray, to enforce conformity, both in the executioner and the victim. The enumeration of cases is so complete as to preclude the possibility of evasion. The publick functionaries have their respective provinces most accurately marked out; and are furnished with distinct *formulæ* for every act of office. The severest and most unrelenting punishment is inflicted upon all who, from negligence, or corruption, or pity, give countenance to the slightest relaxation. The diseases which give right to exemption are detailed with a jealous and disgusting minuteness. Precautions are multiplied without number to secure the persons of the conscripts; and, while they are decorated with the title of "*Defenseurs de la Patrie*," the uniform tenour of these laws, and the tone of bitter reproof which pervades them, afford conclusive evidence of a general aversion for the trade of war; and serve to convince us, that these Achilleses are not easily roused to arms, whatever enthusiasm they may afterwards display in the field. Some few provisions are introduced on the subject of voluntary enlistments; but, *as no bounty is allowed*, it is evident that they do not enter into the serious consideration of the government. The old compromise between the military exigencies and civil constitution of the state,—between the effeminacy of the rich and the wants of the poor,—between the ambition of the sovereign and the rights of the subject, is rejected with disdain by the imperial republick; and the student is dragged relentlessly from his closet, and the peasant from his hiding place, by an indiscriminating and unqualified coercion. But habit soon renders submission, if not cheerful, at least easy; rapine furnishes sources of munificence and conciliation; courage becomes a virtue of necessity; strength is acquired by discipline; military ardour kindles with competition; and experience too fatally proves, that, from such elements, armies may be compounded, alike formidable for discipline and valour.

We shall now proceed to lay before our readers a connected view of the law of the conscription as it is now enforced, and to interweave with those statements such illustrations of the present state of the French empire, as may be necessary to develop the whole organization of conquest. No subject, at the present moment, can claim so terrible an importance. The levies of those continental nations, which still preserve the forms of independence, are, it is said, to be moulded upon the same model; and the conscription is, undoubtedly, the *vis motrix* of that great engine to which France owes her aggrandizement, and on which she relies, for the future increase of her dominion. Her politicians exultingly apply to it the language of Vegetius concerning the legion, that it seems rather an inspiration of divine wisdom, than the offspring of human invention. The plan of universal conquest, imputed originally to Louvois, and with more truth, perhaps, ascribed by

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Mr. Burke to the directory, is now, not merely digested into a regular system, but may actually be said to be in a course of execution; and to be proceeding with a steadiness and success, which must strike alarm into the most confident and unthinking. The world, in the opinion of all Frenchmen, is to be again subdued by the discipline and the arts of Rome. *Folard's Polybius, Machiavel on Livy, and Montesquieu on the Grandeur et Declination*, are more than ever "the manuals" from which they draw their lessons of perseverance and cunning. The reading classes of France have always been fond of historical research. Their republick made them passionate admirers, and *enlightened imitators* of antiquity; and their government, availing itself of this predilection for the victorious commonwealths of Greece and Rome, soon taught them to overlook altogether individual interests, and tastes, and enjoyments, both in their foreign politicks, and in the details of their internal economy. They admit "no balanced advantages, or diverging claims" All the capacities, and energies, and habitudes of private life, are unrelentingly wrested to the production of force, for the subjugation of the globe, or, as coordinate with this object, for the aggrandizement of the reigning family. The changes of form in their government have occasioned no remission in this pursuit. It has always been spoken of among them with confidence and zeal. Events have recently brought it more into notice; and nothing now remains but to achieve the ultimate object, "*la grande pensée*," as it is emphatically styled in the coteries of Paris.

That our readers may the better understand our abstract of the laws on the conscription, it is proper to premise, that France is divided into about 30 military governments, subject to a general of division and his staff, to which commissaries are attached as executive officers. The civil division consists of 122 departments; 24 of which have been acquired since the overthrow of the monarchy, exclusive of Tuscany, not included in any part of this statement. The departments are divided into districts or *arrondissements*, from 3 to 5 in number; the *arrondissements* into cantons, and the cantons into municipalities, amounting to about 55,000. Each department is governed by a prefect and his council, composed of a commissary of police, a mayor, and certain inspectors, denominated *counsellors of prefecture*. The district or *arrondissement*, by a subprefect and his council, of a similar formation. The cantons and municipalities are under the supervision of an administration, composed of the civil authorities, with a president at their head. A mayor, a commissary of police, and two officers of the government, styled *adjuncts*, are allotted to every division having a population above 5000 souls. These several authorities are in strict subordination to each other, and at the control of the prefects and subprefects; who, themselves, are charged with a weighty and inflexible responsibility as to the military levies.

The conscription was first published in the form of a general law by the council of ancients in the year 1798, and has since undergone some slight modifications. The *directorial plan* is attributed to Carnot, who, in the revolutionary language, is said "to have organized victory in the French armies." Its author, who was enthusiastically devoted to the forms of antiquity and still preserves, within the rays of the imperial purple, all the simplicity of ancient manners, found his model in the constitution of the Roman *republick*, which made every citizen a soldier before the age of forty-six,—in their *annual* levies, which admitted of no exception,—and in the peremptory orders issued by their consuls to the magistrates of Italy, specifying the number of troops required, and the place of assemblage.

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By the law of the directory, all Frenchmen are pronounced soldiers; and when the *country is declared in danger*, are liable to be summoned to its defence. In any other conjuncture, "*the wants of the army are relieved by the conscription;*" and the requisite number of conscripts is determined by the senate or legislative body, at the suggestion of the executive government. The law which limits the whole number, regulates, at the same time, the contingent of each department, proportionally to its population. Within eight days after publication, the *prefect* distributes this contingent among the districts, by the same rule; and the *subprefect* among the cantons and municipalities. All Frenchmen *between the full age of twenty and twenty-five complete*, are liable to the conscription. They are each year thrown into five classes; the first of which, consists of those who have completed their twentieth year on the 1st Vendemaire, or 16th September preceding; the second of those who, at the same period, have terminated their twenty-first year, and so on, in the order of seniority. Thus, the conscript, who has attained the full age of twenty-five, remains liable, until the month and day just mentioned. The municipal administrations are bound to prepare lists framed from the registers of births, and from common notoriety, which particularize the name, domicile, stature, &c. of all the individuals subject to the conscription, within their jurisdiction. The same individuals are also bound to enrol themselves, with a similar specification, at the office of the municipality, as soon as the law is published. Both lists are then transmitted to the prefects, who are responsible for their accuracy, and who immediately consign them over to the minister of war.

Eight days are allotted to the preparation of the lists. The conscripts* are then assembled in each canton, and examined by the administration, or by a special commission, created *ad hoc* by the prefect. The merits of all pleas of exemption are scrutinized at these meetings. Such as plead infirmities, if able to attend, are examined on the spot; and if not, are visited at their dwellings by "the inspectors" and health officers. The latter, generally physicians in the army, are not selected until the moment of examination; and, to obviate collusion, must belong to a district different from that of the conscript. The final decision of all cases of exemption is referred to a commission of higher resort, composed of the prefect, the general officers and commissaries of the department. When these claims are disposed of, lists are formed of those who are adjudged competent to serve, whether present or absent; and the subprefect then proceeds to the "*drawing*," or designation by lot, of such as are to constitute the *quota* of the district. Tickets regularly numbered, to the amount of the names on the list, are publickly deposited in an urn, and indiscriminately drawn out by the conscripts or their friends. The lot falls upon those who draw the numbers below the amount of the quota. The higher numbers drawn by the rest are annexed to their names, in order that they may be forthcoming in their order, should any casualty disable their predecessors. Absentees not presenting themselves within a month after the drawing, are declared *refractory*, proclaimed throughout the empire, and pursued as deserters.

These are the conscripts of "*the active service.*" But besides these, the law requires *an equal number*, to form what is termed, in contradistinction, the conscription "*of the reserve.*" The members of the reserve are nominated, with the same formalities, to *march only in cases of emergency;* are regularly organized, and carefully disciplined, within their own department,

* Two brigades of *Gendarmerie* usually attend. This is a body of military, having the same functions as our constables, and about 16,000 in number.—*Peuchet.*

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from which they are not suffered to absent themselves. A third body is then created, of *supplemental conscripts*, equal in number to *one fourth* of the whole contingent, and destined to fill up the vacancies which may be occasioned before junction at head quarters, by death, desertion, or other causes. If the supplement should not be adequate to this purpose, the reserve supplies its place; and at all events no deficiency is permitted, as each canton is accountable for its full assessment. No Frenchman under the age of thirty can travel through the empire, or hold any situation under government, or serve in any publick office, unless he can produce a certificate, duly authenticated, attesting that he has discharged his liability to the conscription.

All the authorities are bound *in solidum*, and under the severest sanctions, to observe that the conscripts are assembled, reviewed and dismissed to their destination without delay. They are marched *under an escort* of gendarmérie, *and in bodies strictly limited to the number of one hundred*, to various quarters or depôts throughout the empire, and there first supplied with arms and clothing. They are never permitted to exist in separate battalions, but are individually *(nominativement)* draughted into, or scattered through, distinct corps of the preexisting army, to which they are marched in exceedingly small detachments, and sometimes from an astonishing distance.

Dispensations are given by the higher military tribunal of the prefect; and are provisional or definitive, according to the nature of the disability pleaded. For all diseases pronounced curable, the discharge is but temporary. The infirmities which tend to disqualify, are discriminated with the nicest care, and accompanied by copious scientifick explanations. The minister of war reviews the decisions of this tribunal; and if a suspicion of partiality arise, orders the medical inquiry to be renewed. The party released pays an *indemnity* to the government, the amount of which is proportioned, by the prefect, to his taxes, or those of his parents. No exceptions were originally allowed to the law "of *active service*;" but at this moment, the eldest brother of an orphan family, the only son of a widow, or of a labourer above the age of seventy, or one who has a brother in the *active service*, may, on soliciting the indulgence, be transferred to the reserve. The same privilege is accorded to those who have taken the order of subdeacon in the ecclesiastical seminaries. *Parents continue responsible for their absent children, until they can produce an official attestation of their death.**

The directory admitted of no substitution; but the severity of this principle is now relaxed in favour of such as are adjudged "*incapable of sustaining the fatigues of war*," or, "whose labours and studies *are deemed* more useful to the state than their military services." Proxies are there-

* We find, on the subject of dispensation, two decrees which should be noted. One, p. 100, of the year ninety-nine, by which all workmen engaged in the manufacture of arms and gunpowder, or employed in the national magazines of saltpetre, &c. are exempted; and another, p. 104, of the year 1802, enacting, that *congés* equal in number to the one fourth of the whole body of soldiers and subalterns in the army, should be given to such as had served irreproachably during the whole war, or during five campaigns, as soon as they could be replaced by new recruits. The inspector charged with the distribution of these *congés*, is enjoined, however, to remind the soldiers how much they are in the wrong to abandon the *first of professions* (le premier *des etats*). In the year ninety-eight, the law was repealed which exempted married persons from the conscription. *Deptre*, and with him Malthus, attributes the increased proportion of births in the country, anteriour to that period, to premature marriages, *to avoid the military levies*. (Malthus, b. 2. c. 6.) "*Les mariages prematurés et multipliés par la crainte des loix militaires*," are particularly noticed in the statistical reports of the prefects for the year eight.

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fore received only *ad libitum*; not as a matter of right; and never without a special mandate from the minister of war. The conscript furnishes a sum of about 5*l.* (100 francs) for the equipment of his substitute, who must be between the age of *twenty-five and forty, of the middle size at least, of a robust constitution, of a good character certified by his municipality, and himself beyond the reach of the conscription laws.* He bears the surname of his principal, in order that the latter may be known and compelled to march, should his proxy desert, or be lost from any other cause than death, or wounds received in battle *within the term of two years.*

All the enacting clauses of this system are fortified by heavy denunciations against publick functionaries, *parents*, or others who contribute to defeat or retard its operation. Any health officer or other functionary convicted of furnishing a false certificate of infirmity, &c. is subjected to *five years imprisonment in irons.* All civil and military officers, even of the highest rank, convicted of favouring the escape, or concealing the retreat of a fugitive, are exposed to excessive fines. Conscripts detected in counterfeiting infirmities, or *mutilating themselves*, are placed "*at the disposition of the government*" for five years, to be employed in such publick labours as may be judged most useful to the state. The absentees or *refractory* conscripts, whose apprehension is secured by the most minute and efficient precautions, besides undergoing the corporal punishment entailed on their offence, are amerced in a sum of fifteen hundred francs, equivalent, from the comparative value of money in the two countries, to about one hundred and twenty pounds sterling. This sum, together with the expenses incurred in the pursuit, *is levied inexorably on the real property of the father or mother*, should the fugitive possess none in his own right.*

* It will not be impertinent to exemplify, here, the immoderate rigour exercised on the points now before us, by a few paragraphs taken at random from the journals of the country. The following is from *the Mercure de France* of August 1807. "Jean Vidal senior, of the commune of Orbon, in order to enfranchise his son from the conscription, had employed a false document, knowing it to be false. This document was the record of his birth, in which it was stated that he was born in 1734, although the real period of his birth was 1744. His object was to be considered *as having attained the age of* 71, and therefore entitled to claim for his son the indulgence of the law. The special court of criminal justice has, by a decree of the 21st July, condemned this person *to eight years labour in irons, to be brandied with a hot iron on the left shoulder, to an exposition of six hours, and to the expenses of the prosecution, and of* 400 *copies of the decree.*" The two following are from the *Journal de L'Empire* of August 2d and 7th. "The tribunal of corrective police *(police correctionelle)* of Paris, finished yesterday the trial of seven persons charged with extortion from conscripts,—"Escroquerie en matiere de conscription." Tessiaire, a surgeon's apprentice, was accused of having *blown into the eyes of a multitude of conscripts*, a powder calculated to excite inflammation, and of having received from their friends, *for this service*, various sums between two and three thousand livres, *somewhat more than* 200*l.* from each. Six other persons were accused of making him known to different conscripts, and of sharing in his profits. While one of these, a goldsmith, called *Lugot*, the father of three children, took his place at the bar, *his wife was carried to the grave, having died of fright*, when she was told that her husband had been summoned to appear before the tribunal to answer to a charge *connected with the conscription.* This melancholy catastrophe induced the tribunal to mitigate his punishment. The rest, and among them a woman of some respectability, suffered the utmost rigours of the law." The second case is not a little singular. "The military commission of Turin (department of the Po) decided, in the course of last July, a new case of delinquency with regard to the conscription. Two inhabitants of Turin were convicted, by this commission, of having *forestalled* (accaparé) a great number of substitutes for the department, *by maintaining them at their own expense in houses appropriated to this object, and then selling them out at an advanced price* to the conscripts who wished to

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Nine garrison towns are designated, throughout the empire, as *dépôts* for the refractory conscripts. They are lodged in the citadels, subjected to a most rigid discipline, and made to work in the arsenals, or on the roads, clad in a particular uniform, with their heads closely shaved. Five years constitute the term allotted to this confinement; but it is added, "that they are to be gradually drafted into the army, as they give tokens of docility and reformation!" Every conscript absenting himself for twenty-four hours from his *dépôt*, is punished as a deserter. A special council of war is assembled to decide upon cases of desertion. The penal sanctions are, 1st, death; 2d, the punishment of the ball *(la peine du boulet)* and, 3d, publick, or hard labour.

The nature of the 2d, the punishment of the ball, merits notice An iron ball of 8lb. weight, and fastened to an iron chain of seven feet in length, is attached to the leg of the deserter. He, in the first instance, hears his sentence read, on his knees, and is condemned to hard labour during ten hours daily, and, in the interval of rest, to be chained in solitary confinement. This sentence is rigorously executed, and embittered by all the external marks of ignominy in dress and appearance. The duration of this punishment, which is ten years, is prolonged, and an additional ball fettered to the leg, in cases of contumacy or serious disobedience. We have remarked a curious provision connected with this double delinquency. The party is solemnly interdicted, under pain of two years imprisonment in irons, from fixing himself, after he is set at liberty, *within twenty leagues of the seat of government!* The third class of punishment (*les travaux publics*) is exempt from the iron ball; and, in other respects, only differs from the preceding in the length of the term, which is but three years. A fine of 1500 francs is inseparable from all cases of desertion. Death is inflicted on the deserter to the enemy, and on him who, in deserting from the punishment of the ball, *carries off his own arms or those of his comrades.* The punishment of the ball is adjudged to such as escape into the interiour of the empire with their uniform, or with the effects of another; or from the publick labours which are inflicted upon those who are guilty of simple desertion into the interiour. In time of war, every officer or soldier, absenting himself for forty-eight hours from his corps, without permission, is reputed a deserter. The laws on the subject of desertion are read to the whole French army on the first Sunday of every month.

We have thus given a brief abstract of the law of the conscription, collected from the code itself. We shall now proceed to state the nature and effects of its execution, as represented to us by an observer, who, with the best opportunities, has witnessed them, in almost every part of France, during the progress of three levies.

The grand characteristick of the present administration of France, is relentless inflexibility. A host of informers secures the fidelity of the executive officers. Cases of the most signal and barbarous rigour, of which we have already given a few examples, crowd all the daily gazettes of the empire, and even the journals of Paris, into which they are compulsively and awkwardly thrust, in order that the quickening impulse of fear may be propagated through the entire mass of servitude. The columns now before us might nearly warrant the inference, that those tribunals which the weakness and depravity of our nature have rendered indispensable to all civilized

have proxies. This traffick," says the Moniteur, "by which the substitute receives but a small sum, while the *broker* receives a very large one, must always prove injurious to the lower classes."

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communities, are, in France, exclusively occupied with one species of delinquency, happily unknown to the rest of the world. They entitle it, "*Escroquerie en matiere de conscription*," or the extortion of money from persons liable to service, under fraudulent promises of procuring them an exemption. A stranger in this "great nation" is haunted by the spectre of the police; but the native is attended by another "foul fiend," still more hideous, and threatening him with more degrading visitations. We have it from good authority, that a traveller frequently meets, on the high roads, and particularly in the vicinity of the great cities, twenty or thirty of those miserable beings, denominated refractory conscripts, guarded by a body of gendarmerie, *and coupled together with a rope attached to a horse's tail, as a badge of disgrace!**

Our readers may have observed, in the details of this system, a semblance of tenderness towards persons whose situation is apt to rouse those indignant feelings—that *insurgent* consciousness of right, which undisguised oppression never fails to excite even among the most degraded of human beings. Hypocrisy is the defence of fear against just resentment; and may, therefore, be well entitled, not only the homage which vice offers to virtue, but the tribute which despotism pays to liberty. The provisions on the subject of the reserve, to which we particularly allude, are altogether illusory. The ostensible purpose of its creation is to supply possible deficiencies, and to assist the armies in cases of great emergency. The emergency, however, has always been found to exist—"*Tyrannorum enim preces, nosti, quam permixtæ necessitatibus;*" and the reserve is uniformly compelled to march. Not only are all the conscripts of the current year thus swept away; but those of the preceding years, who have obtained a charter of exemption under the conditions prescribed by law, are also dragged into the field by a decree of the military chief of their department. We must not forget to mention another flagrant breach of law, if any enormity can be so called, which is committed, not only with impunity, but under the sanction of publick authority. In the first tumults of the revolution, the parochial registers, at no period very accurately kept, were almost wholly neglected. As, therefore, no official document can be produced for youths between seventeen and twenty, the recruiting officers, within the two last years, have taken advantage of this circumstance to include in the conscription numbers whose appearance corroborated their assertion, that they were beyond the age, and whose remonstrances were rendered unavailing by their condition in life. The most formidable, however, of all the evils extraneous to the code we have analyzed, is a practice which has prevailed, for some years, of anticipating *by law* the regular levies. The conscripts, as we know, of 1810, are already called out; and by this it must be understood, that those who would then attain the age of twenty, are already made to serve in the armies. These, and other causes connected with the abuse of unlimited power, bring into the field a numerous population of boys, in appearance scarcely able to bear the accoutrements of a soldier, and who, in their preparatory exercises, are objects both of pity and amazement. "† Un

* We find in the Journal de l'Empire, under the Paris head of the 21st October 1807, a paragraph, in which it is stated, that a recent act of amnesty had brought back *to their colours two hundred and four* refractory conscripts, and *ninety-two* deserters of the department of *Orne*; of which department, the *whole contingent* does not amount to more than 692 in a levy of 60,000 men!

† One of the most extraordinary spectacles of Paris is that of the young conscripts who perform their exercises in the *Champs Elisées*. The conquerors of the world are nothing but children!

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des spectacles les plus extraordinaires de Paris," said a distinguished personage of that capital to a stranger, " c'est celui des jeunes conscrits, qui font leurs exercices dans les Champs Elisées. Les vainqueurs du monde ne sont que des enfans."

For the great majority, even of the better classes of conscripts, it is almost impossible to obtain proxies. When the physical requisites are not wanting in the principal, the government, indeed, studiously discourages substitution. The acknowledged hardships, and indeterminate duration of the military service, tend, moreover, to enhance so enormously the price of the few who are found to possess all the requisite qualifications, that they fall exclusively to the share of the rich. More than 200l. is frequently given for a substitute, a sum which, according to the rates of living in France, is much more considerable than with us; and far beyond the means of multitudes, who, in that country, with the habits of refined society, maintain an exteriour of tolerable ease. Of this class are the *amnestied* emigrants and old proprietaries, who enjoy, under the new dynasty, something of the abstract right, and but little of the benefits of *postliminium*; and who, in the bitterness of mortified pride, and the sadness of pining recollection, struggle to uphold a decent establishment with small fragments of their former estates.* The Revolution has, on the whole, had the effect of an Agrarian law. And the equalization of fortunes is, at this moment, among the most prominent vestiges which the tempest has left behind, for the instruction of the world; a consequence over which, in obedience to the dictates of reason, we should perhaps exult. But it is not easy to contemplate, without feelings of strong sympathy, the numbers of impoverished families and decayed gentlemen, who, wrestling with memory and destiny, under a perpetual recurrence of painful comparisons and hopeless wishes, exhibit, throughout France, striking monuments of the instability of human affairs, and salutary examples to the privileged orders and corrupt governments of other countries.

To persons of this description, who hate and despise their government—to the great body of professional men, and of drooping merchants and manufacturers, who educate their children with care and tenderness, and who find no compensation in the splendour of the imperial diadem, for the degradation of their own order, and the loss of domestick comfort, the conscription appears the maximum of human suffering, the most odious of all wrongs, and the most vexatious of all injustice. The Lyseés, or publick schools, the seminaries of ecclesiastical noviciate, the universities of law and physick, are all subject to the visits of the recruiting officer, and forced to surrender up their pupils, without exception of genius or taste, at a period of life when the morals are in a state of oscillation—when the character of the frame itself is scarcely determined, and the understanding but in the first stages of development. Parents are not only made to suffer the pains of a separation under such circumstances, but are condemned to the inexpressible grief of seeing the principles and manners of their children exposed to total wreck, in the infectious communion of the common soldiery—the meanest and most profligate of mankind. The impressment of a British seaman is doubtless a revolting spectacle; but

* From the period of the emission of assignats, in the year 1790, until 1801, the sale of national domains in France produced upwards of 100 millions sterling. These domains were principally made up of the confiscated property of emigrants, and served to defray the publick expenses in the first years of the Revolution. [*Ramel, Histoire des Finances de la Republique.*] Even in 1803, this sale continued, and produced about 18 millions of francs. [*Comptes Generaux du tresor publie.*]

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falls far short of the scene of real distress, exhibited at the balloting of a conscription, when the parents or friends of the conscript are indulged, as is often the case, in drawing his ticket from the fatal urn. The piercing shrieks and tumultuous acclamations alternately uttered on these occasions, by a people to whom nature has allotted such vivacity of character, wholly overpower the feelings of a spectator, and conduct him, irresistibly, to the conclusions we have adopted, concerning the spirit with which the imperial dispensations are obeyed.

We by no means condemn, but indeed cordially approve, a scheme of levies, which would summon, inexorably, all ranks to *the defence of the state*, and compel the opulent to make ample pecuniary retribution for the loss of their personal service in foreign operations. But the French conscription, as must be already apparent, rests upon quite another basis; and, under the garb of equality, acts with a most partial and vexatious pressure. Men of large fortune, the least respectable of the community of France at this moment, either monopolize the substitutes, or corrupt the inspecting officers, and thus disentangle themselves from the tramels of the law. The parasites of the court, by intrigue and favour, secure the same immunity to themselves and their friends. The great military and civil dignitaries of the empire are privileged *ex officio*; and this exemption will be gradually extended to all whose zeal is useful to prop the greatness of the ruling power. The burden, then, falls with accumulated weight upon the class of persons whom we have mentioned in a former page; and a still greater evil is inflicted, by thus confounding them with the dregs and lees of the community. Feelings and habitudes should be consulted in every general act of legislation; and in this instance, the distress and inconvenience occasioned to the lower orders, bear no proportion to the misery inflicted on the higher and middling ranks of the people. It is unnecessary, too, to have recourse to so comprehensive a plan of compulsion, for the creation of a force adequate to all the purposes of *ordinary warfare*. Louis XIV, when at war with the whole of the north of Europe, maintained an army of 300,000 men, principally made up by voluntary levies; and under the last unfortunate monarch of that name, the forces of the kingdom, recruited in the same manner, amounted to 200,000; of which Paris alone furnished annually 6000, although it now yields but 1400 for the conscription.

Notwithstanding the familiarizing experience of the past, and the certain expectation of the future, every new conscription spreads consternation through all the families of the empire. From the commencement of the war against Prussia, until the termination of the campaign in Poland, three several levies were raised; the last of which, proposed in the spring of 1807, created a sensation that is not to be adequately described. Although all correspondence relative to the position of the armies was rigorously interdicted, and no letters suffered to pass without scrutiny, it was impossible wholly to conceal, at least from the publick of Paris, the dreadful mortality which afflicted the march, and the incredible hardships inseparable from the movements of the troops, labouring under a scarcity of provisions, and the unaccustomed rigours of a northern winter. A third conscription was generally viewed as an undertaking much too bold for the internal administration, situated as it then was, and particularly, at a moment when a belief was current, among all ranks, that the emperour would be unable to extricate himself from the embarrassments in which he was supposed to be involved. The government appeared sensible of the hazard; and in order to prepare the publick mind for the event, caused their intention to be announced in whispers through the circles and three thousand coffee-houses of the capital.

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The effect was every where visible, even to the eye of a cursory observer. An impression of terrour upon the countenances of those, who either were themselves exposed to the danger, or shuddered at the prospect of new revolutionary alarms; of suspicion, and joy but half disguised, in the lowering brows of the turbulent and disaffected, constantly on the alert to improve the concurrence of opportunity, and who hailed this desperate expedient, as a confirmation of their hopes relative to the perils of the army. The orator of the government, Renaud St. Jean D' Angely, shed tears of real or affected sorrow, as he stated the necessity of the measure; and the senate received it, contrary to their habit, in silent acquiescence, and with every indication of reluctance and dismay.* In order to assuage the general feeling, it was found advisable to qualify the new call for 80,000 men, by a clause which enacted, that they were *then* to be merely organized, and retained within the limits of the empire, as a national guard. Circumstances enabled them to adhere to this condition, which, we need not add, would have been violated. if the armies had sustained a defeat, or the campaign been protracted to a more distant term. It was the established practice of the Romans, in their foreign wars, to maintain an army in Italy, ready to march in case of disaster. And a recourse to the same policy was indispensable for the French commander, to recall victory, had she deserted his standard, and to drive his antagonist to the conclusion of an ignominious peace, by intimidating him with the show of new and inexhaustible assailants.

It is not easy to convey a just idea of the state of Paris during this period of uncertainty and alarm. We believe, that there never has existed, with a vast majority of its inhabitants, a serious reliance on the stability of the present government. And we are credibly informed, that no doubt was then entertained of its immediate dissolution, if the armies had been broken and dispersed. We are told, that the proportion of idle, profligate and desperate adventurers, whom the revolution has ingendered, or accident collected in Paris, is truly astonishing; and that there is still to be found, among the literati of every class, and even in the deliberative assemblies, a numerous body, with a marked predilection for republican institutions. The first were, and are, ripe and eager for any change; and the latter, equally prepared to reassert their favourite opinions, and cooperate in the subversion of a government, by which they are held in contempt, and reduced to a most abject and contumelious servitude. As Paris, together with the rest of the empire, was left almost destitute of troops, the danger was only to be counteracted by quickening the vigilance, and multiplying the terrours of their domestick inquisition. Among the anomalies of the human character that confound all general reasoning, there is none more incomprehensible than the empire which this tribunal exercises over the whole nation. A people, of all others, the most mercurial in their temper—the most thoughtless in their levity—the most ungovernable in their fury; under the influence of this power, lose the distinguishing features of their character; and on subjects connected with the publick weal, display the vigilance of habitual fear, and all the sobriety and reserve of consummate prudence. They know and observe, as it were instinctively, the precise limits assigned to the range of language; and, conscious that a mysterious ubiquity is one of the attributes of this searching police, discipline, accordingly, the tongue

* Before the law was passed by the senate, the minister of police had issued his orders for the appearance of the conscripts of Paris at the registry. So securely did he rely upon the compliant disposition of that venerable body.

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and the countenance, even in their domestick seclusion. Whoever has had occasion to know the present state of Parisian society will be struck with the prophetick accuracy of the following description, as applied to the aspect it wore at the period of which we are speaking. "Non alias magis anxia et pavens civitates gens adversum proximos, congressus, colloquia, nota ignotaque aures vitari, etiam muta atque inanima tectum et parietes circumspectabantur. Unde plena omnia suspicionem et vix secreta domuum sine formidine. Sed plurimum trepidationes in publico. Ut quemque nuntium fama attulerat animum vultumque conversi, ne diffidere dubiis, ne parum gaudere prosperis viderentur," &c. "Coacto vero in curiam senatu, arduus rerum omnium modus, ne contumax silentium, ne suspecta libertas." [*Tacit. Hist. Lib.* i.]

In the midst of disquietude and fear, publick festivals were multiplied, in order to give an air of confidence to the administration at home; and an unusual degree of splendour brightened the court of the empress, who remained in Paris, and took a principal share in these mummeries of despotism. Her majesty was constantly glittering before the publick eye, either at the brilliant *cercles* of the Thuilleries, the numerous and magnificent fêtes of the Luxembourg and the Garde-Muble, or in the theatres, at the meanest of which she condescended to assist, and to inhale the incense of the multitude. The bulletins announcing the most brilliant successes were regularly kept back for some days, and rumours of disaster intentionally circulated, that the grateful intelligence might produce the greater sensation. These, and other contrivances, however, we are informed, had but little effect in quickening the sluggish loyalty of the body of the people. That emulation of servitude, which is so signally conspicuous in the publick bodies, great officers, and "mercenary Swiss" of state; and to which, under all absolute governments, the higher ranks have evinced so disgraceful a propensity, is but little seen among the lower classes of France; who manifest, for the most part, a chilling indifference to the personal exhibitions of the imperial family, and appear to have lost, in this respect, all the characteristick fervency of their nation.

These trembling anxieties, and humble precautions, will probably appear strange to those who only view at a distance the gigantick frame of this tremendous government, and have not reflected on the various dangers which precipitate the fall of a power founded in force. History shows, with what rapidity of descent old and deeply rooted establishments have sometimes fallen to the ground: and the circumstances of the French capital, in 1806, may warrant the presumption, that a system, resting only, as it were, on the surface, by its own oppressive weight—with no prescriptive authority—with few artificial barriers—with no titles to veneration or love—might have been struck down by the first gust of adversity. The alarm which was evidently felt, while it gilds the future with a ray of hope, practically illustrates a great maxim, which cannot be too often inculcated upon the rulers of every country, that for power, there is no more perishable foundation than *fear*. "Qui vero," says Cicero, "in libera civitate ita se instituunt, ut metuantur, his nihil esse potest dementius: quamvis enim demersæ sint leges alicujus opibus, quamvis timefacta libertas, emergunt tamen hæc aliquando, aut judiciis tacitis, aut occultis de honore suffragiis: acriores autem morsus sunt intermissæ libertatis, quam retentæ." [*Cic. de Officiis, lib.* ii. *cap.* vii.]

We may readily believe, that, if the conscription be hateful to Frenchmen, it must be still more so to the countries annexed to their empire. In Italy, and the low countries, many motives conspire to sharpen the sensi-

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bility of the sufferers, and to foment that rancorous animosity which, as we are assured, is generally entertained against their oppressors. Their hereditary antipathies, well known to the reader of history, and certainly not to be subdued by the events of our own era; the incalculable and heart-struck evils inflicted upon them by the republick and her armies, "the record of which is written in the flesh, and cannot be erased;" the ruin of their old and favourite institutions; the defacement of their monuments of superstition and art; the impoverishment of all classes, and the actual stoppage of every source of private comfort and publick prosperity.* Under the exacerbation of past and present wrongs, they send forth their youth with a reluctance which may be easily imagined, and of which their oppressors are fully aware. In the distribution of the levies among the departments, the contingent allotted to the incorporated territories is designedly small; but the proportion, nevertheless, of their refractory conscripts is astonishingly great; and the coercive measures for the punishment of disobedience, tend to increase the odium of the law itself. The common ends of political dominion, and the purposes of fiscal regulation, of the conscription, and of espionage, have given a monopoly of all offices of profit or trust to Frenchmen, whose conciliatory manners and affected moderation are insufficient to allay the jealousy resulting from their intrusion. As the Romans spread themselves over the provinces of their empire, these new conquerors inundate every country where the supremacy of their arms is felt and acknowledged. The Napoleon code and the language of its authors are established in the courts of Westphalia; and the governments and civil employments are administered almost exclusively by Frenchmen. Clerks have been draughted from the post offices of Paris to conduct similar establishments in Hamburgh and Dantzick. The customhouse officers of Bordeaux and Nantz regulate the whole Baltick coast. In the countries nominally allied to France, which are treated with less lenity than the territories annexed to her empire, publick authority is every where exercised by Frenchmen; and what the rescript of the imperial legislator spares, private rapacity does not fail to devour. The members of the confederation of the Rhine are not subjected to the conscription; for, like the Romans, whose policy it was, not to make their subjects or allies as warlike as themselves, the modern pacificators exact no very copious supplies of men, but extort incredible contributions for the pay and clothing of their own troops. Mollien, the minister of the French treasury, in the printed budget of 1807, felicitates his emperour, on this subject, in the following terms. "Your majesty, sire, has protected your people, both from the scourge and the burdens of war. Your armies have added to their harvest of glory one *of foreign contributions*; which has assured their support, their clothing, and their pay." This compliment has nothing of the exaggeration of flattery. During the whole of the last campaign in the north, the treasury of Paris was overflowing. It is their object,† not merely to crush the armies, but

* See Brissot's address to his constituents for an official statement of the sufferings of Belgium during the revolution.

† In the report of the minister of war, of July 1807, on the results of the war with Prussia, the number of Prussian prisoners is estimated at 5179 officers, and 123,418 privates and subalterns; and of killed, at about 50,000. Comparing this statement with the official report of Berlin in 1805, we should have about 60,000 men for the actual force of that once potent monarch. The report of Visconti, one of the directors of the "*Musée Imperiale des Arts*," deserves to be placed by the side of that of the war minister. It records 350 paintings; 242 rare and precious manuscripts, many of them oriental; 50 statues; 80 busts; 192 articles of bronze, armour, &c.

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to ruin the finances of that quarter, in order that the means and the hope of future resistance, may be more completely extinguished. In the above-mentioned *Rationarium*, the "*Recettes extraordinaires et exterieures*," are stated at more than thirty-two millions of livres; a sum exclusive of the exactions for the maintenance of the troops, the splendid establishments of the generals, and the gratification of private cupidity. This surplus is thrown into the list of "ways and means," to give colour to an idea publickly instilled, that foreign *tribute* will one day wholly exonerate the masters of the world from the burdens under which they now groan; as in the history of the Roman power, the military at all times, and, at one period, the whole states of Italy, were exempted from taxation.

If there be one principle of military discipline sanctioned by the universal experience of mankind, it is, that soldiers should be kept in a state of unremitting activity. No great commander has ever appeared, with whom this was not a leading maxim; and it may be taken as an axiom, that no conquering army will ever issue from the walls of an idle garrison, or the alehouses of a populous city. In attending to the general analogy of our constitution, we must be at once sensible, that the soldier who, when at a distance from the theatre of war, is not inured to extreme labour, and the officer whose eye is not habitually exercised in contemplating the image of his profession, in somewhat of its native proportions, can never be well prepared for the duties of a campaign. The science of command, and the mechanism of subordination, are not to be acquired by the mere manual training, or by the evolutions of small bodies of men; but must be studied on a large scale—in great camps and general movements. All the commentators on the tacticks of the ancients, are struck with the importance which they attached to these objects; and represent the fatigues of their military, even in an interval of peace, as prodigies of human endurance. Augustus, Adrian, and Trajan employed the 170,000 men that constituted the peace establishment of their empire, in publick works; and it is to their labours that we may trace the great roads, bridges, and causeways, of which such magnificent vestiges are still extant in the southern parts of Europe. We need not expatiate upon the chances of success for a general who wages war with an army to which there is truly no other difference between the field of battle and the field of parade, than the effusion of blood.

There is no part of the Roman policy which the French have more studiously copied, than their attention to military discipline. It is their intention, as they express it, to form "* *Une generation propre à la guerre et à la gloire*"—"*Un peuple guerrier porté à la gloire par ses lois*," &c. And for this purpose, the boys of all the *lycées* of the empire are made to march to their classes by the sound of the drum, and are taught the manual exercise during their hours of recreation. The exercises of the conscripts, after their union at the depots, are incessant, and of a nature to qualify them for the severest hardships. Not a moment of rest is allowed in the *short* interval between their incorporation and their march to the frontiers or to the enemy. The troops retained in France, which always consist of raw recruits, are collected in numerous bodies, and disciplined without intermission, upon a scale large enough to familiarize the private to the tumult of general action, and the officer to the use of the military *coup d'œuil*. The

as the spoil which, "the Protector of the Arts" had collected in the north during his campaign.

* A generation devoted to war and to glory—A warlike people carried on to glory by their laws, &c.

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camp of Boulogne is intended for this purpose; and should rather be imitated as a nursery for soldiers, than dreaded as an assemblage of invaders. Fatigue, and the penalties of misconduct, make a dreadful havock among the conscripts, whose youth and condition entail a peculiar delicacy of frame and habits. The waste of life, however, is not one of the objects of imperial solicitude. An unlimited control over the population of the country enables them to replace every deficiency,* and the survivers are poured into the field with bodies moulded into strength,† and minds completely broken to the yoke. Thus, it was found that, with the aid of this probation, —of austere discipline,—and *of confidence in their commanders*, the French troops supported the privations and severities of the winter campaign of Poland, better than their adversaries, who fought under every natural advantage.

The fear of punishment, the dread of shame, and the hope of reward, are all made to operate in their system with the strongest effect. Blows, which tend to weaken the sense of personal dignity, are never given; but, when the resources of reproach and disgrace prove insufficient, recourse is had to the utmost rigours of solitary imprisonment, and to the penalties we have detailed in a former part of this article. They know the full value, too, of that *esprit de corps*, which has so often changed poltroons into heroes; and employ every art to excite and maintain it, by minute divisions and invidious oppositions, employed particularly during the operations of a campaign. It requires little more than one or two years to make veterans of men thus fashioned and conducted; who, according to the bent of their genius, are precipitated in every movement, and led on impetuously to every attack; and whose murmurs, if time were given for the intrusion of discontent, would be lost in the tumults of incessant agitation. By the dispersion of the new conscripts, as we have seen, *individually*, among their *veteran* predecessors of a few campaigns, disaffection evaporates without danger to the government; and the former are gradually assimilated to their companions. Once without the sphere of their domestick attractions, with no hope of escape, and conscious that their destiny is irreversibly fixed, they accommodate themselves to circumstances with the facility which belongs to a temperament preeminently flexible and ardent. They are kept as much as possible beyond the frontiers, not merely for the purposes of conquest and rapine, but in order that they may the sooner lose the qualities of the citizen, and become altogether the creatures of the general. With a view to render this conversion more perfect, and more secure for the government, the principal leaders are frequently transferred from one corps to another, in order that no dangerous attachment to individuals may arise from a long continuance in the same command.‡ If their service has

* Were I to raise a new army, says Machiavel, I would choose them between 17 and 40;—to recruit an old one, I would always have them of 17. [*Art. de la Guerre, liv.* 1. *c.* 6.]

† We have received a particular account of the toilsome and incessant exercises of a body of 20,000 men, encamped at Meudon, in August 1806, under the pretext of rewarding their exploits in the north with a great festival at Paris. This was meant as a mask to their leaders' designs upon Prussia, which were then irrevocably determined. No festival was ever celebrated; but the troops were exercised for six hours a day in a deep and wet meadow, Buonaparte himself directing their manœuvres the whole time; and sometimes under a course of almost incessant rain and tempest.

‡ Machiavel [Art. de la Guer.] attributes all the civil wars and conspiracies of the Roman empire, after the time of Julius Cesar, to the maintenance of the generals in the same command.

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its extraordinary hardships, it has also its peculiar rewards. Their prototypes of antiquity never more successfully reconciled the restraints of discipline and the license of pillage. Death is inexorably inflicted, as we have seen announced in their bulletins, for the slightest transgressions, when it is deemed expedient to enforce order: but we need not be told, that the signal for riot is often given by the general, and the abstinence of the soldier fully requited. After twenty years, he becomes of right a member of the legion of honour; and, as such, is entitled to a small pension for life. This long term, however, is anticipated in numerous instances. Individuals who signalize themselves are promoted on the field of battle, or singled from the ranks with the most encouraging solemnities; and sometimes, for very obvious reasons, invested with the insignia of the order, and dismissed to their homes with the booty they may have acquired.

By a law of the directory, no persons (with the exception of engineers) could become officers, who had not served three years in a subordinate capacity. The revolution naturally opened the way to merit; and, seconded by this admirable policy, has filled all the posts of their army with men who unite in themselves the qualities of the soldier with the excellences that qualify for command. It is not hazarding too much to assert, that nine tenths of the present French officers have sprung from the ranks. Educated in distant camps, they know no other country; and, habituated by long devotion to the trade of war, it has become their element and their passion. Their whole fortune is staked on the sword; and their attachment is therefore necessarily secured, under the *auspicious* influence of a leader, whose indefatigable ambition occupies them in their favourite pursuits, and whose *liberal impartiality* feeds the hope of preferment, and divides the fruits of conquest. To their credit and example is due much of that spirit, which, notwithstanding the causes of alienation heretofore detailed, seems to animate the whole frame of the army; and no small share of that portentous success which has attended the course of the French arms. Of the eighteen marechaux d'empire, fourteen have either emerged from the ranks, or ascended from the lowest employments.* Most of the generals of division,

* *Bessieres*, originally a common soldier, became in 1796 a captain of infantry in the army of Italy.—*Brune*, a printer at the commencement of the revolution, a member of the club of Cordeliers, and an intimate friend of Danton, commenced his military career in 1793.—*Augereau*, a private in the Neapolitan service in 1787, became soon after a fencing master at Naples; in 1792 entered as a volunteer in the army of Italy; and in 1794 was a general of brigade in the army of the Pyrennees.—*Bernadotte*, at the commencement of the revolution, a serjeant in the regiment *de royal marine*; in 1794 a general of division.—*Jourdan* enlisted in 1778, but left the service in 1784; was a shopkeeper at the commencement of the revolution.—*Kellerman* began his career as a simple hussar *in the regiment of Conflans*.—*Lasnes*, originally a common soldier, became, in 1795, adjutant of division in the national guard of Paris.—*Massena*, a subaltern in the Sardinian service at the beginning of the revolution, in 1793 became a general of brigade.—*Mortier*, a captain of a volunteer company in his native province at the same period.—*Ney*, *a hussar*, an adjutant general in 1796, after passing through all the inferiour grades.—*Lefevbre*, son of a miller of Alsace, became a serjeant in the regiment of French guards before the revolution.—*Perignon*, after acting as a justice of peace at Montesch, engaged in the army, and passed rapidly through all the subordinate grades, and, in 1794, commanded the army of the eastern Pyrenees.—*Soult* was a subaltern before the revolution, in a regiment of infantry, and an adjutant general in 1795.—*Murat* served originally in the constitutional guard of Louis XVI; became afterwards an officer in the 12th regiment of *chasseurs à cheval*, &c.—*Junot* began his career in 1792, as a grenadier in one of the volunteer battalions commanded by general Pille; and, in 1796, was one of the aids-de-camp of Buonaparte.

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and others who hold the principal commands, have the same origin, and sufficiently prove that war is an experimental science, and that military renown is not the prerogative of birth, but the harvest of toil, or the bounty of fortune.

These men, whose duties have almost wholly estranged them from the refinements and indulgences of polished intercourse, retain all the leading features of their original department in life; a fierce and turbulent nature; a wild, irregular ambition; a total ignorance of the utility of civil laws, and a sovereign contempt for letters. As they partake largely of the prey, they zealously cooperate in the views of him, whom necessity or chance has led them to acknowledge as a master; but, should he be prematurely removed from the scene, we are not inclined to suppose, that his posthumous aims will be accomplished with equal fidelity. If it be true, as has been remarked, that military governments are at all times hostile to regular, monarchical succession, we can scarcely conceive the possibility of a quiet transmission of power in France, under her present circumstances. The military, of every description, are also said to be very unfit guardians for a legal constitution; and this observation is particularly applicable to the imperial generals, in whose minds no idea of subordination to civil authority, or of uncontested descent in the reigning family, could ever have taken root. The same daring enterprise which has born them forward to their present elevation would not suffer them to remain inactive, if supreme command were placed within their reach. They would tear the sceptre from a feeble hand, and dispute the prize with the same ferocious violence, and desperate resolution, with which they are now grasping at the dominion and the treasures of the rest of the world.

During their contentions, the continent might indeed be allowed to respire; but, independent of the established maxim, that a conquering nation must always be miserable, we confess that we can see no prospect of melioration for France herself. The establishment of freedom in that country must be viewed, we think, as hopeless; nor can it be denied, that the great bulk of the people, while they are incapable of the temperate enjoyment, are decidedly averse to the form of a popular government. Some expectation may be excited by the external frame of the electoral colleges and deliberative assemblies; but this is completely checked by an examination of their actual condition. They have no basis of ancient opinion to command respect; no reputation of consistency to inspire confidence; and have not, indeed, in the view of any branch of the community, an existence or a will, distinct from that of the throne to which they are appended. Under the shadow of a constitution still preserved, their election can never take place, unless ratified by the emperour; and is universally understood to depend, in practice, altogether on his nomination. *The princes of the blood*, and the great dignitaries of the state, are officially members of the *senate*; and to this body, the generals of division, detached from the foreign service, are regularly associated, so as to give them almost a numerical preponderance.*

* The meetings of the senate are always private. Strangers may be admitted to those of the legislative body. The latter was not once assembled during the whole of the last campaign in the north, the members not being perfectly sure. By the constitution, the judges were chosen for life; but, by a *senatus consultum* of 12th October, 1807, it was enacted, that they should thereafter undergo a probation of five years, and be then continued or dismissed at the option of the emperour. A commission was also created for the purpose of instituting an inquiry into the conduct of the judges in being, *in order that the emperour might remove such as were pronounced unfit for their stations.* In all political cases, and all cases of alleged fraud and eva-

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The civil functionaries of every class have not only dishonoured the republican character, by a shameless apostacy, but prostitute the dignity of human nature itself, by assuming the trade of spies and informers. In all their discourses and writings, they inculcate the speculative doctrine of oppression, with as much zeal as their oppressors propagate, by conquest, its practical horrours. The mere wantonness of despotism could never exact, nor could the most inordinate vanity relish, a strain of adulation which would disgrace the worst periods of Roman degeneracy. We may fairly conclude, that the tyrant, who is known to require this tribute on all occasions, has it in view, not only to complete his savage triumph over the patriotism of France, but to bring the cause of freedom itself into general contempt, by exhibiting the base servility of those who so lately undertook *to vindicate the liberties of mankind.** There are, no doubt, as we have before affirmed, numbers who still cherish a preference for republican institutions; many who officiously promote the measures, in order to heighten the odium of the government; and a few who submit, with evident repugnance, to lend their personal weight to the consolidation of the new system. The first, however, will make no sacrifices of interest to principle; and the last can have little influence, when opposed to a majority, who have fortified their native dispositions by the habit of obsequiousness. The fabrick of a free state can never be reared by such hands, nor framed from such materials, as the populace of Paris, or the soldiery of the frontiers. Should the imperial seat be vacated within a short period of time, the legislative assemblies might, like the Roman senate, in their contest with Maximin, maintain a struggle with some firmness and vigour, but with no permanent means, and scarcely with the benefit of obtaining a choice of masters.

When we meditate upon the probable career of an army of 700,000 men,† greater than any which Rome ever maintained in the meridian of her power, and imbued with such moral and physical energies, our apprehensions for France vanish before the melancholy forebodings we are compelled to entertain for the nations of the continent. A nation of soldiers must be occupied. Plunder is their food, and will be sought wherever it is to be found. A people at war from principle, says Montesquieu, must necessarily tri-

sion, the trial *by jury* has been superseded by *special tribunals;* one of which is now established in each department, consisting of three judges *appointed by the emperour.*

* This feeling has been displayed strikingly in the bulletins from Spain, on the subject of the leading patriots of that country.

† Infantry of the line, 341,412; light infantry, 100,130; cavalry, 77,488; artillery, 46,489; engineers, 5,445; a total of *five hundred and fifty thousand nine hundred and sixty-four.* This is the official statement of 1805. Since that period, there has been an augmentation of at least *one hundred thousand,* exclusive of the foreign troops, Italian, Bavarian, &c. taken into the service. Gibbon remarks, that, in his time, France still felt the efforts which she had made in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth! According to Neckar's estimate, the expenses of the war department, before the revolution, were 124,650,000 francs. In 1805, they were stated at 271,500,000 francs. M. de Pommeller estimated the population of France at 25,065,883, in 1789. *Peuchet* now rates it at 34,976,313, exclusive of Tuscany. The ratio of this population to the territory, is 1,093 3-32 individuals to the square league;—*a condensation inferiour to* none but that of Holland. *The annual levies,* before the revolution, were stated at one seventeenth of *the bachelors* capable of bearing arms—estimated by M. de Pommeller at 600,000; but the actual proportion of the yearly levies, *at a very low calculation,* may be one seventieth of the whole male population between 20 and 40. Peuchet estimates this body at 7,612,690, for 1805; and allows that *sixty thousand* have been annually recruited since the commencement of the revolution; but the real number must be more than double. The directory called forth 200,000 at once in the year 1799.

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umph, or be ruined. They will labour in their vocation, and never make peace but as conquerors. Such a temperament as we have ascribed to the chiefs and instruments of this conspiracy against mankind, is essentially at war with all the moral virtues and generous principles of our nature, with the gentle charities, as well as with the hoarded treasures of peace.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Communications to the Board of Agriculture, on Subjects relating to the Husbandry and internal Improvement of the Country. Vol. V. Part II. 4to. pp. 204.

ONE solitary paper occupies the whole of this second part: but it equals in value a host of ordinary communications, and merits a more detailed account than our miscellaneous pages will warrant us in bestowing. It is entitled:

An Essay on the Nature, Produce, Origin, and Extension of the Merino Breed of Sheep: to which is added, a History of a Cross of that Breed with Ryeland Ewes; describing their Qualities and Produce, and a successful Method of managing them. By Caleb Hillier Parry, *M. D. F. R. S.* &c.—On this subject, Dr. Parry is known to have bestowed particular attention, and to have established, by actual experiments, many important facts. He appears to have more completely studied the Merino breed of sheep than any other agricultural gentleman or philosopher in the united kingdom; and, in addition to the remarks with which he has previously favoured the publick, he here furnishes a most elaborate essay, containing the result of patient inquiry and long experience. All judicious readers will be gratified not only by the mass of useful information here collected by Dr. Parry, but by his methodical and luminous exhibition of it. After such indisputable traits of a mind truly philosophick, we require not his assurance that "he has been actuated by no motives of personal interest, but solely by the love of what has appeared to him to be the truth."

This essay is divided into two parts, in the first of which the nature, produce, origin, and extension of the Merino breed are considered, in order fully to meet and completely to solve the question proposed by the Board, which solicits information as to "the growth of wool from the Spanish breed of sheep, or from some cross between the Spanish and British breeds, in Great Britain; as to the advantages which may have attended such crosses in respect of wool, carcase, application of food, freedom from distempers, &c. and as to the most effective means of spreading this race of sheep." On each of these points, Dr. Parry has laboured to afford the Board an ample and satisfactory account; and he has even taken a wider range than the mere terms of the prize question require, in order to place the subject in all its amplitude before the reader. For the purpose of establishing the importance of this disquisition, the ingenious author, in the first place, states the quantity of the superfine wool imported into England from foreign countries in the years 1802, 1803, and 1804, to have been 18,467,718lbs. and from Spain alone, either in Spanish or neutral vessels, 15,307,718lbs. for which the clothiers paid 4,391,044l. and for which, supposing the merchant's profit to be 15 per cent. or 658,656l. the sum of 3,733,288l. went out of the kingdom.

Being dependent to so large an amount on a foreign state for the basis of our fine woollen manufactures, it becomes an object truly patriotick to inquire into the most effectual mode of remedying this want; and, since the fine wool in question is the produce of a breed of sheep called in Spain

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Merinos, to examine whether this breed cannot be domesticated, or a race obtained by crosses which shall answer the purpose of the manufacturer, and at the same time be valuable for its carcase. To satisfy the reader on these points, the author enters first into a history of the Merino breed, as it exists in Spain. According to this memoir, the number of these sheep now depastured in that country amounts to about five millions, which are divided into two classes, the *Trashumantes* and *Estantes*, i. e. the travelling and the stationary. Dr. P. thus describes their form and quality:

The Merino sheep in Spain is an animal below the middle size, comparatively with our native English breeds, and probably about that of the pure Ryeland, or old South Down. Though these sheep possess a great deal of picturesque beauty, and are exactly such as Rosa of Tivoli and others of the best painters have chosen as models, from which to decorate their immortal works, they are by no means furnished with that form, which modern fancy or experience has presumed to be inseparably connected with a disposition to early maturity and fatness. Thus they are, in general, rather high on their legs. Their heads are large, and their necks long. Their chests are contracted, and therefore they are sharp on the shoulders and flat sided. They are also narrow across the loins; whence it inevitably follows, that their hind quarter is straight and defective.

In all these respects, however, there is great difference in individuals of the same flock, and more especially in the general character of form in different flocks of this race.

The defects which I have mentioned are, however, in some degree counterbalanced by the peculiar quality of the skins of the Merino sheep, which are remarkably thin, soft, and loose, affording that evidence of a strong disposition to fatten, which many of our farmers call "proof."

There is another respect in which the skin of the Merino race differs from that of our native sheep. It is of a fairer hue, with a vivid tint of what is called carnation or flesh colour; bearing the same relation to that of our English breeds, as the skin of women with red or auburn hair does to that of those whose hair is dark brown or black. This tint is particularly conspicuous on those parts which are naturally free from wool, as the eye lids and lips.

With this peculiar condition of the skin is connected that quality of the fleece, which has hitherto been generally considered as the chief characteristick of the Merino race: I mean its fineness and flexibility, in which it is probably superiour to any other breed in the known world.

These animals seem absolutely buried in wool. It exists on their foreheads almost as low as the eyes, and on their cheeks; covers their bellies, and envelops their hind legs, and sometimes their fore legs, down to their very hoofs.

The length of the staple, or filaments, of wool is from two to somewhat more than three inches; being much alike on the shoulder and on the rump. The wool of the ram is generally esteemed the coarsest and longest; that of the ewe finest and shortest; and that of the wether, in both respects, between the two former.

These sheep are stated to produce, one with the other, five pounds of unwashed wool on the animal's back: but the loss of weight in scouring is very considerable. The grandees and societies of monks possess numerous flocks which are distinct varieties of this race, differing in the form and size of the carcase, and in the weight and fineness of the fleece. One of these, from a title in the family of count del Campo Alange, is called *Negrette*; others, *Infantado*, from the duke of that name; others, *Paular*, from the Carthusian monastery to which they belong; while others bear the appellation of the monasteries of *Guadeloupe* and the *Escurial*. These different breeds vary as to the proportion of yolk or grease which imbues all wool; but which is so superabundant in the Merino race, that it attaches to the fleece a great quantity of dust, earth, and other substances, and gives to it a dirty and unsightly appearance; yet, as the finest fleeces have the most yolk, the superficial darkness is no discouraging circumstance.

We are further informed that

The wool of the Merino sheep differs from that of all our breeds, in being of nearly an equal degree of fineness on the shoulder and on the rump. It grows more

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thickly on the latter than on the former. The whole fleece is remarkably free from those white, opake, and coarser hairs, called by the French, jarre, and by us, kemps, stitchel hairs, or cat's hairs. Those which here and there occur among Merino wool, are extremely short, and easily drop out during the process of manufacture, so as not to injure the fabrick.

It is remarked that if these sheep be slower in becoming adult, they live much longer than other known races; that they eat more indifferently of all sorts of food; and that it is a striking peculiarity, in which they differ from every breed of short-woolled sheep, that "while very few of the rams are polled, or have short snags, the majority have large spiral horns; and on the other hand, a horned Merino ewe is rarely to be found." The Spanish management of the flocks is too curious and entertaining, as a matter of history, to be omitted; and independently of its reference to the subject in question, it exhibits in a striking light the uncultivated state of this vast peninsula.

The Merino rams and ewes in Spain form separate flocks till the beginning of July; when those which are appropriated to the increase of the species are put together, and suffered to continue till the middle of August. The youngest rams so chosen are from two to three years old; and they continue in use till eight or nine. There seems to be little further ground of preference of one ram to another, except that the shepherds studiously avoid all those which have black spots on their bodies, or in their mouths. The period of union in the ewes is from two to seven years of age; though, sometimes, the two-tooth ewes are permitted to copulate. One ram is generally allotted to twenty or twenty-five ewes.

The ewe rarely produces more than one lamb at a birth. The lambs fall in November and December. The common custom is, immediately to kill one half of these; or even three-fourths, or more, if the season is bad, or there is any probability of want of food. This massacre is first practised on the males; of which, however, they take care to preserve a sufficient number to maintain the stock. In every hundred and eighty sheep the proportion is usually as follows: 100 ewes, 50 lambs, 25 wethers, and 5 rams. One reason why half the lambs are destroyed is, that each which remains may have the benefit of two nurses; for the Spaniards hold that the wool of the ewe would be injured both in quantity and quality, if she were exhausted by being obliged wholly to support her lamb. In order to produce this curious association, the shepherds take off the skin of a lamb which is killed, and wrap in it another which has already been suckled by its natural mother. The lamb so dressed they bring to the ewe which has been deprived of its young one; and which, deceived, as they say, by its appearance, allow the stranger to suck her. This operation they repeat three or four times in twenty-four hours; and, by next day, the animals generally take to each other of themselves. When the ewe is not readily deceived, and is in consequence refractory, they reduce her to order by tying her by the leg to a stake. The lambs continue to suck till the flock commences its journey to the mountains, which is when they are about five months old.

Very few, perhaps none, of the ram lambs are castrated. The wethers abovementioned are rams, cut at the age of six or seven years, when no longer fit for propagation. The mutton which they yield must, of course, be very bad. In fact, this breed is rarely eaten except by the shepherds themselves, or others connected with the flock; and by them usually in the mountains. So little, indeed, are these sheep considered as an article of food, that though immense flocks of them pass through or near Madrid twice every year, the beef and pork of that capital are supplied from the neat cattle and pigs of France, and the mutton from the sheep of Africa.

During the winter, the Merino flocks cover the plains of some of the warmest and most fertile provinces of Spain. Such are Valencia, Murcia, Arragon, Castile, La Mancha, Andalusia, Estremadura, the neighbourhood of Cadiz, &c. The herbage of these countries, which had been burnt up during the summer, begins to reappear on the first autumnal rains; after which it pushes so rapidly, and acquires such a degree of luxuriancy, that the shepherds are often obliged to fold their flocks, which they do by means of nets, in order to prevent their injuring themselves by feeding too hastily. Thus the herbage continues to shoot more or less during the whole winter. But as soon as, from the increasing heat of the sun and the constant consumption, the feed begins to fail, which takes place from the middle of April to the beginning of May, the flocks commence their journey to the mountains of Leon, Castile, Arragon, Na-

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varre, Gallicia, Soria, Segovia, Cuencas, Albarazin, Burgos, the Asturias, &c. The tops of many of these mountains are in the winter covered with snow, but, in the summer enjoy only a refreshing coolness, and are well clothed with short herbage, admirably suited to the animals which they are designed to support. This herbage, according to the author of the Oryctographia et Zoologia Arragoniæ, chiefly consists of *festuca ovina* (sheep's fescue) *aira cristata* (crested hair grass) and *medicago lupulina* (melilot snail shell).

The beginning of the journey of each flock is in some measure regulated by the distance which it has to travel. Those which go from Estremadura to the Asturias have a march of at least 550 English miles. They proceed towards the mountains at the rate of from 5 to 16 miles a day, according to the pastures which they meet with by the way; and more slowly before than after shearing. A road is left for them, which is held, as it were, sacred, of 80 or 90 varas, or about 75 yards in breadth, often marked out or bounded by stones. There are several of these roads, through which pass different divisions of those immense flocks, so as to arrive about the same time at the place of their ultimate destination. This variety permits them also to choose or avoid, on their march, those districts of land which are sown with various kinds of grain, according as they have been gathered or not.

Each cavana, or great flock, has a mayoral, or principal shepherd; and each subdivision of such a flock, which, for convenience of travelling, consists of from 1000 to 1500, has its leading shepherd, who goes at its head, and is accompanied by two others, who proceed respectively on each flank. Each leader has for his companions one or more mansos, which are old wethers, or, what is more extraordinary, frequently old castrated goats, each of which is furnished with a large bell about its neck. These bell wethers being much caressed, become extremely docile; and are very useful in guiding the flocks to which they are attached.

The shepherds are accompanied with dogs; which are not, as ours of the present day, intended to regulate the movements of the flock, but are large and fierce mastiffs, like those of the Pyrenees, solely calculated to protect the sheep against wolves and robbers.

Other details are given respecting the method of administering to them a certain quantity of salt, of shearing (which is performed in vast encerradoes, or houses of reception, some of which are capable of containing 20,000 sheep at once) and of sorting the wool, which is divided into four parts, viz. refina, fina, tercera, and cahidas.

A set of bags, containing the whole of the three first sorts of a certain number of fleeces, is called pila, or a pile; and each bag is marked with the initial of the name, which expresses the quality of its contained wool, R. F. or T. The profits arising from the sale of the fourth sort, or cahidas, which is marked C. or K. is allotted for the consolation of souls in purgatory; an end to which no great aid is contributed by the merchants of England.

Dr. Parry might have remarked that the solicitude of the Spanish Catholicks for the deliverance of souls groaning in purgatory cannot be very great, when only the refuse of their wool is appropriated to this purpose: but it at the same time evinces the moderation of the priesthood, that they are satisfied with so small a tribute for so essential a service. A heretick, who doubts the efficacy of their prayers in this respect, may think that this little is too much: but if he could find his interest in purchasing the cahidas, he would not concern himself about the pious application of the money. As the case stands, the rescued souls owe no thanks to the English, who are too cunning to put themselves into the *material* purgatory of coarse cloths, for the chance of thinning *immaterial purgatory* of any of its spiritual inhabitants.

As England is not in so wild and uncultivated a state as Spain, it is a point worthy of notice that the migration of flocks from one extremity of the kingdom to the other is in no respect necessary to the health or productiveness of these animals; that the estantes or stationary flocks, yield fleeces equal in excellence to the best of the trashumantes; and that a system of laws called the mesta, prevails in Spain, which is injurious to its internal, agricultural improvement.

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By this code are regulated the great body of flock masters, consisting of the most powerful grandees, the wealthiest private individuals, and the best endowed monasteries. The effect of such an association, under such a government, may easily be imagined. It has caused the establishment of numerous agrarian laws, the view of which has been, to secure to the corporation of the mesta, on their own terms, the whole produce of those lands, which are conveniently situated for the support of their flocks. Of these laws I have been able to learn only a few; but those few have been sufficient to authorize the conclusion, that they are equally contradictory, oppressive and impolitick. Who, in this country, would believe that a proprietor of sheep pastures in those devoted provinces of Spain, is not allowed to enclose or cultivate them; and that, at the end of a lease, he cannot reenter upon his own land; but is obliged, under any circumstances of improvement, to relet it without advance, and frequently with a diminution of rent? But it would be fruitless to expect in Spain a voluntary dereliction of a system, which, while it enriches an indolent aristocracy, supplies the government with an annual revenue of from twenty-eight to thirty millions of reals, or nearly 360,000l. sterling.

What will be the result of the present conflict in Spain, it is impossible to predict: but every fact respecting that country shows that it requires a complete regeneration; and we hope that a region, which is enriched with the bounties of nature, will not for ever be paralized by a most miserably short-sighted and inefficient government.

Having exhibited a sufficiently minute account of the nature, qualities, and Spanish treatment of the Merino race, Dr. Parry proceeds to inquire into the origin of this breed; and, in order to show that it has been attributed on no sufficient authority to England, he with great accuracy and judgment investigates the most material documents relative to the history of English wool: the quality of which, from the earliest mention of it to the latter end of the 17th century, affords no pretext for supposing that Spain in this instance was indebted to Britain. Whoever peruses this part of the essay will be fully convinced, by the weight of evidence which the indefatigable author has collected from all quarters, "that the notion of the English origin of the Merino breed of sheep, however it may have served to flatter the national pride, falls to the ground as soon as it is coolly and deliberately investigated."—As little reason does he find for imagining that they were imported into the peninsula from Africa, or that they originally existed in Spain. But, from adverting to the nature of the fine woolled sheep of Italy, and considering the coincidence of the breed in question with this race, he inclines to the belief that the Merinos were a colony from Italy, while Spain was a Roman province, and are in fact the same with the ancient Tarentine sheep of Apulia. After quotations from Pliny, Columella, Varro, and others, descriptive of the wool-bearing race in Italy, Dr. P. remarks:

It is impossible for any who reads this description, and who is acquainted with the improved Merino race of the present day, not to suspect that they are one and the same breed. Let us examine the evidence of this fact.

In the first place, there is not, so far as I know, throughout Europe, except in Italy itself, any breed of short woolled sheep now existing, besides the Merino, of which the males are horned, and the females not.

The sheep of Apulia and Calabria had anciently their summer and winter quarters, as in Spain.—

It was universally the practice among the Romans to give salt, with a view to promote appetite and thirst, to increase milk, and to improve digestion, in their sheep. One can hardly believe that this practice, which still exists in Italy, should from time immemorial have found its way into Spain, and into that country only, except by immediate communication.

I have mentioned that the Spanish flocks are frequently led by goats. We find from Tibullus that this was a common expedient among the Romans.*

* Dux pecoris hircus: duxerat hircus oves. Tibulli lib. ii. el. 1. v. 58.

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Following Lasteyrie, Dr. P. next treats of the management of the Merino breed in Sweden, Denmark, Prussia, Hungary, Holland, Piedmont, France, the Cape of Good Hope, New Holland, &c. for the purpose of proving that this race produces wool equally fine with the best Spanish fleeces, in a great variety of climates. From the account of the Rambouillet flock, the following facts are collected:

It appears that the Spanish breed of sheep has been much improved in weight, and, probably, fineness of fleece, and has considerably increased in size, by having been naturalized in France. These valuable points have been accomplished chiefly in the four following ways:—

1st. By choosing for breeding the best and finest woolled rams and ewes.

2d. By never allowing them to propagate till they have attained their full growth; which, at the earliest, is not till nearly three years of age.

3d. By separating the weak from the strong; and,

4th. By giving them plenty of good food, and free air and exercise.

The result of the English experiments with this breed is "that the principal mode, in which the utility of the Merino race has been extended in England, has been by crossing our native breeds with Merino rams." By this observation, we are naturally conducted to the second part of the dissertation before us; in which we are presented with a complete *history of the Merino Ryeland breed of the author*. In the first place Dr. P. details the circumstances which led to the establishment of this breed, the number of his flock, his remarks on the effects of crossing, &c.

I have observed, says he, that the first mixture of the Merino with the Ryeland adds about one third, or somewhat less, to the fleece of the latter breed; without appearing to have much influenced the fineness of the filament. In after crosses, some curious circumstances occur. It is well known that the wool of the Merino and the Ryeland are both short, and the latter the shortest; neither of them usually exceeding, in the ewes, 2 1-2 inches in length. But the second or third mixture of these breeds carries the wool of the ewe to the length of four, and sometimes six inches, with great increase of weight, but still considerable coarseness in the filament. The fourth cross brings the wool to the Spanish standard, in point of fineness, and greatly reduces the length, leaving it still somewhat greater than that of the pure Merino. In every stage of the experiment, the wool is profited, either in quality or weight.

Not satisfied with commendations bestowed on the fleeces of his new breed, he ventures to call the attention of the publick to the value of the carcase of the Merino Ryeland sheep; and to state for the consideration of the Board, the superiour profit and convenience of small breeds of sheep. Very large and particularly very fat mutton is not adapted to small families, however advantageous it may be to the cook, "who receives as her perquisite, all which either the fire separates, or the dainty palate leaves uneaten, and sells it as tallow to the manufacturer of candles or soap." Of the Merino Ryelands, which were fatted and killed by the author, he thus speaks:—"those which I have so expended have been certainly superiour in flavour to any mutton which I have ever purchased, the fat approaching in taste and consistency to that of venison more than in any of the native English breeds. The wethers have reached from 12 to 15 1-2lb. the quarter; and from a two-shear sheep of the latter weight I have had 12 1-2lb. of loose fat."

Our readers will perhaps be surprised at this report, when they recollect that the carcase of the Merinos in Spain is so little esteemed as to be given as a perquisite to the shepherd: but by the cross with the Ryeland the flesh is improved, without any deterioration of the wool.

Distinct chapters follow, on the health and diseases of the new breed; on the obstacles to its extension; on its profit to the farmer and the country at

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large; on its superintendence, including the age and season of propagation quality, and quantity of food, &c. on the treatment of diseases; on the management of the fleece, and the season and mode of shearing; on the little judgment to be formed as to the wool or carcase of the full grown sheep, from those of the lamb; and on the mode of forming a flock which shall have a superfine wool on a beautiful carcase. We should, indeed, occupy a great number of our pages, if we were to copy all the valuable remarks which these chapters contain. The desideratum, however, which the last professes to assist us in obtaining, will surely justify one more extract.

In every point of view it is probable that a ram of the cross breed is as good for the purposes of propagation as an equally good Merino, and better than one which is inferiour. I hear a good deal of what is, by the unlearned, called nature; and by those who fancy themselves more learned, blood. But I would ask, what is the import of these words? Do they mean certain mysterious properties inherent in any one unmingled race? No. Our best race horses are only mongrels; that is, the produce of mongrel mares, either by pure Arabians, or by sires, which were equally mongrel with themselves. Yet we do not hesitate to consider King Herod or Highflyer as blood horses, just as much as if they had immediately descended from a pure Arabian sire and dam; and we should certainly have preferred them for propagation to any pure Arabian stallion, which was inferiour to them in valuable properties. These properties are very different in different animals. In a race horse, which is intended for running, they are speed and facility of breathing, united with only a certain degree of strength. In this animal, fatness would be one of the greatest evils. On the contrary, in a Leicester sheep, the marks of blood are smallness of bone, shortness of legs, and largeness of chest, all tending to fit him for indolence and obesity. The evidences of blood in a bull dog are very different from those in either of the former examples.

The word blood, then, is nothing more than an abstract term, expressive of certain external and visible forms, which, from experience, we infer to be inseparably connected with those excellences which we most covet.

The same principle is equally applicable to Merinos, and their descendants. There is no reason why a good fleece should be connected with a bad form; and I should presume that a pure Merino is not the more valuable because, at present, he happens generally to have a narrow hind quarter, sharp shoulders, and flat ribs. Those sheep, whether pure or mongrels, are best, and, therefore, in the philosophical and practical sense of the word, have most blood, which combine the finest fleeces with the most approved forms. Experience has shown that such rams of the mixed breeds, as well as our cross bred stallions, can transmit to their posterity all their excellences, whatever may be their names, or from what country soever they may have been derived; and he, who at this time, in beginning to breed, prefers the best pure Merino ram to the best Merino Ryeland, will probably find himself eight years behind in the experiment.

Such are the results of Dr. Parry's experience and philosophical inquiry.—A supplement is subjoined, containing actual measurements, by the help of a microscope, of the filaments of different kinds of wool; from which several practical inferences, respecting the Merino cross breeds, are deduced. We have also a statement of the wool produce per acre, on the author's farm, with other particulars; and the whole concludes with this unassuming and cautious paragraph:

Throughout this essay, there are various calculations, in some of which errours may, perhaps, hereafter be discovered. This would not, indeed, be greatly wondered at, were I to state the mode in which I have been compelled to compose the greatest part of the work. I have, however, in every instance, endeavoured to verify the result by different proofs; and I trust that no errour will be found, which is sufficiently important to affect the conclusion, which has any where been deduced.

That such an essay should obtain the premium is not matter of astonishment; but we should be greatly surprised if any person could read it without strongly feeling his obligations to the ingenious author, and his concurrence in the judgment of the Board.

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FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Woman; or Ida of Athens. By Miss Owenson, Author of "The Wild Irish Girl," "The Novice of St. Dominick," &c. 4 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 1*s.* London, 1809.

WITHOUT the least disposition to throw a doubt on Miss Owenson's originality, we have been led to conjecture, in the perusal of this interesting novel, that it was suggested by the *Corinna* of Madame de Stael. The fervid eloquence, with which that fair and tasteful guide pointed to her British lover the glorious antiquities of the Italian mistress of the world, appears to have excited, in the still more enthusiastick mind of the present writer, the wish to throw a richer lustre on the noble but melancholy remains of Athenian greatness; and to display the last faint struggles of valour, liberty, and genius, on the chosen spot which we must hail as their cradle and deplore as their grave. The manner of executing this part of her design is, in our opinion, better calculated to awaken the mixed sentiments of admiration and regret that are inspired by a survey of the solemn scene, than that which was adopted by her accomplished rival; who mingled, perhaps, with her animated descriptions, too much scholastick information, and too much of the formality of a *Cicerone*. Miss Owenson, on the other hand, never stops to detail circumstances or copy smaller features, but labours successfully to produce the general impression resulting from a remembrance of all the noble acts which have illustrated her lofty scenes; places before our eyes the Acropolis, the Parthenon, and the temple of Theseus, without particularizing their situations, their proportions, or their ornaments; and leads us to the plain of Marathon, or the airy heights of Hymettus, without a word concerning their position, their extent, or their topography. We may add, likewise, that she has incorporated the local emotions with a far more striking and probable story than that of Corinna; that her heroine is a more attractive woman; and that her hero is a hero in good earnest.

A preface rapidly describes the Athenian character as exemplified in the several states by the pen of history; and traces, through all its various changes, that ardent love of liberty which seems inseparable from great sensibility of heart, and peculiar vivacity of imagination. The views, which have specifically led to the creation of this work, will be seen in the following passages:

According to the testimony of all modern travellers, the complexional character of the Greek women is now, as anciently, highly favourable to that poetick idea of female fascination so bewitching to the fancy, and to that moral view of female influence so gracious to the mind. But that nice power of development which would justify the intentions of nature in their favour, is denied them by the oppression of the government under which they live, and the ignorance of those with whom they associate. And many a fair Leontium, and many a charming Aspasia, may still exist in Athens, unconscious of the latent powers of their own ardent minds, and ignorant that creatures like themselves once gave the spell of sweet persuasion to the profoundest truths of philosophy, mingled the graces of love with the cares of legislation, and charmed while they inspired those who enlightened, while they commanded, the world.

The Greek women are still lovely in their forms, as those exquisite models of human beauty bequeathed by the genius of their ancestors to the imitation of unborn ages: and their playful but indolent dispositions, their tenderness and their ardeu flow from the same source that lends their manner its animated softness, that gives their eye its languid brilliancy.

I must also confess that the historick retrospect and existing political situation of Greece in general, and of Athens in particular, held out a lure to the imagination, which I found too difficult to resist.

To that country in which the light of political prosperity shines with a pure and cloudless lustre, the heart of the philanthropist will impulsively turn with beneficent

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satisfaction; but the nation which mourns over its sufferings, without the power to redress its wrongs, which faintly struggles in an interval of hope against that oppression which would impose a permanent despair, must eventually give rise to a romance of incident, to a boldness of character, and a vicissitude of event, which bestows on the wildest fiction of the novelist the sanction of probability and the authority of fact.

Miss Owenson remarks, and the circumstance assuredly is of a very striking nature, that in these late ages of the world, "it was reserved for the rude descendants of those barbarous Scythians, looked on by the ancient Greeks with such profound contempt, to arouse their descendants from the gloomy dream of their long endured capturity." "The Russians determined on ravishing the classick isles of the Egean and the continent of Greece from the Porte, and, as they asserted, of restoring the republicks of Solon and Lycurgus."

They, indeed, found no difficulty in inspiriting the Greeks in defence of their natural rights, and for the recovery of their ancient liberties. The same love of freedom, the same vivacity of feeling, and ardour of enthusiasm, was found among many of the oppressed descendants of the heroes of Marathon and Platea as distinguished their immortal ancestors; and, when their eager eyes beheld the Russian fleet doubling cape Matapan, the Archipelago thought itself free. A beam of their ancient glory seemed to shine on the brow, and warm the heart of the Greek patriot; but the beam, though bright, was illusory; and, like the faint, dissolving lustre of an autumnal iris, it died away in clouds and storms. Deserted by their allies, subdued by their tyrants, the patriots of Greece were only rescued from national slavery by the victorious sabres of those who imposed it. Thousands were massacred; and it was a point in debate in the Ottoman council, whether the whole race should not be exterminated.

It is on historick documents, such as these, that I have ventured to depict incidents of heroism and sentiments of patriotism, as still existing among the Greeks. And that I have supposed, to use their own touching and pathetick words: "That in Greece is still to be found a people glowing with the love of freedom, whom the iron yoke of barbarism has not quite degraded, and who have constantly before their eyes the images of their heroes, by whose example their warriours are still to be animated." *

From these materials, joined with some of the more ordinary ingredients of romance, the readers of *The Wild Irish Girl* will easily conceive that such powers as are possessed by this author cannot fail to have produced a most affecting story. They will, however, possibly suspect (as we also have imagined) that the leading characters of the two groups, and the methods of grouping them, bear considerable resemblance to each other; that the two heroes are essentially the same; that the uncle of Ida is in many points too nearly identified with the Irish chieftain; and that the Archondessa is only the princess of Inismore with a new title and a more highly cultivated mind. They will also perceive a secret assimilation constantly made between the fallen state of Athens, and the degraded inferiority of our sister kingdom; and they will lament that the wise and just political doctrines of liberty and toleration, which should be taught only with a weight and a dignity corresponding to their importance, are fruitlessly thrown away in impeding the progress of a novel.

The story, on the whole, is excellent, but it is not very skilfully related. The first volume ought to have been the third; and the incidents contained in it might have been much compressed. A very bad effect is produced by going back from the departure of the Englishman to the far more interesting events of Osmyn's love and rebellion, which appear tedious from our knowledge that they are nearly two years old at the time of our first introduction to the characters. When Ida is in England, she loses some dignity

* See the memorial of the patriot Greeks, in the life of Catherine of Russia.

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of character by the thoughtless volatility with which she mingles in the gay scenes of the world; the second uncle is brought on the stage rather too abruptly; while his strange and unexpected discovery of his niece, and his equally sudden disappearance afterward, impart to her newly acquired wealth the character of a fairy gift, the accumulation of a golden shower, or the produce of Fortunatus's wishing cap. We would also hint to this lady, as well as to many of her fellow labourers in the same species of writing, that romance has lately been somewhat too familiar with hard hearted landlords, bailiffs, and pawnbrokers. The example of Fielding's Amelia is no justification, because the nature of her character and history made the circumstance unavoidable.

To the language of these volumes we must offer the same objections which have occurred to us in examining Miss Owenson's former productions; and we are the more anxious to deter her, by our friendly warning, from the dangers of extravagance and affectation, because she is naturally endowed with great sensibility to the charms of style, and displays, in general, a vigorous and lively, though unchastised, eloquence. A very extraordinary fact is mentioned with regard to the author's velocity of composition.

I have already written almost as many volumes as I have [lived] years.* I have been necessitated to compose with great rapidity, and my little works have been always printed (from an illegible MS.) in one country while their author was the resident of another.†

This hasty execution is not absurdly vaunted as furnishing a claim to applause, but is modestly stated in order to account for inaccuracies. It is, however, an inadmissible plea. Every writer may justly unite two objects, present popularity, and permanent reputation. Though it is too common to sacrifice the latter to the former, it is perfectly clear that even the former will be soon destroyed by an excessive anxiety to secure it, when the publick find that advantage is taken of their indulgence to deluge them with crude and careless compositions. Why, however, will not the fair author condescend to write a legible hand? and why may she not so arrange her visits to England, as to be present while her compositions pass under the printer's hands? Some of the strange phrases which swarm in these pages may perhaps be referable to such omissions. But they, like the neglect which produced them, are still chargeable on the author. Such is the misspelling of *Anadyomene;* the "*apparent* (for *transparent*) *tissue of woven air;*" *sensurous* for *sensuous*, &c. but it often happens, as in these two latter mistakes, that the word intended is almost as bad as the word erroneously employed; and if we were told that the author, speaking of delicate limbs, did not mean to say that their "extremities were rosed with *flowing*," but with *glowing* "hues," we should convict her, on her own confession, of meaning to use an expression which is alien to the English tongue. Why disfigure and overload our copious language with "are spondent," "a comminglement," "to retribute," "to obliviate," and other words equally unnecessary, ungraceful, and unclassical? It is an important, though perhaps

* The "Wild Irish Girl" was written in six weeks; the "Sketches" in one; and "Woman," though I had long revolved its plan and tendency in my mind, and frequently mentioned it in society, was not begun until the 20th of last July. It was written at intervals, in England, Wales, and Ireland, and almost always in the midst of what is called the world. It was finished on the 18th of October, and is now printed from the first copy.

† It is a fact that can be attested by my publishers that I never corrected a proof sheet of any one of my works, nor ever resided in England during their printing or publication.

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an ungallant and rather a pedantick admonition to female writers, to tell them that words derived from the learned languages are edge tools, and cannot safely be handled by the unskilful. Any attempt to alter them may betray these fair adventurers, when not extremely well versed in their origin and in the principles on which they are compounded, into mere nonsense, or perhaps into downright contradiction. To be perfectly versed in the powers and the delicacies of their native tongue is no mean exercise of the faculties; it is a much safer ambition, and not a less honourable praise.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Leontine de Blondheim, &c. By Augustus Von Kotzbue. Translated (into French) from the German, with Notes, by H. L. C. 3 vols. 12mo. London. 1808.

THOUGH we had assisted in the mournful ceremony of conducting *Clara d'Albe* to the peaceful tomb, we were frequently tempted to believe, while perusing the pages of M. Kotzbue's novel, that we had again encountered that lovely heroine, under the name of *Leontine de Blondheim*, transplanted to the sombre forests of Esthonia from the fertile and sunny plains of Touraine. Both are married at an early age, to men much older than themselves, in deference to paternal authority; both are disappointed in their matrimonial prospects, and feel that vacuity of mind which leaves ample room for the impressions of unlawful love; to both, an amiable and interesting admirer presents himself, and virtue and happiness are endangered by seductive opportunity. The melancholy fate of the ardent French beauty is already known to our readers: but the Russian lady is saved at one time by her own prudence, and at another by a very seasonable *heureusement*.—We have resolved, however, not to attempt any analysis of this story, which is too complicated, and too replete with incidents, to be susceptible of abridgment within our limits. It will suffice to observe, that the outline is much more ably filled up than in the parallel novel to which we have alluded; and that the state of Leontine's affections is, on the whole, very naturally traced and explained on consistent principles. Some strange sentiments, some coarse reasonings, and some whimsical refinements of feeling, do indeed occasionally appear, after the usual manner of German tragi-comedy; and a circumstance is introduced of the most revolting nature, and wholly unnecessary to the conduct of the story, of which it infects all the parts and poisons the conclusion. The reader must make an effort to forget this disgusting ingredient, before he can allow himself to be pleased by the otherwise attractive materials which are provided for his entertainment.

We propose here to exhibit this versatile author in a point of view in which he has not been often seen. His plays, his romances, his sentimental journies, and the childish biography of his early youth, have invested him with a notoriety which, if not absolutely discreditable to him, has always bordered on the ridiculous. The letter which we now translate will prove him to be capable of fulfilling, with sobriety and discrimination, the important duties of a moral instructer. The occasion of writing it appears sufficiently on the face of it. An aged clergyman addresses to his beloved pupil the advice which his situation and opinions appear to require.

You give me pain, my young friend. Your letters had already made me suspect what is confirmed by those of a respectable man who lives at Revel, and is much attached to you. You have not a good reputation; and, which is worse, you do

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not appear to regret it; doubtless because you believe that your beneficent innovations* and your noble ideas have drawn that misfortune upon you. Do not deceive yourself: in this world, good people are sometimes ridiculed, but seldom are hated. I think I can perceive the cause of the hatred which you have incurred, in the inclination to satire which I have, from your earliest youth, vainly combated. You cannot hear any thing either false or absurd, without immediately exposing it, and always with a degree of bitterness. Already this unfortunate fault has frequently endangered your life; yet, the moment afterward, you again indulge it with as much freedom as before.

Allow your old master once more to enjoy his ancient privileges; allow him to recall to you a proverb which says, that the world rather pardons a bad action than a good joke [*bon mot*]. Suffer fools to pursue their course with impunity, as you let a drunken man pass you in the street without even a thought of diverting yourself at his expense.

If an epigram could do any good, if you could say, I sacrifice myself to make others better—But no, on the contrary you do but irritate them. Fools as they were, you change them at once into obstinate and vindictive fools, and your recompense is a bad name.

I hear you answer: "What does that signify to me? I act well; and if I am ill treated, so much the worse for those who misunderstand me. I speak and act according to my own conviction"

My young friend, this is not enough. A bad character, even when undeserved, is always a great evil. Certain moralists pretend, it is true, that virtue ought to suffice for itself, without even caring about all that surrounds it. Such maxims belong to inexperience or selfishness. Such virtue is fit only for the deserts of the Thebaid.

Are you really better than other men? then make virtue amiable by your example, though it should cost you the sacrifice of a few *bon mots*, and some lively and ingenious sayings. The esteem of your fellow citizens,—the confidence of the unfortunate,—the friendship, in a word, of a multitude of persons who dread wit only when it is not joined to goodness—these will be your reward.

But you will say to me—"I am young and rich, and I find resources enough in myself, to dispense with other men: why then should I submit to them?" Ah! dear Maurice (permit me still to call you by that name which preserves to me the rights of a father over you) no man, however powerful, can say on this earth, that he does not stand in need of other men; and on how many occasions may the judgment of the world be afflicting in its consequences! Stop at the first example which offers; suppose for a moment that mademoiselle *de Blondheim* had not been to you an object of indifference; suppose that you had perceived in her the woman destined to form the happiness of your life; and that you had owed to your bad reputation alone the refusal which your mother has received. Consider now, what influence that reputation, of which you seem to think so slightly, might have on the whole remaining part of your life.

I should be fearful of offending you, if I endeavoured to justify this letter. Maurice knows my paternal tenderness towards him. He forms, with my daughter, all that I hold most dear and love best in the world. I must, then, be permitted to speak to him with frankness, when I tremble for his happiness.

His young friend stands forward in defence of his own opinions, and displays much spirit, ingenuity, and good sense: but all the distresses which afterward persecute him result from the neglect of his reputation. The whole correspondence between these two friends, in the unimpassioned parts of the work, abounds with just observation. We select but one remark more.

O my friends, what a fault is committed in the education of men! Who even thinks of teaching them, in childhood, to distrust their first judgments? Yet tell me what it is that determines their first impressions. Here, it is a face that displeases us: there, it is a little awkwardness of manner, perhaps only a dress which is not quite fashionably cut; we have heard something to the disadvantage of one, and judge by what we hear; another drops a word in opposition to our ideas, and because his opi-

* *Wallerstein*, to whom this letter is addressed, had enfranchised all his vassals. We are happy to find, in a note by the translator, that all the nobles of Esthonia and Livonia have lately concurred in the same measure. *Rev.*

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nions are not ours, we deem him more wicked than ourselves; for it is thus that men think—their own course is alone right, their own understanding is alone correct, their own reason is alone infallible; and all of us, like the tyrant of antiquity, have our bed of iron, to which every man must conform, on pain of being mutilated.

Notwithstanding the many faults of Kotzbue, few authors have been gifted with a more powerful talent of affecting the feelings by minute traits, and sudden turns of reflection. The regret of Leontine, a girl scarcely fifteen years old, when she leaves the protection of her indulgent father, with a husband to whom she feels no strong attachment, and her childish exultation at the idea of entertaining that beloved father as a guest in her family, are here represented with a degree of delicate pathos which rivals the pencil of Mackenzie. Her faded appearance, also, after three years of unhappy marriage, is contrasted with the rosy health and lively *naïveté*, with which she had before graced the gay circles of youth, fashion, and beauty, in a manner exquisitely touching. In truth, it would be scarcely too much to assert that Kotzbue is deficient in none of the requisites for forming a novelist of the highest order, except *good taste*;—but to the production of a complete and lasting effect, how fatal is that single deficiency!

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

The Life of the Right Honourable Horatio Lord Viscount Nelson, K. B. Vice Admiral of the White Squadron of his Majesty's Fleet, Duke of Bronte in farther Sicily, &c. &c. &c. By Mr. Harrison. 8vo. 2 Vols. 1*l.* 3*s.* Boards.

ENTHUSIASM in the service of his country, and for the honour of his profession, was the distinguishing and paramount feeling of Nelson. In the pursuit of this object no danger terrified him, no obstacle deterred him, no consequence restrained him. Life was desirable only as it tended to this duty, and death was welcome if occurring in the discharge of it. All the particulars here recorded, concerning his command while protecting the two Sicilies. Malta, &c eminently illustrate and confirm this truth, and afford, perhaps, an unparalleled display of exertion and anxiety. "Is his Majesty's service," said he, "to stand still for an instant?" Few constitutions, we believe, could long support such a mind as he possessed, and such fatigues as the incessant workings of that mind created; *his* bodily frame certainly was too weak for the task, and suffered severely from the effects of it.

That he considered the cause, moreover, in which he was engaged, to be just, and that he deemed the views of his government to be laudable, must be argued from a remarkable passage in a letter to lord Minto: "My conduct, as your's, is to go straight and upright. Such is, thank God, the present plan of Great Britain; at least, as far as I know: for, if I thought otherwise, I should not be so faithful a servant to my country, as I know I am at present."

A degree of irritation, and the most acute feeling, naturally attended a temperament of this kind; and we discover repeated instances of those sensations in his expressions respecting sir Sidney Smith, whose appointment in the Levant seemed to interfere with his own command, as well as respecting his treatment by the Admiralty on various occasions, and on being superseded by a senior officer. The excess of his exertions, the unfortunate issue of the contest, and his disappointments, call from him the observation, in a letter to lord Spencer, "you will see *a broken-hearted* man. *My spirit cannot submit, patiently.*"

Vanity was undoubtedly another leading feature in his character, and perhaps as inseparable from it as irritation. In a letter to lady Nelson, on

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occasion of a storm and much danger, he himself says, "I believe it was the Almighty's goodness to check *my consummate vanity!*" Yet in a future letter to earl Spencer, on occasion of honours granted to him at Naples, he deprecates the idea of "one spark of vanity," and says: "God knows my heart is among the most *humble* of the creation." Again, on the other hand, he is represented by his biographer as venting the murmurs of ambition, against the sparing grant of a *baronial* coronet, after the battle of the Nile. At an early period, his determination to become eminent was almost prophetically announced. When first acting with sir William Hamilton at Naples, "sir William," said he, "you are a man after my own heart: you do business in my own way! I am now only a captain; but I will, if I live, be at the top of the tree." Again, writing to his sister, he observed: "They have not done me justice in the affair of Calvi; but never mind; *I'll have a Gazette of my own.*'—We know it to be a fact, moreover, that after the action off St. Vincent's, when a friend was complimenting him on his conduct, talking of the honours which must be conferred on him, and suggesting that he would be created a baronet: "No," said Nelson, looking displeased and contemptuously, and placing his hand on the left side of his coat, "if I have done any thing that deserves reward, let them give me what will *mark the action.*"—By those, indeed, who knew lord Nelson, no doubt can be entertained of his attachment to personal distinctions, and to the exteriour marks of them. His death itself may probably be ascribed to this source.—Much may be said on the subject of honorary and personal distinctions. Where they have been deserved, they can neither be *grudged* nor disapproved: yet it is not desirable that they should be the principal stimulus to exertion, since purity of motive would thus be destroyed; and however the man who seeks and who ostentatiously displays them may be justified, he who with equal claims to them still contemns and rejects them will ever be deemed the greatest character.

His extreme hatred of the French, as a people, was another trait. In above a dozen instances in these volumes, we have such expressions as the following: "Down, down with the French:"—"I have an antipathy to Frenchmen:" "the scoundrels of French:"—"there is no way of dealing with a Frenchman but to knock him down." "Down, down with the damned French villains! Excuse my warmth; but my blood boils at the name of a Frenchman. I hate them *all*, Royalists and Republicans." &c. &c.

If he was nationally illiberal, however, his *soul* was *generous* (as he himself singularly calls it in a letter to earl Spencer) and his heart and purse were ever open to his friends. On being voted 10,000*l.* by the East India Company, he immediately made out drafts for 500*l* each to his father, his two brothers, and his two sisters;* his unvaried and unbounded solicitude for his *band of brothers*, as he called the captains of his squadron at the Nile, and for all his brave companions at all times, is strikingly amiable;* and his zeal for the common cause, while at Naples, induces him to declare that, sooner than the operations of war shall be stagnant from a want of money, he will sell the property of Bronte,† and the magnificent presents

* A prominent instance of this sensibility to the interest and reputation of his brother officers occurs in his well known letter to the lord mayor of London, August 1, 1804, in which he refused the profered thanks of the city for having so long blockaded Toulon, because he denied the fact of the *blockade*, and because the other officers of the fleet were not included in the vote. See Vol. II. p. 423.

† Vol. II. p. 144. Mr. Harrison strongly represents the reluctance of lord Nelson to receive this title and estate as a reward from the king of the two Sicilies, for the dis-

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which had been made to him by different sovereigns. His kindness of heart also appears in a letter relative to the Bronte estate [see Vol. II. p. 243] which he commences by saying: "My object at Bronte is to make the people happy, by not suffering them to be oppressed; and to enrich the country, by the improvements of agriculture."

Decision and promptitude were also well known attributes of lord Nelson, and none perhaps can be more important and more requisite in a commander. These he not only displayed in the hour of battle, but on occasions of deliberation, he resolutely abided all consequences, in following what he conceived to be his duty for the good of the service. When he was in Naples-Bay, and was desired, by lord Keith, then commander in chief in the Mediterranean, to detach to him at Minorca a part of his own squadron, he did not scruple to disobey the order, "till the safety of his Sicilian majesty's kingdom might be secured:" but he wrote immediately to lord Keith, to the admiralty, and privately to lord Spencer (then at the head of the board) in justification of himself; and though he knows, he says, that he *must be subject to trial for his conduct*, he relies on the uprightness of his intentions, and submits to the judgment of his superiours. In like manner, he strongly, though ineffectually, urged general sir James St. Clair Erskine to despatch troops to the relief of Malta, though he was aware that particular circumstances prevented sir James from conceiving himself to be warranted in such a step; nobly adding, however: "I wish if possible to take all the responsibility." His still more palpable disregard of orders, which he disapproved, was notoriously exemplified in the affair at Copenhagen: where he *would not see* a signal which was reported to him, but the *complexion* of which his ardent and sanguine mind could not tolerate.—This subject of obedience to orders is too delicate and important for our discussion of it in this place: we only record lord Nelson's conduct, and refer to his opinion, as generally expressed in a letter to lord Spencer. [See Vol. 2. p. 191.]

Political discernment also was displayed on many occasions, by the admiral, in his judgment of men and his anticipation of events. When he saw the renowned general Mack at Naples, he observed: "General Mack cannot move without five carriages. I have formed my opinion. I heartily pray I may be mistaken;"—and when at a review, and sham fight, Mack's troops were by a blunder completely surrounded by the supposed enemy, Nelson exclaimed: "This fellow does not understand his business."—Of the Neapolitan minister, the marquis de Gallo, he said: "He admires his riband, ring, and snuff-box so much, that an excellent *petit maitre* was spoiled when he was made a minister."—Of sir John Acton he usually speaks in high terms: "He has the wisest and most honest head in this kingdom"—"Acton and Belmonte seem to be the only uncorrupted men in the kingdom,"—but afterwards he changed his opinion, and said: "Acton has, I am almost convinced, played us false."

As to professional conduct and ability, though these are points of the first importance, they require from us no illustration; since the actions of the hero have so splendidly illuminated them. We shall only add that, besides the judgment and daring which they displayed, he was remarkable for the diligence and rapidity of all his movements, whether refitting in port, or when in chace, or in combat. He adopted the best of all methods, that of personal example; and as he himself observed, he did not say "*Go*," but "*Let us go.*"

charge of his duty to his own sovereign: asserting that he yielded only to the representation of the necessity that the former prince should adequately testify his gratitude.

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In a domestick point of view, a shade is cast over this sketch by the disagreement of lord Nelson and his lady; a subject on which we feel ourselves incompetent to speak, and which we should have deemed it indecorous to introduce, had not Mr. Harrison chosen to treat it with more freedom than any other point which comes before him, except one that is intimately connected with it, viz. the character and conduct of captain Nisbet, lady Nelson's son by her first husband In his preface, alluding evidently to this topick, the author declares that he "has fearlessly endeavoured freely to investigate transactions of the utmost delicacy in private life;" a fearlessness which does not appear with the best grace on such a topick, especially when it is seen in that instance alone. A difference of temper and sentiment is ascribed to lady Nelson, which, united to her reception of disadvantageous reports concerning some of the connexions of her husband, created estrangement, and finally a separation. Lord N. then lived wholly in the society of sir W. and lady Hamilton; to the latter of whom it is universally known that he was enthusiastically attached, and to whom the biographer asserts he would certainly have been united after Sir W's decease if he had outlived lady Nelson. Perfect purity, however, is ascribed to this attachment; though it is admitted, in the only passage which recognises a failing in lord Nelson's character, that he was not abstemious in regard to women; and which we shall quote, since it contains some mention of the female child so mysteriously recommended in his will.

Among the amiable and interesting group at Merton, was Miss Horatia Nelson Thompson, lord Nelson's adopted daughter, then an infant about five years of age. What real affinity, if any, that charming child may bear to his lordship, is a secret at present known by few; and, as it should seem, by none who feel at liberty to divulge it. She was, certainly, an object of his constant and most tender regard; and, though the family in general appear disinclined to believe her his daughter, it seems highly probable that she is so. Should this prove to be the fact, it cannot greatly affect his lordship's reputation; who, it is not to be dissembled, though by no means ever an unprincipled seducer of the wives and daughters of his friends, was always well known to entertain rather more partiality for the fair sex than is quite consistent with the highest degree of Christian purity. Such improper indulgences, with some slight addiction to that other vitious habit of British seamen, the occasional use of a few thoughtless, profane expletives in speech, form the only dark specks ever yet discovered in the bright blaze of his moral character.

We shall not further dwell on family disputes which are not properly before us, and are here certainly represented *ex parte*. A more important point of investigation, in which the publick conduct of lord Nelson was implicated, we have not yet touched in this place; we mean his refusal to ratify the treaty with the Neapolitan insurgents: but, as Mr. Harrison's report of this affair has excited a specifick vindication from captain Foote, who was principally concerned in it, we shall reserve our remarks for a succeeding article, in which captain F's tract will be considered.

On the point in question in the ensuing paragraph, we can say nothing: but since we know that the imputation here intimated has been made, and the contradiction here stated is so peremptory, it seems but justice to transcribe it:

Among the various gross imputations against his lordship, which the future historian may find registered in some of the preserved, licentious, publick journals of blended facts and falsehoods, and inconsiderately adopt, is that of the hero of the Nile's having been so addicted to gaming, that he lost, at a single sitting, the whole he had gained, both pay and prize money, during the year of that memorable victory: whereas, in truth, his lordship was so extremely adverse to this vice, that he had scarcely ever, in his life, entered any one of the fashionable gaming-houses; nor ever, as he repeatedly assured his friends, whom these base reports induced particularly to ask the question, won or lost even the trifling sum of twenty guineas!

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Hitherto we have been chiefly occupied with the features of the very uncommon portrait which we have been contemplating; but we shall now advert to a few passages from the work which relate to incidents and transactions.

It has been remarked, that the official letter from sir John Jervis, after the action off St. Vincent's, was extremely sparing of commendation on the officers of the squadron, and especially in regard to the astonishing achievements of commodore Nelson. Mr. Harrison, however, has obtained lord St. Vincent's permission to print extracts from a *private* letter which he wrote to the first lord of the admiralty, to the following effect:

The correct conduct of every officer and man in the squadron, on the 14th instant, made it improper to distinguish one more than another, in my publick letter; because I am confident that, had those who were least in action been in the situation of the fortunate few, their behaviour would not have been less meritorious: yet, to your lordship, it becomes me to state, that captain Troubridge, in the Culloden, led the squadron through the enemy in a masterly style, and tacked the instant the signal flew; and was gallantly supported by the Blenheim, Prince George, Orion, Irresistible, and Colossus. The latter had her fore and fore topsail yards wounded, and they unfortunately broke in the slings in stays; which threw her out, and impeded the tacking of the Victory.

Commodore Nelson, who was in the rear on the starboard tack, took the lead on the larboard, and contributed very much to the fortune of the day; as did captain Collingwood: and, in the close, the San Josef and San Nicolas having fallen foul of each other, the Captain laid them on board; and captain Berry, who served as a volunteer, entered at the head of the boarders, and commodore Nelson followed immediately, and took possession of them both. The crippled state of these ships, and the Captain, entangled as they were, and that part of the enemy's fleet which had been kept off in the morning—as described in the publick letter—joining at the instant, it became necessary to collect the squadron, to resist an attempt to wrest these ships, the Salvador del Mundo, and San Ysidro, from us, which occasioned the discontinuance of the action.

Previously and subsequently to the action off the Nile, admiral Nelson suffered much inconvenience, and the service was much impeded, from not having any frigates attached to his squadron; a deficiency which has occurred in other instances, with similar bad consequences. In a private letter to lord Spencer, which is, throughout, worthy of notice, he commences by referring to this circumstance.

MY LORD, *Mouth of the Nile, 9th August*, 1798.

Were I to die this moment, *want of frigates* would be found stamped on my heart. No words of mine can express what I have suffered, and am suffering, for want of them. Having only La Mutine brig, I cannot yet send off captain Capel, which I am very anxious to do: for, as an accident may happen to captain Berry, it is of some importance, I think, for your lordship to be informed of our success as speedily as possible. If the king of Naples had joined us, nothing at this moment could prevent the destruction of the store ships, and all the transports, in the port of Alexandria; four bomb vessels would burn the whole in a few hours: but as I have not the means, I can only regret the circumstance. I send you a packet of intercepted letters, some of them of great importance; in particular, one from Buonaparte to his brother. He writes such a scrawl, as no one not used to it can read: but, luckily, we have got a man who has wrote in his office to decypher it. Buonaparte has differed with his generals here: and he did want—and, if I understand his meaning, does want, and will strive to be, the Washington of France. "*Ma mere*" is evidently meant for "*my country.*" But, I beg pardon: all this is, I have no doubt, well known to administration. I believe, our victory will, in its consequence, destroy this army; at least, my endeavours shall not be wanting. I shall remain here for some time. I have thought it right to send an officer (by Alexandretta, Aleppo, and Bussorah) over land, to India, with an account of what I have gathered from these despatches: which, I hope, will be approved. I have sent a copy of my letter to the board of control, that they may give the necessary directions for paying the officers' bills. If it should have gone to the East India Company, I hope that board will forward it. Ever believe me your lordship's most obliged and obedient servant,

HORATIO NELSON.

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The deplorable state of publick affairs at Naples in 1798 is thus depicted also in a letter to lord Spencer:

I see the finest country in the world, full of resources; yet, without enough to supply the publick wants. All are plundering, who can get at publick money or stores. In my own line, I can speak. A Neapolitan ship of the line would cost more than ten English ships fitting out. Five sail of the line must ruin the country. Every thing else is, I have no doubt, going on in the same system of thieving. I could give your lordship so many instances of the greatest mal-conduct of persons in office, and of those very people being rewarded. If money could be placed in the publick chest at this moment, I believe it would be well used; for the sad thing in this country is, that although much is raised, yet very little reaches the publick chest. I will give you a fact—When the order of Jesuits was suppressed in this country and Sicily, they possessed very large estates. Although these, with every other part of their property, were seized by the crown, yet, to this moment, not one farthing has reached the publick chest. On the contrary, some years, the pretended expense of management was more than the produce. Taxes have been sold for sums of money, which, now, are five times more than when sold.

When lord Nelson was at Hamburgh on his return to England,

A venerable clergyman, apparently between seventy and eighty years of age, was perceived one morning by his lordship, with a large book under his arm, anxiously looking towards the door of his apartment, with the most expressive solicitude depicted in his countenance. His lordship, immediately, with his ever prompt kindness and humanity, desired Mr. Oliver to inquire what was the object of his wish. Having learned that he was the pastor of a place forty miles distant, who had travelled thus far with his parochial bible, in the first leaf of which he wanted the immortal hero to inscribe his name, his lordship instantly admitted him into his presence; readily complied with his request; and then, taking him kindly by the hand, heartily wished the patriarchal and spiritual shepherd a safe return to his rural flock. The aged and pious minister suddenly dropped on his knee, fervently imploring Heaven to bless his lordship, for so generously condescending to indulge his wish, and solemnly declaring that he should now be happy till it pleased God to call him, when he would die contented, having thus done homage to, and obtained favour from, "*the Saviour of the Christian World.*"

Another circumstance, of still greater singularity, occurred at Hamburgh, relative to a wine-merchant. This gentleman, who was likewise more than seventy years of age, and of a very respectable appearance, had requested to speak with lady Hamilton. Her ladyship, accordingly condescendingly admitted him to a private audience; when he informed her, through the medium of Mr. Oliver, who interpreted for both parties, that he had some excellent, old Renish wine, of the vintage of 1625, and which had been in his own possession for more than fifty years. This, he said, had been preserved for some very extraordinary occasion; and one had now arrived, far beyond any he could ever have expected. In short, he flattered himself that, by the kind recommendation of her ladyship, the great and glorious lord Nelson might be prevailed on to accept six dozen bottles of this incomparable wine: part of which, he observed, would then have the honour to flow with the heart's blood of that immortal hero; a reflection which could not fail to render himself the most fortunate man in existence, during the remainder of his days. His lordship being informed of these curious particulars, immediately came into the apartment, and took the old gentleman kindly by the hand, but politely declined the present. He was, however, finally persuaded to accept of six bottles, on condition that the worthy wine-merchant should dine with him next day. This being readily agreed, a dozen bottles were sent; and his lordship, jocosely remarking that he yet hoped to have half a dozen more great victories, protested he would keep six bottles of his Hamburgh friend's wine, purposely to drink a bottle after each. This his lordship did not fail to remember, on coming home, after the battle of Copenhagen; when he "*devoutly drank the donor.*" It is said, that this wine-merchant, soon after lord Nelson had first taken him by the hand, happening to meet with an old friend, who was about to salute him in a similar way, immediately declined the intended kindness, and said he could not suffer any person to touch the hand which had been so highly honoured by receiving that of lord Nelson. Certain it is, that this man felt so overcome by his excessive sensibility, that he literally shed tears of joy during the whole time he was in our hero's presence.

The subsequent relations also prove the admiral's benevolence of heart and openness of purse.

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At a grand publick breakfast, given to lord Nelson and his friends, by baron Breteuil, formerly the French ambassadour at the court of Naples, the celebrated general Dumourier was introduced to his lordship. Lord Nelson, notwithstanding his general aversion to Frenchmen, had a favourable opinion of this able and intelligent officer; and said to him, that he hoped they should both, in future, fight hand in hand for the good cause; adding, as there was then some prospect of general Dumourier's being employed in the British service, that there was no person, if we were to have joint operations by sea and land, with whom he would sooner act The general was so overpowered by this generosity and grandeur of soul in our hero, that he could only articulate —"Great Nelson! brave Nelson! I am unable to speak. I cannot make any reply to your goodness!" His lordship, finding the circumstances of general Dumourier very humble, for a man of his merits, kindly sent him a weighty purse, next day, by Mr. Oliver, to whom the general feelingly expressed the utmost thankfulness.

While lord Nelson remained at Hamburgh, he received, one morning, a very extraordinary visit. An Englishman, of gentlemanly address, called on his lordship, and requested to speak with him in private. Sir William Hamilton, conceiving the stranger's appearance to be suspicious, particularly as he held one hand under his coat, advised his lordship not to withdraw. Our hero replied that, though he had never before differed with sir William in opinion, he must decidedly do so now. He felt conscious, he said, that he had done no ill; and, therefore, dreaded none. He then, with firmness, bade the stranger follow him into another apartment; who soon gave his lordship to understand, that he was no less a personage, than the famous major Semple, of swindling notoriety. With a considerable degree of feeling, he detailed his miserable situation: an outcast from society; in the deepest distress; avoided, and despised, by every body. Lord Nelson protested, that he had not expected the honour of such a visit; but, nevertheless, returning to sir William and lady Hamilton, and mentioning who it was, kindly asked—"What shall we do for the poor devil?" They accordingly gave him, between them, a purse of twenty guineas: his lordship tenderly remarking, that he seemed a man of talents, *who had, probably, from some first errour of early life, unchecked by friendly advice or assistance, finally sunk into a state of, perhaps, irrecoverable ignominy.*

Lord N's departure on his final cruize is stated to have been preceded by the following circumstances:

Lord Nelson had, at this period [August 1805] no intention of again going speedily to sea. All his stores had been brought up from the Victory; and he was, he said, resolved to enjoy a little leisure, with his family and friends, in the delightful shades of Merton. The honourable captain Blackwood, a few days afterward, brought intelligence, that the combined fleets, reenforced by two more Spanish squadrons, and now amounting to thirty-four sail of the line, had left Ferrol, and got safely into Cadiz. All this, however, was nothing to him: "Let the man trudge it, who has lost his budget!" gayly repeated his lordship. But, amid all this *allegro* of the tongue, to his friends at Merton Place, lady Hamilton observed that his countenance, from that moment, wore occasional marks of the *penseroso* in his bosom. In this state of mind, he was pacing one of the walks of Merton garden, which he always called the quarter-deck, when lady Hamilton told him, that she perceived he was low and uneasy. He smiled, and said—"No! I am as happy as possible." Adding, that he saw himself surrounded by his family; that he found his health better since he had been at Merton; and, that he would not give a sixpence to call the king his uncle. Her ladyship replied, that she did not believe what he said; and, that she would tell him what was the matter with him. That he was longing to get at these French and Spanish fleets; that he considered them as his own property, and would be miserable if any other man but himself did the business; that he must have them, as the price and reward of his long watching, and two years uncomfortable situation in the Mediterranean: and finished, by saying—"Nelson, however we may lament your absence, and your so speedily leaving us, offer your services, immediately, to go off Cadiz; they will be accepted, and you will gain a quiet heart by it. You will have a glorious victory; and then you may come here, have your *otium cum dignitate*, and be happy." He looked at her ladyship for some moments; and, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed —"Brave Emma! good Emma! if there were more Emmas, there would be more Nelsons. You have penetrated my thoughts. I wish all you say; but was afraid to trust even myself with reflecting on the subject. However, I will go to town." He went, accordingly, next morning, accompanied by her ladyship and his sisters. They left him at the admiralty, on the way to lady Hamilton's house in Clarges street; and,

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soon after, received a note, informing them that the Victory was telegraphed not to go into port, and begging they would prepare every thing for his departure. This is the true history of that affecting affair. Her ladyship feels, most severely, that she was the cause of his going; but, as she loved his glory, she could not resist giving him such advice. It is, however, the general opinion of those who best knew his lordship, that he would, in all probability, have fretted himself to death had he not undertaken this expedition.

Relative to the battle at Copenhagen, we are furnished with some private accounts, and an interesting correspondence between the English vice-admiral and the Danish adjutant-general, Lindholm, but they are too long for us to quote. Lord Nelson's disobedience of the commander in chief's signal is unequivocally stated: but it is denied that our fleet would have suffered a repulse if the flag of truce had not taken effect; and M. Lindholm admits, that the *final result* was a defeat on their side, though not an inglorious one. We do not consider it as yet ascertained that the issue would have been similar if the action had been continued.

Another instance of the amiable feelings of Nelson occurs in his conduct towards sir Robert Calder, whom he had orders to send home from the Mediterranean for an inquiry into his conduct in a previous action with the enemy; and it is much to be lamented, for sir Robert's sake, and probably for the publick cause, that lord N's generous and judicious advice was not followed.—Mr. Harrison thus states the circumstance:

On lord Nelson's arrival in the Mediterranean, he had felt it his most difficult task to send home sir Robert Calder. "I had never," said his lordship, speaking on this subject to his confidential friends, "but two enemies in the profession, that I know of; sir Robert Calder and sir John Orde: nor do I feel conscious of having ever given any of them any just cause of offence. However," added this excellent and exalted man, "I will, at least, endeavour to make sir Robert love me." Accordingly, on communicating his orders to this unfortunate commander, he earnestly advised him not to return home immediately; but to serve with himself on the expected glorious occasion, after which there could be nothing to apprehend from any trivial inquiry respecting what might previously have happened. Sir Robert, however, though he could not but feel sensible of his lordship's kindness, was resolved by no means to protract his justification; and lord Nelson, finding him determined to go home, as a last proof of tenderness and respectful consideration for a brother officer thus disagreeably situated, insisted that, instead of sir Robert's departing in a frigate, as directed, he should, at least, have the honour of returning in his own ninety-gun ship, ill as it could, at this eventful crisis, be spared from that station. Thus did the hero willingly hazard a degree of censure from his country, through excess of feeling for sir Robert Calder; nor is it altogether an extravagant impossibility that, to this generous action, he owed even his own death, which the addition of a ship of such force might perhaps have prevented. In writing to the honourable captain Blackwood a second letter, dated the 14th, soon after sir Robert Calder's departure, his lordship feelingly says: "Sir Robert is gone. Poor fellow! I hope he will get well over the inquiry." What a lesson is here of Christian virtue, left by our incomparable hero for the contemplation and admiration of mankind. It is asserted, on no light authority, that sir Robert Calder had formerly, rather rashly, advised a court-martial on our hero, for his departure from his commander in chief's orders on the memorable 14th of February; when the great earl of St. Vincent, with a glorious, noble, and dignified disdain, instantly replied: "You would, then, try a man for knowing better how to act than yourself."

Shortly before the commencement of the fatal battle of Trafalgar, the author relates, lord Nelson took leave of the captain of the Euryalus by saying: "My dear Blackwood, I shall never again speak to you;" and it may be supposed, from all circumstances, that he considered it as probable that his career would be terminated in the approaching combat.

Though we have quarrelled with the profusion and bad taste of the encomiastick expressions employed by this biographer, yet we have always considered lord Nelson as an eminently great character in his profession; and

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the more intimately we regard him, in all the various parts of his arduous duties, the more are we disposed to pronounce that he was *a wonderful man.* His actions and his habits should be the study of every British youth who is destined for the military profession, either on land or at sea; and the present volumes, as affording a near view of him, through the medium of his own letters, despatches, conversation, and actions, form a very interesting and valuable text-book.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Lessons for Young Persons in Humble Life. 12mo. pp. 336. Price 3s. 6d. London, 1808.—In the press of James Humphreys, Philadelphia, 1809.

THIS volume appears to us to contain as pleasing an assemblage of pieces calculated to answer its purpose, as any we have ever inspected. Some are in prose, others are in verse. As several slight variations are made in them from their originals, we do not recommend these to the library of the classical reader; but the library of the cottage will find the volume no unacceptable addition; whether by present or by purchase. We mean nothing invidious, when we add, that English stories, *exclusively*, should be put into the hands of English youth: for, how should they understand, with proper allowances, stories connected with foreign manners?

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Observations on the Brumal Retreat of the Swallow. To which is annexed, a copious Index to many Passages relating to this Bird in ancient and modern Authors. By Philo-chelidon. Second Edition, with Additions. 8vo. 32 pp. 2s. 1808.

WHY, in a first, and still more in a second edition, this author should conceal himself under a feigned name, when he presents to the publick so very sensible and scholar-like a production as the present, we cannot easily comprehend. No one can take offence at what is written upon swallows, nor can it be uncreditable to any man, however situated, to have inquired diligently, or reasoned carefully, on a subject of so general curiosity, as that of the migration of swallows. There is not, perhaps, any other fact relating to natural history, that has been so frequently the topick of narrative or inquiry in popular publications.

Philo-chelidon is decisive for the migration, and thinks that all the instances related of the birds being found torpid, in the water, or in other situations, so far as they are correct, have been accidental, and partial deviations from the general habits of the bird. The authorities quoted by this author are so important, with respect to the departure of this tribe, its being seen in its passage at sea, with its arrival at Senegal, and the warmer parts of Africa, soon after its disappearance in Europe; and his reflections upon them are so judicious, that we should hope to find the question laid at rest for the future; and the analogy of nature in this, as well as other migratory birds, finally established. The index of passages, in ancient and modern authors, on the subject of the swallow, is one of the most copious we have seen of such a kind: and, on the whole, the tract is so sensible, that we hope this *lover of swallows* will be so far a lover of honest fame as to give his real name to the publick.

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SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

ACCOUNT OF LORD STAIR.

GEORGE II. on his return to London, after the battle of Dettingen, could, with difficulty, bear the sight of lord Stair. He could not forgive his lordship's reproaching him for the danger which threatened the English army, in case the king had obstinately persisted in leaving it in the camp which it occupied, and where it would have been completely defeated, if the duke de Grammont, by his rashness, had not saved it. Lord Stair, as proud as he was skilful in war, having soon perceived the king's dislike, and being little disposed to bear the shame of a formal disgrace, was on the point of retiring to his estate in Scotland, when he received the following letter.

"MY LORD,

"Your bravery is well known: but will you have the courage to go, to-morrow night, to the entrance of Somerset house, where you will meet one who (if you dare follow him) will conduct you to a part of the town, not much frequented, but where you will find one who is impatient to see you, and to discover secrets which are of more importance than you imagine, and which cannot be disclosed in a letter. If you are afraid this should be a plot on your purse, bring nothing valuable about you."

We may conceive his lordship's surprise at the reading of this note. At first he took it for a trick of some secret enemy; or some affair of gallantry, the heroine of which had probably her reasons for so acting. However, he determined to go. He, therefore, after providing himself with a sword and a brace of good pistols, went to Somerset house, and found there a man, who, without speaking, made him a sign to follow him. After walking for about an hour, they came into a street almost empty, where the conductor knocked at the door of a small, old house. When it was opened, he said: "Walk in, my lord," and the door was shut upon them. The intrepid nobleman, holding his sword in one hand and a pistol in the other, went up the staircase and entered a room, the furniture of which seemed very ancient. "Come in, my lord (said a faint voice issuing from a bed) come in, you have nothing to fear. Pray sit down on the chair near my bed, and we will converse together." "Very well," said lord S. "but make haste and tell me the reason of this odd adventure." "You are hasty, my lord, but have patience. Lay down your arms: take that seat, and come and look at me." His lordship, surprised at such authoritative commands, to which he was little accustomed, got up, took the lamp, went to the bed, and remained stupified at the sight of an old man, pale and thin, with a long white beard, and whose eyes were instantly fixed upon him. "Look at me, my lord," said he, "I am still alive; I owe to you the only true pleasure I have tasted these many, many years. Age and misfortunes, have they entirely effaced the marks of one who is nearly related to you, and who is delighted to find in you features which are most dear to him?" His lordship, still more astonished, looked at the old man, and unable to account for the different emotions which agitated him, spoke not a word. "Stoop," said the old man, "and you will find, under my bed, a box which contains papers capable of

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amply repairing the losses which your family has suffered by the civil wars." His lordship having placed the box on the bed, sat down again on the chair. "Here, my lord," said the old man, "here are copies of the sales of three of the principal seats belonging to your ancestors, which your great grandfather sold, or rather pretended to sell, during the troubles. Here are also the letters of the pretended buyers, by which you may immediately recover the estates on your arrival in Scotland. Precautions have been taken to prevent any disputes." What was his lordship's astonishment when he saw these three contracts of estates, which he knew formerly belonged to his house: "Ah!" cried he, with transport, "Ah! who are you, respectable and benevolent old man, to whom I owe more than to my own father? Speak, I beg of you! favour me with the name of so generous a benefactor in whom I am so singularly interested, and whose days Heaven seems to have prolonged, that he may find in me, the most tender and respectful of friends, and the most grateful of men!" "Leave me, my dear lord," said the old man, in haste, "I am too weak to bear a longer conversation, leave me, I beg; take that box and bid adieu to an old man, who thinks himself less unfortunate since he has had the happiness of holding you in his arms." "Ah! whoever you are," said lord S. "and whatever reasons you may have to conceal the name of so generous a man, can you have the cruelty to oblige me to obey you? To abandon you in such a situation, without friends, without help, without—." "Stop, my lord! it is with pleasure I see in you such generous sentiments; but know that your friend (since you think him worthy of that title) however unfortunate he may be in other respects, is still free from want; therefore, if you wish to oblige me, leave me, my lord, instantly; nay, do more, and believe me I have a right to demand it: swear to me that you will never come here again, nor ever search after me, unless I send for you." His lordship seeing by his tone of voice that he would not be refused, promised to obey him; once more embraced him; and then left him with tears in his eyes. On his return home he immediately opened the box, and found a great number of papers which he judged would be of great use to him. Next morning, as he was preparing (notwithstanding his promise) to return to the old man, he was suddenly stopped by the following letter, sealed with his own arms, and to his extreme surprise, signed George Stair.

"Do not return to me, my dear lord, for you will not find me. If it had been only to tell you who I am, that is your great grandfather, who has so long been supposed dead, and who justly deserved to be so; I should not have opposed your just desire of knowing your benefactor; but the consequences which I foresaw of so interesting a scene, too much so for my weak age to bear, made me dread to satisfy your curiosity, upon circumstances, which far from offering to you so dear and respectable a relation as you imagined, would only have shown to you a wretch—a monster less worthy of pity than of horrour!

"My father died a few months after my birth. My mother soon followed him. I was left to the care of an aunt, sister to my father, who brought me up so tenderly that (though she was the cause of my crime) I still retain the most grateful remembrance of her in my heart. I was scarce seventeen, when, [illegible]ck with indignation, at seeing my countrymen armed against their lawful sovereign, I formed the design of tendering to king Charles I. the offer of my fortune and sword; but what was my astonishment when at disclosing my intention to my good aunt, I saw her, trembling, lift her hands to heaven, and look at me with a kind of horrour. Surprised and afflicted at the state she was in, and turning with impatience to know the reason: "You

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force me then to tell you," cried she, bursting into tears. "Know then that the prince you are so desirous of serving, is the author of my shame and of your father's death. I was about fifteen, and among the attendants who waited on his mother, when the wretch, imposing on my age and credulity, by the most sacred oaths, contrived to seduce me—In short, I was ruined. The perfidious prince, soon after, went to Spain, in hopes of marrying the infanta. I should have been entirely lost, if your father had not come to London. To him I was obliged to own my misfortune and the consequences which I dreaded. That dear brother, afflicted even to tears, ran immediately to the queen, obtained permission to take me away, and sent me to one of his seats near Edinburgh, where I remained till I was perfectly recovered. Alas!" added she, "I was doomed to see him no more. The grief which he conceived for my undoing soon killed him, and his worthy wife, who after bringing you into the world, survived only a month." Such, my dear nephew, were the secret and deplorable motives which reduced me to that obscurity in which I have since lived, and of which you are alone acquainted. Judge now, my friend, if after the care I have taken of your infancy, and the education I have procured you, say, can you devote your fortune and arms to the author of so many calamities, to a barbarian who has carried death into the breasts of your parents, and into mine eternal remorse?" "No!" cried I, "by G**! no! the wretch is unworthy of life, and he shall die by my hand!" To tell you, my lord, by what means as refined as dangerous, my fury against the king continually increasing, was at last able to fulfil my revenge and execrable oath; to tell you all the events, and the excess of remorse which soon followed my crime, would be now too grievous in my weak state to relate. Be satisfied with knowing, that you may abhor me as much as I detest myself; *that the executioner of king Charles I. who appeared on the scaffold under a mask, was in fact no other than your unworthy, too guilty great grandfather, Sir George Stair.*"

From 1649 (when Charles I. was beheaded) to 1743 (when the battle of Dettingen was fought) there is an interval of 94 years. On a supposition that sir George Stair was 20 years old when he committed his crime, his age in 1743 must have been 114 years.

The anonymous author of these memoirs, adds; that whatever were the emotions of lord Stair at reading this letter, his first care was to look for the street and house where he had seen his great grandfather; but finding the house empty, he had learnt from the neighbours that it had only been occupied since eight days; that it was never known by whom; that since the preceding night the servants had abandoned it, furnished as it was; that they could not tell of whom the tenant held the house; the proprietor being long since settled in America.

ON NAUSCOPY, OR THE ART OF DISCOVERING SHIPS AT A GREAT DISTANCE FROM LAND.

NAUSCOPY is the art of discovering the approach of ships, or the neighbourhood of lands, at a considerable distance.

This knowledge is not derived either from the undulation of relwes, or from the subtilty of sight; but merely from observation of the horizon, which discovers signs indicating the proximity of large objects. On the approximation of a ship towards the land, or towards another ship, there appears, in the atmosphere, a meteor of a particular nature, which, with a little attention, is visible to any person.

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M. Bottineau, a native of the island of Bourbon, laid this discovery before M. de Castries, in 1784. The minister sent him back to the island to continue his observations there under the inspection and superintendance of the government.

M. Bottineau engaged, that not a single ship should arrive at the island without his having sent information of it several days before.

An exact register of his communications was kept in the secretary's office. All his reports were compared with the ship's books as soon as they arrived, to see whether the variations of weather, calms which retarded them, &c. &c. were such as agreed with his reports.

It must be observed, that when his reports were made, the watchmen, stationed on the mountains, could never perceive any appearance of ships; for M. Bottineau announced their approach when they were more than a hundred leagues distant.

From the authenticated journal of his reports, which has been published, it appears that he was wonderfully accurate. Within eight months, and in sixty-two reports, he announced the arrival of one hundred and fifty ships of different descriptions.

Of the fact there can be no reasonable doubt; because every method was adopted to prevent deception, and his informations were not only registered, as soon as they were made, in the government office, but were also publickly known over the whole island. The officers of government, moreover, were far from being partial to M. Bottineau; on the contrary, they were highly displeased with him for obstinately refusing to sell them his secret, which they wanted to purchase at a high price, so that he could expect no favour from their representations. Truth, however, obliged them to give abundant testimony to the reality of his extraordinary talent, in their letter to the French minister, which is published in a "*Memoire sur la Nauscopie, par M. Bottineau.*"

The following are two of the reports extracted from this Memoire.

"On the 20th of August, 1784, I discovered some vessels at the distance of four days from the island. On the following day the number multiplied considerably to my sight. This induced me to send information of many vessels. But though they were only at four days distance, I nevertheless stated in my report, that no settled time could be fixed on for their arrival, as they were detained by a calm. On the 25th, the calm was so complete, as to make me think, for a few hours, that the fleet had disappeared, and gone to some other place. I soon after perceived again the presence of the fleet, by the revived signs. It was still in the same state of inaction, of which I sent information. From the 20th of August to the 10th of September, I did not cease to announce, in my reports, the continuation of the calm. On the 13th I sent word that the fleet was no longer becalmed, and that it would arrive at the island within forty-eight hours. Accordingly, to the surprise of the whole island, M. de Regnier's fleet arrived at Port Louis on the 15th. The general astonishment was greatly increased, when it was known that this fleet had been becalmed, since the 20th of August, near Rodriguez islands, which was precisely the distance that I had pointed out in my reports."

"I soon had another opportunity of showing the certainty of my observations. A few days before the arrival of M. de Regnier's fleet, I announced the appearance of another fleet, which became perceptible to me. This created a great deal of uneasiness, because, as no other French fleet was expected, that which I discovered might be English ships. I was ordered to

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repeat my observations with the greatest accuracy. I clearly perceived the passage of several ships, and declared that they were not bound for our island, but were taking another course. In consequence of this information, the Naiade frigate and the Duc de Chartres cutter, were suddenly despatched to M. de Suffrein. The cutter actually saw and avoided the English fleet in the ninth degree, but unfortunately, did not find M. de Suffrein in the bay of Trincomalee. The report of the cutter effectually convinced the incredulous of the reality of my discovery."

The last circumstance of despatching the frigate and cutter, plainly shows the confidence which the French officers must have put in the information of M. Bottineau. It shows also that he deserved their confidence.

Conjectures respecting the Phenomenon on which the preceding Observations were founded.

The waters of the ocean form an immense gulf, in which substances of all kinds are swallowed up.

The innumerable multitudes of animals, fish, birds, vegetable, and mineral productions, which decay, and are decomposed in that vast basin, produce a fermentation abounding in spirits, salt, oil, sulphur, &c. &c.

The existence of these is sufficiently apparent by the disagreeable smell and flavour of sea water, which can only be rendered drinkable by distillation, and by the evaporation of those heterogeneous particles which infect it.

The spirits intimately united to the sea waters. continue undisturbed, as long as those waters remain in a state of tranquillity; or, at least, they experience only an internal agitation, which is slightly manifested externally.

But when the waters of the sea are set into motion by storms, or by the introduction of an active mass which rides upon their surface, with violence and rapidity, the volatile vapours contained in the bosom of the sea escape, and rise up a fine mist, which forms an atmosphere round the vessel.

This atmosphere advances with the vessel, and is increased every moment by fresh emanations rising from the bottom of the water.

These emanations appear like so many small clouds, which, joining each other, form a kind of sheet projecting forward, one extremity of which touches the ship, whilst the other advances into the sea, to a considerable distance.

But this train of vapours is not visible to the sight. It escapes observation by the transparency of its particles, and is confounded with the other fluids which compose the atmosphere.

But as soon as the vessel arrives within a circumference, where it meets with other homogeneous vapours, such as those which escape from land, this sheet, which till that time had been so limpid and subtil, is suddenly seen to acquire consistence and colour, by the mixture of the two opposite columns.

This change begins at the prolonged extremities, which by their contact, are united, and acquire a colour and strength; afterwards, in proportion to the progression of the vessel, the metamorphosis increases and reaches the centre. At last the phenomenon becomes the more manifest, and the ship makes its appearance.

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Memoir of Robert Levett, the Inmate of Dr. Johnson for near thirty Years.—Written by the late George Steevens, Esq. the celebrated Commentator on Shakspeare.

[*Not Published in Boswell's Memoirs of Johnson.*]

ROBERT LEVETT, though an Englishman by birth,* became early in life a waiter at a coffee-house in Paris. The surgeons who frequented the house, finding him of an inquisitive turn, and attentive to their conversation, made a purse for him, and gave him some instructions in their art. They afterwards furnished him with the means of other knowledge, by procuring him free admission to such lectures in pharmacy and anatomy as were read by the ablest professors of that period. Hence his introduction to a business which afforded him a continual, though slender maintenance.

Where the middle parts of his life were spent is uncertain. He resided almost thirty years under the roof of Johnson, who never wished him to be regarded as an inferiour, or treated him like a dependant.†

He breakfasted with the doctor every morning, and, perhaps, was seen no more by him till midnight. Much of the day was employed in attendance on his patients, who were chiefly of the lowest rank of tradesmen. The remainder of his hours he dedicated to Hunter's lectures, and to as many different opportunities of improvement as he could meet with on the same gratuitous conditions. "All his physical knowledge," said Johnson, "and it is not inconsiderable,‡ was obtained through the ear. Though he buys books, he seldom looks into them, or discovers any power by which he can be supposed to judge of an author's merit."

Before he became a constant inmate of the doctor's house, he married a woman who had persuaded him (notwithstanding their place of congress was a small coal-shed in Fetter-lane) that she was nearly related to a nobleman, but was injuriously kept by him out of large possessions. It is almost needless to add, that both parties were disappointed in their views. If Levett took her for an heiress, she regarded him as a physician already in considerable practice. Compared with the marvels of this transaction (as Johnson himself declared, when relating them) the Tales in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments seem familiar occurrences. Never was infant more completely imposed upon than our hero. He had not many days been married, before he was arrested for debts incurred by his wife. In a short time afterwards she was tried (providentially, in his opinion) for theft at the Old Bailey. Levett attended the court, in the hope she would be hanged: and was very angry with the counsel who undertook her defence. "I once thought," said he, "the man had been my friend; but this behaviour of his has proved the contrary." She was, however, acquitted; and Johnson himself concerted the terms of separation for this ill-starred couple, and then took Levett home, where he continued till his death, which happened suddenly, and without pain, at the age of eighty.

As no relations of his were known to Dr. Johnson, he advertised for them.

* He was born at Hull, in Yorkshire.

† Dr. Johnson has often declared, that Levett was indebted to him for nothing more than house room, his share in a penny loaf at breakfast, and now and then a dinner on a Sunday.

‡ He had acted for many years in the capacity of physician, surgeon, and apothecary, to Johnson. After the good and learned Dr. Lawrence retired from business, the care of Johnson entirely devolved upon Levett; nor was any other physician ever called in till after Levett's death, which happened in January, 1782.

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In the course of a few weeks an heir-at-law appeared, and ascertained his title to what effects the deceased had left behind him.

Levett's character was rendered valuable by repeated proofs of honesty, tenderness, and gratitude to his benefactor, as well as by an unwearied diligence in his profession. His single failing (if it may be called one) was an occasional departure from sobriety. Johnson would observe, "he was, perhaps, the only man who ever became intoxicated through motives of prudence. He reflected, that if he refused the gin or brandy offered him by some of his patients, he could have been no gainer by their cure; as they might have nothing else to bestow upon him—The habit of taking a fee, in whatever shape it was exhibited, could not be put off by advice, or admonition of any kind. He would swallow what he did not like, nay, what he knew would injure him, rather than go home with an idea that his skill had been exerted without recompense."

"Had," continued Johnson, "all his patients maliciously combined to reward him with meat and strong liquors instead of money, he would either have burst, like the dragon in the Apocrypha, through repletion, or have been scorched up, like Portia, by swallowing fire." But let not from hence an imputation of rapaciousness be fixed upon him; though he took all that was offered him, he demanded nothing from the poor, nor was known, in any instance, to have enforced the payment of even what was justly his due.

His person was middle sized, and thin; his visage swarthy, adust, and corrugated; his conversation, except on professional subjects, barren: when in dishabille, he might have been mistaken for an alchymist, whose complexion had been hurt by the fumes of the crucible, and whose clothes had suffered from the sparks of the furnace.

Such was Levett, whose whimsical frailty, if weighed against his good and useful qualities, was

> "A floating atom—dust that falls unheeded
> Into the adverse scale—nor shakes the balance."
>
> IRENE.

To the above prose character of Levett, by Mr. Steevens, we cannot resist giving the fine poetical one written by Dr. Johnson, which is equally worthy of the pen and the heart of the author.

I.

Condemned in hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blast or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

II.

Well tried, through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend;
Officious—innocent—sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

III.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;
Nor lettered arrogance deny
Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

IV.

When fainting nature called for aid,
And hovering death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy displayed
The power of art, without the show.

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V.

In misery's darkest caverns known,
His ready help was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish poured his groan,
And lonely want retired to die.

VI.

No summons mocked by chill delay;
No petty gains disdained by pride;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

VII.

His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void:
And sure the Eternal Master found
His single talent well employed.

VIII.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

IX.

Then with no throbs of fiery pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

CURIOUS ANECDOTES OF A POPULAR PERFORMER.

From Ryley's Itinerant; or, the Memoirs of an Actor.

COOK is so well known as an actor, that my opinion can neither add to, nor diminish his fame; were either in my power, panegyrick would run through a dozen pages, and yet fall short of his merits. In some characters he is as much superiour to any actor of the present day, as Garrick was to those of his time; but they are limited to such parts as suit his figure, which wants grace and proportion. Where these can be dispensed with, he has no competitor. As a man in private life, he is the gentleman, the scholar, the friend, the life of every party, an enemy to scandal and detraction, and benevolent even to imprudence.

Such is Cook in his sober moments; but, when stimulated by the juice of the grape, he acts in diametrical opposition to all this. No two men, however different they may be, can be more at variance than Cook sober, and Cook in a state of inebriety. At these times, his interesting suavity of manners changes to brutal invective, and the feelings of his nearest and dearest friends are sacrificed. Such are the unfortunate propensities of this singular man, unfortunate, I say, because he seems incapable of avoiding them, although they have a tendency to ruin his health, injure his property, and destroy his social connexions. No one can more regret these failings than he does in his hours of sanity, or make more handsome apologies; and if at night he creates enemies, his conciliatory manners in the morning are sure to raise double the number of friends.

Of this great actor many ludicrous anecdotes are related. I shall point out a few which came under my own observation.

One evening, in Manchester, we were in a publick bar amongst a promiscuous company, where Cook was, as usual, the life of the party. Mirth and good humour prevailed till about ten o'clock, when I perceived a

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something lurking in his eye which foretold a storm. Anxious to get him home before it burst forth, I pressed our departure, under the plea of another engagement; but, instead of having the desired effect, it precipitated what I had foreseen. With a haughty, supercilious look, he said: "I see what you are about, you hypocritical scoundrel! You canting, methodistical thief! Am I, Cook, to be controlled by such a would-be puritan as you? I'll teach you to dictate to a tragedian." Then taking off his coat, and holding his fist in a menacing attitude—"Come out," continued he—"thou prince of deceivers; though thou hast faith to remove mountains, thou shalt not remove me—Come out, I say." With much difficulty he was pacified and resumed his coat. There was a large fire in the bar, before which stood, with his coat skirts under each arm, a pitiful imitation of *buckism*, very deficient in cleanliness and costume. His face was grimy, and his neckcloth of the same tint, which, nevertheless, was rolled in various folds about his throat; his hair was matted, and turned up under a round, greasy hat, with narrow brims, conceitedly placed on one side of the head, which noddled under it like a shaking mandarin. Thus equipped, the filthy fop straddled before the fire, which he completely monopolized. At length he caught the eye of our tragedian, who, in silent amazement, for the space of half a minute, examined him from top to toe; then turning to me, he burst into a horse laugh, and roared out, "*Beau Nasty*, by ——."—Perhaps intimidated by Cook's former blustering, this insensible puppy took little notice; but I knew he would not stop here, and, indeed, I thought the stranger fair game. Cook now rose from his seat, and taking up the skirts of his coat, in imitation of the other, turned his back to the fire: "Warm work in the *back settlements*, sir," said he; then approaching still nearer, as if he had some secret to communicate, whispered, though loud enough for every one to hear: "Pray, sir, how is soap?"

"Soap?"

"Yes, sir, soap: I understand it is coming down."

"I am glad of it, sir."

"Indeed, sir, you have cause, if one may judge from your appearance."

Here was a general laugh, which the stranger seemed not to regard, but nodding his head, and hitting his boots with a little rattan, rang the bell with an air of importance, and inquired "if he could have a *weal kitlet*, or a *matton chift*?"

"What do you think," said Cook, "of a *roasted puppy*? because," taking up the poker, "I'll spit you, and roast you in a minute."

This had a visible effect on the dirty beau. He retreated towards the door, Cook following. "Avaunt, and quit my sight; thy face is dirty, and thy hands unwashed; avaunt! avaunt! I say." Then replacing the poker, and returning to his seat, he continued: "Being gone, I am a man again."

It happened that Perrins, the noted pugilist, made one of the company this evening. He was a remarkable strong man, and possessed of great modesty and good nature. The last scene took such an effect on his imagination, that he laughed immoderately. Cook's attention was attracted, and turning towards him with his most bitter look—"What do you laugh at, Mr. Swabson? hey? why, you great lubber-headed thief, Johnson would have beat two of you! laugh at me! at Cook! come out, you scoundrel!!"

The coat was again pulled off, and putting himself in an attitude: "This is the arm that shall sacrifice you." Perrins was of a mild disposition, and knowing Cook's character, made every allowance, and answered him only by a smile, till, aggravated by language and action the most gross, he very calmly took him in his arms, as though he had been a child, set him

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down in the street, and bolted the door. The evening was wet, and our hero without coat or hat, unprepared to cope with it; but entreaty for admission was vain, and his application at the window unattended to. At length, grown desperate, he broke several panes, and inserting his head through the fracture, bore down all opposition by the following witticism: "Gentlemen, I have taken some *pains* to gain admission; pray let me in, for *I see through my errour*." The door was opened, dry clothes procured, and about one o'clock in the morning we sent him home in a coach.

LETTER FROM POMARE, KING OF OTAHEITE, TO THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

POMARE, the king of Otaheite, who has long been in the habit of visiting, and familiarly conversing with the British missionaries at Matavai, in that island, has assiduously applied himself, for a considerable time, under their direction, to attain the art of writing, which at length he has acquired.

A letter having been sent to Pomare, by the directors of the Missionary Society, the missionaries carefully translated it, and laid it before him. The following answer was composed entirely by himself, in the Taheitan language, and was then translated by the missionaries into English, which translation was copied by the king.

The annexed is an exact copy of his English letter, and may be considered as a literary curiosity.

FRIENDS, *Matavae, Otahete, Jan. 1st*, 1807.

I wish you every blessing, friends, in your residence in your country, with success in teaching this bad land, this foolish land, this wicked land, this land which is ignorant of good, this land that knoweth not the true God, this regardless land.

Friends, I wish you health and prosperity: may I also live, and may Jehovah save us all.

Friends, with respect to your letter you wrote to me, I have this to say to you, that your business with me, and your wishes I fully consent to, and shall consequently banish Oro, and send him to Raeatea.

Friends, I do therefore believe and shall obey your word.

Friends, I hope you also will consent to my request, which is this: I wish you to send a great number of men, women, and children here.

Friends, send also property, and cloth for us, and we also will adopt English customs.

Friends, send also plenty of muskets and powder; for wars are frequent in our country. Should I be killed, you will have nothing in Tahete: do not come here when I am dead: Tahete is a regardless country, and should I die with sickness, do not come here. This also I wish, that you would send me all the curious things that you have in England. Also send me every thing necessary for writing. Paper, ink, and pens in abundance: let no writing utensil be wanting.

Friends, I have done, and have nothing at all more to ask you for. As for your desire to instruct Tahete, 'tis what I fully acquiesce in. Tis a common thing for people not to understand at first; but your object is good, and I fully consent to it, and shall cast off all evil customs.

What I say is truth, and no lie: it is the real truth.

This is all I have to write: I have done.

Friends write to me, that I may know what you have to say.

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I wish you life and every blessing. May I also live, and may Jehovah save us all.

POMARE, KING OF TAHETE.

For my friends, the Missionary Society, London.

Above we have inserted a letter from the king of Otaheite to the Missionary Society in London: we now present our readers with one of an earlier date to governour King, of Sidney. It is a curiosity highly worthy the attention of the philanthropist, who must admire, with secret satisfaction, the rudiments of literature and science thus diffused and cultivated in regions whose very existence, but a few years ago, was utterly unknown to the European world. The pleasure arising from such reflections will be enhanced, by considering, that British subjects have been the sole instruments in effecting these advances in civilisation, and its character, in this instance, has been consistently maintained; that instead of establishing its influence by usurpation and the sword, or fostering, under the shadow of the sacred doctrines of Heaven, latent schemes of ambition, the great objects in view have been attained by steadily inculcating benevolence and peace.

SIR, *Eimeo, from the Harbour of Obuno, Dec.* 9, 1804.

From the friendship you showed to the late king, my father, and the expense the English have been at, in sending missionaries into these parts, for the improvement of myself and ignorant people, I am sure it will give you pleasure, to find it has not all been thrown away; as it has enabled me to address myself to you by letter, what I should have been incapable of but for those gentlemen.—The purport of my letter is, to inform you that I am building a large schooner for the purpose of protecting myself and the English from a party of my rebellious subjects, who have frequently threatened me with war; for which vessel I am in want of two guns, a quadrant, and a compass; and, as I have no friends but the English, to you I apply, sir, for those things; and in return will assist any English ship that should happen to call here, with every thing my country affords; or if you please, should your place be in want of pork, will give you hogs in return.

I have the honour to be, sir,
Yours most gratefully,
POMARE, *King.*

DAVID'S GRAND PICTURE.

ON Monday, the 4th of January, 1808, their majesties paid a visit to M. David, to see his picture of the coronation. They were accompanied by several ladies of the palace, marshal Bessieres, M. Le Brun, several chamberlains and pages. Horse guards preceded and followed their carriages. In order to appreciate all the details of this visit, in which the emperour seemed to intend to do honour to the arts in the person of the first painter of the age, it is necessary to have before us the picture of M. David. It is thirty feet long and nineteen high. There are upwards of 200 figures as large as life. —Wishing, as much as possible, to represent in one single action the coronation of the emperour and empress, which, during the ceremony took place successively, the artist has chosen the moment in which the emperour, after having placed on his own head, one after the other, two crowns, has taken the second, and, raising it, is in the act of placing it on the head of his august empress. The two principal figures occupy the centre of the picture.—The emperour is standing on one of the steps of the altar.—The

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empress is on her knees, her hands clasped, and raised towards her sovereign, in token of her gratitude and respect.—This fine figure has all the dignity which the subject could require, and all the nobleness and grace of the original. On the right, and before the altar, is the pope sitting, cardinal Fesch, grand almoner; other cardinals, an archbishop, a great number of Italian and French bishops, the arch-chancellor, the arch-treasurer the prince of Neufchatel the viceroy of Italy, the grand equerry, the prince of Ponte Corvo; further off, prince Murat, marshals Moncey, Serrurier, Bessieres, and the grand master of the ceremonies, are grouped near his holiness, and surround the altar. On the left, near the empress, are the sisters of the emperour, the queen of Naples, the queen of Holland, the kings, his majesty's brothers, marshals Lefebvre, Perignon, Kellerman, several ladies of honour, and the chamberlain of the princesses. In front in a box, are madame, the emperour's mother, her ladies of honour and officers of her household; and towards the bottom, some persons eminent for their talents. In an adjoining box are the foreign ambassadours.

As soon as his majesty looked at the picture, he said: "How delightful! What relief in all the pictures! How beautiful! What truth!—It is not a painting—it is real life."—His majesty then looked at the box in the middle, and immediately recognised his mother, afterwards madame Soult, madame de Fontanges, de Lovelle, and general Beaumont.—"I see at a distance good Mr. Vien."—Yes, sire (replied M. David) I wished to do homage to my master, by placing him in a picture which, for its object, will be the most important of my works. The sentiment was approved of by his majesty, who appeared to take pleasure in proving to M. David that he recognised all the persons in the picture. His attention was next directed to the group in which he is represented as on the point of crowning the empress. He expressed his satisfaction in these words: "The time is well chosen; the action well described; and each of the figures extremely good."—The empress agreed with the emperour.

The emperour remained much longer before the picture; praised the different parts and the whole. The day, however, declining, his majesty, as he was on the point of departing, stopped a moment before the artist, pulled off his hat, and expressed those sentiments of benevolence which he evinces for all great talents.—[*Moniteur.*]

THEATRICAL.

DRURY LANE.

Thursday, December 1, 1808, a New Drama, called *Venoni, or the Novice of St. Mark*, from the pen of Mr. *Monk* Lewis, was performed for the first time.

Fable. Venoni, a young Sicilian nobleman, was on the point of marriage with Josepha, when her parents were obliged to visit the court of Naples. During their absence, Josepha was placed in a convent, where, it was reported, she shortly after sickened and died. Grief for her loss for a time robbed Venoni of his senses; and on his recovery he entered the monastery of St. Mark, which was only separated by a party-wall from the convent of the Ursulines, in which Josepha was said to have expired. At this period the piece commences. Venoni is on the eve of pronouncing his vows, when father Michael gives him a letter from the abbess to the prior of St. Mark, which explains that Celestino, the prior, had failed in an attempt upon Josepha's virtue, and that her removal from the world had been thought necessary, to prevent her divulging to her parents the infamous

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conduct of the abbess and her confederate. Blinded by fury, Venoni shows this letter to the prior, who says to his holy brethren: "We are all discovered." In consequence, Venoni is prevented from leaving the monastery, and confined in a subterraneous dungeon, where the preceding victim of Celestino's rage died,* after having been confined twenty years, and which the prior believes to be unknown to all except himself and his accomplices: but father Michael having suspected the existence of such a dungeon, has traced out the way to it, and hastens to apprize the viceroy. In the meanwhile, Venoni, in endeavouring to escape from his prison, knocks down the party-wall, and thus breaks into the adjoining convent, and discovers his mistress, likewise in a dungeon, who had not been put to death, but closely confined; and the deliverance of both is shortly after produced by the arrival of father Michael, with the viceroy and Josepha's parents.

Dangle—Excellent, i'faith!—But won't this appear *rather improbable?*

Puff—To be sure it will; but, what the plague! a play is not to show occurrences that happen every day; but things just so strange, that though *they never did*, they *might have happened!*—SHERIDAN.

Notwithstanding this authority, we cannot help avowing, that we think the incidents of this play never did, or are ever likely to happen. There is such a mixture of horrour and improbability about them that defies even all credibility; for who can believe that Celestino, the prior of St. Mark, could live on such terms of intimacy and friendship, as he is represented to do, with the marchioness of Caprara, while he is keeping her daughter Josepha, during the period of twelve months, in a tremendously horrid subterraneous cave, lighted only by the melancholy glimmer of a sorry lamp, because she would not consent to his libidinous passion; at the same time cajoling her mother and all her friends, with the tale that she was dead and buried, in the convent of the Ursulines, in which her relations had placed her!—But this burying alive is not all: we have insanity and murder to boot, insomuch that our author again, as Shakspeare says, "waxes desperate with imagination," as he was wont to do in the MONK, and his other gloomy and most extravagant productions. His predilection for caverns, ghosts, blacks, and other strange auxiliaries to his muse, had fortified us in the expectation of witnessing something not to be met with every day, either in castle, cloister, or prison; but, notwithstanding this, the denouement of Venoni is so horrid and improbable, and the pantomime atrocity so very glaring, that it excited the universal disgust of the audience; and, like them, we more than once wished the curtain would fall to relieve us from terrours no one could give credit to.

The noise and confusion was so great at the latter end of the piece, that we could not by any means discover what became of the prior and his holy brotherhood, who were all represented to be villains alike, in compliment, we suppose, to the reigning sentiment lately in vogue in France (that all priests are rogues) whence this piece derives its origin. It is taken from the French drama entitled *Les Victimes Cloîtrées*, which was performed at

* On the recital of the fate of this victim to the rage of Celestino, we certainly expected something very terrible to follow, from the author's well known taste for the terrifick and marvellous. In truth, we began to pity the audience, and the lines of the poet, describing a dead man and another audience, immediately came into our recollection.

The dead man gave a groan.....
They groan'd, they stared, they all uprose,
Nor spok'd, nor mov'd their eyes:
Had it been strange, e'en in *this* play,
To have seen *that* dead man rise?

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Paris with great success. And when it is considered how forcibly it attacks the monks, we cannot in the least be surprised; as that order of people has been, by the fashionable philosophical currency, subjected to the most unmanly attacks of writers who chose to level their sarcasm and illiberality at them when they had not even the privilege of defending themselves from *la liberté et l'égalité*.

The audience manifested great disapprobation; and much must be curtailed to ensure it even a short run. The third act can never remain on the stage, in its present state. A most ridiculous masquerade scene helped to lengthen the play without producing any other effect, than that of adding weight to what was already too heavy; although, like the comick wit of the piece, it was intended to lighten it. *Apropos*, of this wit the following is a specimen. The scene, as our readers have already been informed, lies at Messina. Benedetto says: "If I were a senator I would have *an act of parliament* to prevent fat people from walking out in the dog days."—In fact the humorous parts of the play produced no laughter; but it would be doing great injustice to the author not to avow that the language of the serious parts, in general, is highly creditable to him; eliciting fine sentiments, finely expressed. When it is published, we shall notice some of those passages which struck us as particularly worthy of attention.

We present our readers with a slight representation of the situation of the hero and heroine in the last scene, by which they will be enabled to judge of its probability. Such of them as have been abroad will be surprised to see a convent and a monastery so nigh each other, and perhaps may exclaim, as a highly distinguished foreigner did to us, on viewing this exhibition: *Diantre, nous autres, nous n'avons jamais vu pareille chose dans le monde—mais, croyez-vous que John Bull l'avalera?*

Mr. Lewis's pair of Dungeons.

EXPLANATION.

A. Josepha's dungeon, in the convent of the Ursulines, where she has been confined one year. This unfortunate lady appears only in this last scene.—B. Venoni's dungeon in the monastery of St. Mark.—This pair of dungeons fills the whole front of the stage.

C. The party wall that divides the two dungeons, and which is knocked down by the exertions of Venoni—a feat we believe not to have been equalled since the days of Guy Earl of Warwick, or Jack the Giant-killer.

No. 2, represents the dungeons after the exertions of Signor Venoni's athletick powers.

* * * *

On Wednesday evening, December 7, the author, in consequence of the marked disapprobation of the audience, desired it to be announced that he would withdraw the piece, to write an entire new third act.—On the same morning appeared the following paid for puff, in a diurnal print:

"Indeed, this new drama seems to unfold new beauties every successive representation. It was disputed, however, which had more admirers, Venoni, or Love in a Tub; the latter certainly appeared universally to please."

Thus it appears that a contemptible dance has *universal* admirers, while

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Venoni, notwithstanding *its new beauties every night*, is left in the minority, and obliged to be written over again! Surely this is a strange way of puffing, and worthy only of *modern* managers, modern authors, and modern newspapers.

* * * *

Monday, December 12, the drama of *Venoni*, was again brought forward, with alterations, and an entire new third act, much to the credit of the author, and to the improvement of the piece; as some part of the improbability has been done away, *although Ludovico*, THE DEAD MAN, *has really been brought to life*, as our readers will perceive by the following account of the new third act.

It opens with a view of the inside of an awful, subterraneous dungeon, where Celestino and his confederates determine to fix the last abode of Venoni, whom they convey thither. There Venoni meets the monk Ludovico (spoken of in the play, as dying, after having been confined 20 years in the vaults of the monastery) and informs him, that he has discovered an outlet that leads to the convent, but that the door to the passage is strongly bolted. This door, Venoni, by means of a bar found in his dungeon, breaks down, and thereby escapes. The next scene discovers the abbess and Celestino consulting about the future disposal of Josepha, and concludes with his determination to possess her. Josepha is then brought blindfolded into a dungeon, near the hall of the convent, and left, as if to be confined there for ever; when suddenly, after a solemn symphony on the organ, the scene draws and discovers the abbess with her sister companions in the hall, which is finely illuminated and prepared for a banquet; here, while the abbess is persuading Josepha to listen to Celestino's designs, Venoni breaks in and, recognising Josepha, endeavours to carry her off, but is prevented by the entrance of Celestino and his party; who, while parting the lovers, is himself surprised by the entrance of Father Michael, with the viceroy and a party of guards at one door, and the father and mother of Josepha through another door of the convent; and the piece concludes.

This alteration was received with much applause, particularly by those who, like ourselves, had witnessed the ridiculous exhibition of a pair of dungeons, the party-wall, and its demolition. But the denouement could have been rendered still more complete if the cidevant dead man, Ludovico, had been introduced in the last scene, and confronted with his infamous superiour, Celestino.

HAY-MARKET THEATRE.

On Monday, December 5, we descended, by thirteen steep steps, into the cavern of this theatre, yclep'd the pit, not for our own pleasure; for we have never entered it with that sensation since the death of the smothered victims, to whose sad manes the managers and proprietors have never elevated, by way of monument, any barrier against similar accidents, notwithstanding the catastrophes of Sadler's Wells, and Covent Garden theatre. Our duty to the Panorama, therefore, led us to report on the new farce entitled *The School for Authors*.

Fable.—The whole of the business of this piece turns on the strange infatuation which possesses Diaper, a wealthy tradesman, of being esteemed a dramatick writer of eminence. To establish this character he has constructed a tragedy called *Gunpowder Treason*, or, *the Fifth of November*, for the success of which, being very anxious, he prevails upon Cleveland, a young man of liberal acquirements, to acknowledge the new piece coming

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out to be his.—Cleveland accedes to this, desirous of recommending himself as the professed admirer of his niece, Jane, an accomplished girl, who is also attached to him, but whose hand Diaper is determined to bestow upon no one but a man of genius. *Gunpowder Treason* is hissed off the stage; but a comedy performed the same night at the other house, and which is completely successful, is declared by Cleveland to be his production. On this Diaper, glad to hush up the whole business, gives his niece to Cleveland, and the piece concludes. The auxiliary characters of Wormwood, a snarling critick, and Frank, Jeffry, and Susan, confidential servants, &c. give some variety to the picture.

The farce is said to have been written by the late Mr. Tobin; and if it were possible for us to forget the sources from whence he drew this rather improbable piece of pleasantry, it might pass as a very able effort of his genius in the farcical line. It is taken from a tale of Marmontel, anglicised in Foote's *Patron*, and from a French dramatick proverb entitled *l'Amateur*; and, lastly, from the *Critick*, of which it is so close and flagrant an imitation that *la chose saute aux yeux*, as the French say. Some of the expressions and characters, are merely "disfigured, as beggars do stolen children, to make them pass for their own."—Diaper from the Minories is another sir Fretful; Wormwood is Sneer, and poor Susan an ignorant kind of Mrs. Dangle. Frank, Diaper's *footman* is certainly not in the *Critick*,—yet, like Dangle, he is represented to be a judge of dramatick literature—he is, moreover, a writer of criticisms, and a *Reviewer*. Diaper is performed by Munden, who substituted mummery and oaths for that superiour kind of acting, we have so frequently witnessed in the sir Fretful Plagiary of the inimitable Parsons. Frank, the footman, was ably supported by Jones. This character seems to have been designed by the author as a vehicle to ridicule the writers of criticisms on the drama in the newspapers; and when we reflect on the trash that issues from the press, under this title, we cannot be surprised that it should have excited the author's bile, or been offensive to other persons of common sense.

The intention, the language, and the wit of *The School for Authors*, are highly creditable to its lamented author, on whose account we had occasion to regret (in noticing his elegant production of *The Curfew*) his being snatched from the enjoyment of witnessing the success of the efforts of his muse. However, we are happy to do justice to his memory, in affirming that he never meant the character of Diaper to be degraded by such vollies of oaths as his representative emits. They could be expected only from the very refuse of society, lost to all the blandishments of decency and civilisation. The managers should not suffer the genius of any author to be so calumniated and defamed, nor their patent theatres turned into *Schools for Swearing!*

DONATION OF A LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

Reygate, Jan. 1809.

SIR,—In looking into Fabyan's "Chronicle," a very scarce book, of which I possess a mutilated copy, "printed at London by William Rastell, 1533," I met with the following account of a donation to the city of London; made by the mayor, in the year 1370, and marked it as deserving of particular attention. I do not know whether the fact is elsewhere, or otherwise, recorded; but thinking it right that "good and merytoryous dedes should be holden in memory," I send it you, for the information of those whom it

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may concern, by means of your widely circulating miscellany.—It occurs in the seventh part, page cxii verso.

"And to the ende that good and merytoryous dedes should be holden in memorye, here is to be noted that the mayre for thys yere beying John Beryns mercer, gave unto the comynaltye of the cytye of London a chest wyth thre lockes and keyes, and therein a thousande marke of redy money, wyllyng the keyes therof to be yerely in the kepynge of thre sundry persons, that is to mene the mayster of the felysshyp of the mercery to have one, the mayster of the felysshyp of the drapars the second, and thyrde to be in the kepynge of the chamberlayne of that cytye. And so therein the sayde thousande marke to be kept, to the entent that at all tymes when any cytesyne wolde borrowe any money, that he shulde have it there for the space of a yere, to laye for suche a summe as he wold have plate or other iewellys to a suffycyente gayge, so that he excedyd not the summe of an hundreth marke. And for the occupyenge therof yf he were lerned, to saye at hys pleasure *De Profundis* for the soul of John Beryns and all christen soules, as often tymes as in hys summe were comprysed x markes. As he that borowed but x marke, shulde saye but over that prayer. And yf he had xx marke, then to saye it twyes, and so after the rate. And yf he were not lerned, then to saye so often hys Paternoster. But how so thys money was lent or gyded, at thys daye the cheste remayneth in the chamber of London, wythout money or pledges for the same."

This donation amounted to a very considerable sum. A mark of thirteen shillings and four pence, of 1370, was equal in weight of silver to thirty-three shillings and three farthings of our present money, as it appears from Fleetwood's Chronicon Pretiosum that a pound weight of silver now coined into sixty-two shillings was coined only into twenty-five shillings, from 1353 to 1421. 1000 marks consequently amounted in effective money of 1809 to 1,658*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* and taking into consideration the different prices of provisions and of the necessaries of life, according to sir George Shuckburgh, Evelyn's table, commencing in 1050, printed in the Philosophical Transactions for 1798, by which the average price of the various necessaries of life in 1359 compared with the estimated average price in 1809, is the proportion of 77 to 562, John Beryns's liberal accommodation to the needy of his fellow-citizens was equal to 12,067*l.* 5*s.* of the present currency.

I beg leave to observe that this calculation is made from the data afforded in Godwin's life of Chaucer, Vol. II. pp. 61 and 62, not having access to the original authorities.

I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

S. H. WILCOCKE.

ANECDOTES.

The following anecdotes of sir Isaac Newton, are related in *Turner's Collections for a History of Grantham*, lately published in England.

A NEW wind mill was set up near Grantham, in the way to Gunnerby, which is now demolished, this country chiefly using water mills. Our lad's imitating spirit was soon excited, and by frequently prying into the fabrick of it, as they were making it, he became master enough to make a very perfect model thereof, and it was said to be as clean and curious a piece of workmanship, as the original. This sometimes he would set upon the housetop, where he lodged, and clothing it with sail cloth, the wind would

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readily turn it; but what was most extraordinary in its composition was, that he put a mouse into it, which he called the miller, and that the mouse made the mill turn round when he pleased; and he would joke too upon the miller eating the corn that was put in. Some say that he tied a string to the mouse's tail, which was put into a wheel, like that of turnspit dogs, so that pulling the string made the mouse go forward by way of resistance, and this turned the mill. Others suppose there was some corn placed above the wheel, this the mouse endeavouring to get to, made it turn. Moreover, sir Isaac's water clock is much talked of. This he made out of a box he begged of Mr. Clarke's (his landlord) wife's brother. As described to me, it resembled pretty much our common clocks and clock-cases, but less; for it was not above four feet in height, and of a proportionable breadth. There was a dial-plate at top with figures of the hours. The index was turned by a piece of wood, which either fell or rose by water dropping. This stood in the room where he lay, and he took care every morning to supply it with its proper quantity of water; and the family, upon occasion, would go to see what was the hour by it. It was left in the house long after he went away to the university.

These fancies sometimes engrossed so much of his thoughts, that he was apt to neglect his book, and dull boys were now and then put over him in form. But this made him redouble his pains to overtake them, and such was his capacity that he could soon do it, and outstrip them when he pleased; and it was taken notice of by his master. Still nothing could induce him to lay by his mechanical experiments: but all holydays, and what time the boys had allowed to play, he spent entirely in knocking and hammering in his lodging room, pursuing that strong bent of his inclination not only in things serious, but ludicrous too, and what would please his school fellows, as well as himself; yet it was in order to bring them off from trifling sports, and teach them, as we may call it, to play philosophically, and in which he might willingly bear a part, and he was particularly ingenious at inventing diversions for them, above the vulgar kind. As for instance, in making paper kites, which he first introduced here. He took pains, they say, in finding out their proportions and figures, and whereabouts the string should be fastened to the greatest advantage, and in how many places. Likewise he first made lanterns of paper crimpled, which he used to go to school by, in winter mornings, with a candle, and tied them to the tails of the kites in a dark night, which at first affrighted the country people exceedingly, thinking they were comets. It is thought that he first invented this method; I can't tell how true. They tell us too how diligent he was in observing the motion of the sun, especially in the yard of the house where he lived, against the walls and roofs, wherein he would drive pegs, to mark the hours and half hours made by the shade,* which, by degrees, from some years observations, he had made very exact, and any body knew what o'clock it was by Isaac's dial, as they ordinarily called it; thus in his youngest years did that immense genius discover his sublime imagination, that since has filled, or rather comprehended the world.

The lad was not only very expert with his mechanical tools, but he was equally so with his pen. For he busied himself very much in drawing, which I suppose he learnt from his own inclination, and observation of nature. By inquiry, I was informed that one old Barley (as he was called) was his writing master, who lived where now is the Millstone alehouse, in

* Several of these dials are to be seen on the wall of the manor-house at Woolsthorp.

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Castle street; but they don't remember that he (Barley) had any knack in drawing. However, by this means sir Isaac furnished his whole room with pictures of his own making, which probably he copied from prints, as well as from life. They mention several of the kings' heads, Dr. Donne, and likewise his master Stokes. Under the picture of king Charles I. he wrote these verses, which I had from Mrs Vincent by memory, who fancies he made them; if that be true, it is most probable he designed the print too, which is common to this day.

A secret art my soul requires to try,
If prayers can give me, what the wars deny,
Three crowns distinguished here in order do
Present their objects to my knowing view.
Earth's crown, thus at my feet, I can disdain,
Which heavy is, and, at the best, but vain.
But now a crown of thorns I gladly greet,
Sharp is this crown, but not so sharp as sweet:
The crown of glory that I yonder see
Is full of bliss and of eternity.

These pictures he made frames to himself, and coloured them over in a workmanlike manner.

Mrs. Vincent is a widow gentlewoman living here, aged 82. Her maiden name was Storey, sister to Dr. Storey, a physician of Buckminster near Colsterworth. Her mother, who was a handsome woman, was second wife to Mr. Clark, the apothecary where sir Isaac lodged; so that she lived with him in the same house all the time of his being at Grantham, which was about seven years. Her mother and sir Isaac's mother were intimately acquainted, which was the reason of his lodging at Mr. Clark's. She gave me much of the foregoing account. She says sir Isaac was always a sober, silent, thinking lad, and was never known scarce to play with the boys abroad, at their silly amusements; but would rather choose to be at home, even among the girls, and would frequently make little tables, cupboards, and other utensils for her and her play fellows, to set their babies and trinkets on. She mentions, likewise, a cart he made with four wheels, wherein he would sit, and by turning a windlass about, he could make it carry him around the house where he pleased. Sir Isaac and she being thus brought up together, 'tis said that he entertained a love for her; nor does she deny it: but her portion being not considerable, and he being a fellow of a college, it was incompatible with his fortunes to marry; perhaps his studies too. 'Tis certain he always had a kindness for her, visited her whenever in the country, in both her husbands' days, and gave her forty shillings, upon a time, whenever it was of service to her. She is a little woman; but we may with ease discern that she has been very handsome.

Mr. Clark tells me that the room where sir Isaac lodged, was his lodging room too when a lad, and that the whole wall was still full of the drawings he had made upon it with charcoal, and so remained till pulled down about sixteen years ago, as I said before. There were birds, beasts, men, ships, and mathematical schemes, and very well designed.

We must understand, all this while, that his mother had left Wolsthorp and lived with her second husband at North Witham. But upon his death, after she had three children by him, she returned to her own house, which likewise, it ought to be remembered, was rebuilt by him. She upon this was for saving expenses as much as she could, and recalled her son Isaac from school, intending to make him serviceable in managing of the farm and country business at Wolsthorp, and I doubt not but she thought it would turn more to his own account, than being a scholar. Accordingly we must suppose him attending to the tillage, grazing, and the like. And they tell us

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that he frequently came on Saturdays to Grantham market, with corn and other commodities to sell, and to carry home what necessaries were proper to be bought at a market town for a family; but being young, his mother usually sent a trusty old servant along with him, to put him into the way of business. Their inn was at the Saracen's Head in Westgate, where, as soon as they had set up their horses, Isaac generally left the man to manage the marketings, and retired instantly to Mr. Clark's garret, where he used to lodge, near where lay a parcel of old books of Mr. Clark's, which he entertained himself with, whilst it was time to go home again; or else he would stop by the way, between home and Grantham, and lie under a hedge studying whilst the man went to town and did the business, and called upon him in his return. No doubt the man made remonstrances of this to his mother. Likewise, when at home, if his mother ordered him into the fields, to look after the sheep, the corn, or upon any other rural employment, it went on very heavily through his manage. His chief delight was to sit under a tree, with a book in his hands, or to busy himself with his knife in cutting wood for models of somewhat or other that struck his fancy: or he would get to a stream and make mill wheels.

DISCOVERY OF A PAINTING BY RAPHAEL.

REPORT has lately convulsed the cognoscenti, by affirming the discovery of twelve pictures of Titian, the Cesars, which, after having been laid aside as mere lumber, in the garret of an ancient mansion, were sold for less than twenty shillings to a country watchmaker, and by him for about 25*l.* to a London dealer. The dealer, however, demands as many hundreds. We have not seen these pictures, nor is the name of the present owner mentioned. We, therefore, can neither vouch for their authenticity, their merit, nor the accuracy of the history stated to the publick. Whether they be originals or copies we cannot tell. But as such discoveries really do occur from time to time, we deem it not improper to caution those who are in possession of old pictures, not to destroy them, without first taking the opinion of some competent judge on their worth. The following incident, which, on account of the wonderful changes attendant on the French revolution, we think very credible, may add weight to our caution.

A painter in Paris discovered, some months ago, in a tinker's shop, an oaken pannel about two feet high, and twenty inches wide, covered with dirt and smoke. Thinking that it might have been originally a picture, he inquired of the tinker what he would take for it. He replied that it had lain more than ten years in his shop, and that he thought of converting it into a table; but if the painter wished for it, he should have it for three livres. The painter paid the money and took it home. On cleaning it he discovered an inscription, with two tickets of printed paper, and at last could read very legibly the following lines:

"This portrait of the Holy Family of our Lord Jesus Christ was painted at Rome in 1514, by Raffaello Sanzio d'Urbino, for our glorious sovereign, the wife of our good king Francis I. by name, who afterwards presented it to the chancellor Duprat in 1516. In the same year the fellow portrait was painted by the same Raffaello for the cardinal de Julius de Medicis."

The printed tickets represent the arms of Duprat cut in wood, with the following Latin inscription:

"Ex supellectibus Ant. Duprat domini Nantralieti, cancel. Fran. Brittan. Mediol. et ordinis regis, regina conjux Francisci primi Francorum regis, istam tabulam SS. Familiæ Christi, à Raphaele Sanzio, pictore Romano depictam, Ant. Duprat cancellario, dedit, anno MDXVI."

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"Hæc tabula facta, fuit à Raphaelè Sanzio, pro Reginâ Franc. primi uxore anno MDXIV. Patente D. Arthur a Gouffiero—Boissi, olim principis F. institutore altera tabula, ipsi similis, picta fuit ab eodem Raphaele pro de cardinal. Julio Medicis. Anno MDXVI."

The above resolves an important question: "Whether great masters copied their works?" They did copy them, it is true (but very seldom) at the instigation of some distinguished personage, and almost always with some difference. The above picture is in high preservation, and is evidently the original of the "Virgin asleep;" from which the one in the museum Napoleon, formerly belonging to the Medici, was copied by Raphael himself. The most striking difference between the two paintings is, that the nudity of the child is veiled in that painted for the queen, while in that painted for the cardinal the child is quite naked.

This painting was engraved in 1625 by M. de Poilly in a superiour style, and after inspecting the print, we find that the picture in question was the original, and not that of the museum. A good impression costs from forty to fifty livres; it is known to printsellers by the name of *La Vierge au Linge*.

The following anecdote is extracted from the Recollections of Felicia L***, by Madame Genlis.

"I HEAR from Lausanne, that Mr. Gibbon has been settled there for some time, and is extremely well received. He is, they tell me, grown so prodigiously fat, that he walks with great difficulty. Yet with this figure, and his strange face, Mr. Gibbon is infinitely gallant, and is fallen in love with a beautiful woman, Madame de Crouzas. One day, finding himself with her *tête à tête* for the first time, and desirous of availing himself of so favourable a moment, he fell suddenly on his knees, and made a declaration of his flame in the most passionate terms. Madame de Crouzas replied in a manner sufficiently repulsive to discourage every temptation to renew the scene, and Mr. Gibbon appeared embarrassed; but he, nevertheless, retained his prostrate attitude; and notwithstanding Madame's repeated invitation to reseat himself on his chair, he was motionless and silent.—"But, sir," repeated Madame de Crouzas, "rise, I beseech you."—"Alas, Madame," at length answered this unfortunate lover, "*I am not able.*" In truth, the corpulency of his person totally impeded the possibility of his recovering his legs without assistance. Madame de Crouzas then rang the bell, and desired the servant to help Mr. Gibbon to rise."

MR. CURRAN, the Irish master of the rolls, was in company with an honourable baronet, in the course of a late session, who distinguished himself, upon one or two occasions, by speeches, whose excellence was not in proportion to their *length*. It was observed, that continued speaking made the voice husky and the mouth parched. "That may be," observed the baronet; "but for my part, I have spoken three hours together without getting at all thirsty." "But are you quite sure, sir Thomas," demanded the wit, "that you did not get *dry?*"

"THE theatre at Sydney appears to be in a very flourishing state," said a gentleman to John Kemble, speaking of the Botany-Bay theatricals, an account of which appeared in the papers a few months since. "Yes," replied the tragedian, "the performers ought to be all good; for they have been selected, and sent to that situation, by very excellent *judges!*"

A PUNSTER observing a *John Doe* running after an *author*, remarked that it was a new edition of the *Pursuits* of *Literature!*

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POETRY.

A NOSEGAY.

A SIMILE FOR REVIEWERS.

From the Monthly Magazine.

By the late Rev. Laurence Sterne.

The following exquisite, and hitherto unpublished piece of humour, was written at a time when the Critical Review maintained a secondary rank in literature; but notwithstanding the present degraded and decrepit state of that journal, this piece deserves to be preserved for its own merits, and for the sake of its illustrious author. It will be agreed by every man of sense, honour, and learning, that the Critical Review of the present day is altogether beneath contempt; and its declining sale and credit, during many years past, render it probable that it may soon cease to exist. Charity forbids it, therefore, that so keen a satire should be considered as intended to apply to the publication at a time when it may, for aught I know, be writhing, perhaps, in the agonies of impending dissolution. SENEX.

YE overseers and reviewers
Of all the muses' sinks and sewers,
Who dwell on high,
Enthroned among your peers,
The garreteers,
That border on the sky;
Who hear the musick of the spheres:
You have such ears,
And live so high;
I thank you for your criticism,
Which you have ushered in
With a delightful witticism,
That tastes like rotten fruit preserved in gin.
And therefore marvel not that my two ballads,
Which are but like two sallads,
By no means suit,
Like your fruit,
With your palates.
I do admire your dealings,
To speak according to your feelings;
And do believe if you had withal,
You would drop honey;
And that you overflow with gall,
Because you do not overflow with money.
Hence all your spite
Against a poor conundrumite,
Whose only business is to watch
Where the conundrums lie,
And be upon the catch
As they go by;
To make a simile in no feature
Resembling the creature
That he has in his eye;
Just as a fisher shoots an owl,
Or a sea fowl,
To make the likeness of a fly;
Just as you look into the fire
For any likeness you desire.
Simile making
Is an undertaking,
In which the undertaker
Resembles a marriage contract maker—
A poor, industrious man,
Who means no ill,
But does the best he can
With a quill;—
In short, he does according to his skill:
If matters can be brought to bear
So as to tie the knot,
He does not care
Whether they are a happy pair or not.
And, as I said at first,
Nothing could make you all so keen
And curst,
But that which makes you all so lean—
Hunger and thirst.
So now and then a judge
Consigns a wretch
To master Ketch,
Having no grudge;
No reason clear can be assigned,
Only, like you, he has not dined.
So far from wishing your allowance shorter,
I wish for all your sakes,
That you may never want beefsteaks
And porter;
And for your merits
A dram of British spirits.
And so I leave you with a fable,
Designed without a sneer,
To exhilirate your table,
And give a relish to your beer.
I beg my compliments to all your ladies,
The reviewer-esses.
Hark!
And, if you please, take warning.
My fable is concerning
A cuckoo and a lark.
If I said a nightingale,
You would have cried,
(You could not fail)
That it was pride,
And nought beside,
Which made me think of such a tale.
Upon a tree as they were sitting,
They fell into a warm dispute,
Warmer than was fitting,
Which of them was the better flute.

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After much prating,
And debating,
Not worth relating,
Things came to such a pass,
They both agree
To take an ass
For referee.
The ass was studying botany and grass
Under the tree.
What do you think was the decree?—
"Why," says the ass, "the question is not hard:"
And so he made an excellent award,
As you shall see.
"The lark," says he,
"Has got a wild fantastick pipe,
But no more musick than a snipe:
It gives one pain,
And turns one's brain;
One can't keep time to such a strain:
Whereas, the cuckoo's note
Is measured and composed with thought;
His method is distinct and clear,
And dwells
Like bells
Upon the ear,
Which is the sweetest musick one can hear.
I can distinguish, I'll lay a wager,
His manner and expression
From every forester and cager
Of the profession."
Thus ended the dispute;
The cuckoo was quite mute
With admiration;
The lark stood laughing at the brute,
Affecting so much penetration.
The ass was so intoxicated,
And shallow pated,
That ever since
He has got a fancy in his skull,
That he's a commission from his prince,
Dated when the moon's at full,
To summon every soul,
Every ass and ass's foal,
To try the quick and dull;
Trumpeting through the fields and streets,
Stopping and jading all he meets;
Pronouncing with an air
Of one pronouncing from the chair,
Here is a beauty! this is new!
And that's a blemish,
For which I have no relish!—
Just like the CRITICAL REVIEW!

EPIGRAM.

On seeing a Picture of Ugolino.

"THIS Ugolino? psha!" says Will,
"He's painted much too skinny."
"Prythee," replied his friend, "be still—
You find fault like a ninny:
Were *you* imprison'd three long days,
With nought your teeth between-o,
When on the fourth you go your ways,
I'll warrant—*You-go-lean-o.*"

EPIGRAM.

From the Latin of Naugerius.

A WOMAN once as it is sung,
Could speak so loud without a tongue,
That you could hear her full a mile hence:—
A greater wonder I can tell:
I knew a woman very well,
That had a tongue and yet *kept silence!*

As it is but seldom that we can present our readers with genuine and correct imitations of Oriental poetry, we give sir William Jones's version of an ode of Jami in the Persian form and measure.

How sweet the gale of morning breathes!
Sweet news of my *delight* he brings;
News, that the rose will soon approach
the tuneful bird of *night* he brings.
Soon will a thousand parted souls
be led, his captives, through the sky.
Since tidings, which in every heart
must ardent flames *excite*, he brings.
Late near my charmer's flowing robe
he pass'd, and kiss'd the fragrant hem;
Thence, odour to the rose bud's veil,
and jasmine's mantle *white*, he brings.
Painful is absence, and that pain
to some base rival oft is owed;
Thou know'st, dear maid! when to thine ear
false tales, contrived in *spite* he brings.
Why should I trace love's mazy path,
since destiny my bliss forbids;
Black destiny! my lot is wo,
to me no ray of *light* he brings.
In vain, a friend his mind disturbs,
in vain a childish trouble gives,
When sage physician to the couch,
of heart-sick love-lorn *wight*, he brings.
A roving stranger in thy town
no guidance can sad Jami find,
Till this his name, and rambling lay
to thine all-piercing *sight* he brings.

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PHILOSOPHICAL AND ECONOMICAL INTELLIGENCE.

A SINGULAR case of success in applying the magnet, to extract a fragment of iron out of the human eye, has been recently transmitted to the Philosophical Magazine. It seems in the course of last summer, Charles Milsted, a blacksmith of Teuterden, received a particle of iron, about the size of a small pin's head, in the ball of his left eye, while he was striking the head of one hammer against another. Some weeks after this accident, a gentleman applied a magnet to the part injured, but could only draw out a mixture of powdered rust with the tears. This gave no relief, as the fragment of iron was yet in the eye. A surgeon endeavoured to take it out with the point of a lancet, but finding it firmly fixed very near the pupil, he concluded it was impossible to touch it with any instrument without extreme danger. The former gentlemen then sent again for the young man, and examining the eye with a very powerful magnifying glass, he could see a very small particle of black iron; but covered over with the thin coating of the eye. Being satisfied of the exact situation of the piece of iron, and the impediments to be surmounted, the eye-lids were held open, and he applied the north pole of a combined staple-magnet, possessing great power, at the distance of about the sixteenth part of an inch from the eye. Then he used a magnet of less power, but of more convenient construction, and continued to apply them both by turns, till he could at length perceive that the fragment had projected above the surface of the iris of the eye. Still there was a coating to cut its way through, before the magnet could draw it out. In fact, it seemed as firmly fixed as a thorn in the flesh, and was very different from what it might have been, had it been only loosely floating on the outer surface of the eye. During this operation, the young man frequently thought he felt the fragment rush out of his eye, before it really had done so; however, after using magnets of different degrees of power for ten or fifteen minutes, the particle of iron cut its way through the thin teguments of the eye, by the power of attraction, and was taken out by the magnet. By the assistance of glasses, it appeared of an imperfect octagon shape, armed with rough, jagged edges. The eye was, notwithstanding, free from pain, the moment it was out, though for some months before, the patient had suffered night and day without intermission. A small scar still remained on the eye, but it occasioned no pain. Knowing that the magnetick fluid will make its passage even through plates of glass, when any particle of iron is within its influence, the writer is surprised, a mean so familiar and natural as the present is not more frequently recurred to in such cases.

Account of the Magnetick Mountain of Cannay; by George Dempster, of Dunnichen, Esq.

Cannay is an island of ten or twelve miles in circumference, with an excellent harbour. In it is a hill of some height, called the Compass Hill, in which there is a little hole dug a foot or two in depth. A compass placed in this hole is instantly disturbed, and in a short time veers about to the eastward, till at last the north point settles itself in a due southerly direction, and remains there. At a very little distance from this hole, perhaps on the very edge of it, the needle recovers its usual position.

This singular circumstance was known when Martin wrote his account of the island, and is taken notice of by him. He, indeed, says the compass then settled at due east, which is also curious. What increases the singularity of this alteration in the needle, is a discovery lately made by Hector M'Neil, Esq. tacksman of the island. He mentioned the circumstance to us, and lord Bredalbane, sir Adam Ferguson, Mr. Isaac Hawkins Browne, and the rest of the company, went to examine the fact. The harbour on the north side is formed by a bold rock of basalt, which may be about half a mile below, and to the southward of the Compass Hill, of which this rock is a continuation. We rowed under this rock, and when the boat reached its centre, immediately under the rock, and almost touching it, the north point of our compass veered about, and settled at due south, and remained there. This experiment was frequently repeated with the same success; but this effect was confined also to a very small part of the rock, which seemed to us directly south from the hole on Compass Hill. At a little distance, on either side, the needle recovered its usual position. His

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lordship then directed the boat to row with great quickness past the rock, when, upon our crossing the place which had before affected the needle, it was again affected during the passage, though very quick, and recovered soon after passing this point. We could hardly venture to assign any cause for these appearances, but by supposing something magnetical in the rock, extending the whole distance from the Compass Hill to the headland at the mouth of the harbour. If this should prove to be the case, we had no scruple in pronouncing this to be the largest loadstone as yet discovered in the world. A part of the rock was broken off at the very spot where this affection of the needle was observed, and was applied to the compass when removed from the rock; but it seemed to produce no effect upon the needle whatsoever: also, the compass was carried about the length of the boat from the rock, and it was also placed in the same line on the opposite side of the harbour, at about a quarter of a mile's distance; neither of these experiments produced any effect on the needle.

In this island there are many columnar appearances not unlike to Staffa; and several both straight and bent, and every way as regular, which seems also to have, like Staffa, escaped observation till very lately.

PRODUCE OF WHEAT.

The produce of a single grain of wheat, propagated in the garden of the Rev. Dr. Drake, rector of Amersham, Bucks, by Wm. Rebecca, gardener. "On the 1st day of August, I sowed, or rather set, a single grain of the red wheat; and in the latter end of September, when the plant had tillered, I took it up, and slipped or divided it into four sets or slips. Those four sets I planted, and they grew and tillered as well as the first. In the end of November, I took them up a second time, and made thirty-six plants or sets. These I again planted, which grew till March, in which month I, a third time, took up my plants, and divided them into two hundred and fifty-six plants, or sets. For the remaining part of the summer, till the month of August, they had nothing done to them, except hoeing the ground clean from weeds, till the corn was ripe. When it was gathered, I had the ears counted, or numbered, and they were three thousand five hundred and eleven; a great part of which proved as good grain as ever grew out of the earth. Many of the ears measured six inches in length, some were middling grain, and some very light and thin.—This was the reason I did not number the grains; but there was better than half a bushel of corn in the whole produce of this one grain of wheat in one year.—Query, would not this practice (spring-planting) be of great use where the crops miss by various accidents incidental to farming?"

Salt, moistened with as small a quantity of water as possible, is said to be an effectual remedy against the inflammation occasioned by the stings of bees and wasps. A wasp being swallowed, unperceived, by a person while drinking a glass of beer, stung him, with all its power, inside of his throat. This simple remedy, salt, effected his recovery, although his gullet was swelled, and his breathing was so strongly affected and interrupted from the violence of the pain, &c. as almost to suffocate him.

German Recipes.—For the destruction of caterpillars, ants, and other insects.—Take about two pounds weight of black soap, the same quantity of flowers of sulphur, two pounds weight of truffles [*ly coperdon tuber.* Linn.] and fifteen gallons of water. The whole must be well incorporated, by the aid of a gentle warmth. Insects on which this water is sprinkled die immediately.—Query, is this liquor effectual in destroying that noisome vermin the bug? If so, its composition cannot be made too extensively known; as we do not perceive that it is likely to damage bed furniture, &c.

To restore the lustre of glasses that are tarnished by age, or accident.—Strow on them powdered fullers' earth, carefully cleared from sand, &c. and rub them carefully with a linen cloth.

Mountain Ash-tree bearing Pears.

We have already given the history of several unique or remarkable trees. The following may certainly be added to them.

Report speaks of *a mountain ash-tree* in the forest near Bewdly *bearing pears.* This identical tree was described by alderman Pitts of Worcester, in the Philosophical Transactions, as long ago as the year 1678. It still flourishes in the forest of Wyre, near Bewdly, in full strength and beauty. A few years ago it was accurately and

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scientifically described by Mr. Sowerby in his *English Botany*, under the name of the *Pyrus Domestica*. The plate 350, of that useful and elegant work, represents a branch of the tree bearing fruit and flowers, which was sent to the editor, as a specimen, by lord viscount Valentia, who then resided in the neighbourhood at his seat at Over Asley. This tree is, I believe, quite a rarity, and I think, likely to remain so, as every endeavour to propagate it has hitherto failed of success. The country people call it the "*Witty Pear Tree.*"

It is probable that the seeds or saplings of this tree, it being out of the common course of nature, may not have prolifick power sufficient to propagate their species. We would recommend a trial of the Chinese method of treating the *branches;** and if some of the most promising could be induced, by careful management, to take root, by that means, they would no doubt retain the same powers as they possessed while united to the parent tree. This appears to us to be the most probable mean of establishing this accidental specimen into a species.

Rapid Cultivation of Fruit Trees.

The Chinese, instead of raising their fruit trees from seeds or grafts, as is the practice in Europe, adopt the following method. They select a branch fit for the purpose, and round it they wind a rope made of straw besmeared with cow dung, until a ball is formed five or six times the diameter of the branch. Immediately under this ball they divide the bark down to the wood, for nearly two thirds of the circumference of the branch. A cocoa nut shell, or small pot, is hung over the ball, with a hole in its bottom, so small that water put therein will only fall in drops. By this, the rope is kept constantly moist, a circumstance necessary to the easy admission of the young roots. In about three weeks it is supposed that some of the roots have struck into the rope, when the remainder of the bark is cut, and the former incision carried deeper into the wood; it is repeated in three weeks more.—In about two months, the roots are seen intersecting each other on the surface of the ball, which is a sign that they are sufficiently advanced to admit of the separation of the branch from the tree, which is done by sawing at the incision, taking care not to cut off the rope, which by this time is rotten, and the branch is planted as a young tree.—It is probable that a month longer would be necessary for this operation in England, from the difference of climate; but by this means, when the branches are large, three or four years are sufficient to bring them to a state of full bearing. Timber trees, it is supposed, may be advantageously propagated in the same way.

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* See the next article.

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The London Medical Review, from January to October 1808. Vol. I. 12s. 6d. in boards.

An Exposition of the Conduct of Mr. Cobbett; taken from the Satirist. 6d.

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The London booksellers having completed Holinshed's Chronicle, that of Hall is nearly ready, and Grafton is in the press.

Mr. Renouard, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has in the press a Treatise on Spherical Trigonometry.

Mr. Robertson Buchanan, who lately published an Essay on the Teeth of Wheels, with their application in practice to mill-work and other machinery, has a second essay nearly ready for publication, and three more prepared for the press. He will also speedily publish, a second edition of his Essay on Heating Buildings by Steam, which will contain a methodical collection of the facts that have since been ascertained, and have rendered the practice certain and commodious.

Mr. S. Ware, architect, will publish, in a few weeks, the first part of a Treatise on Arches, Bridges, Domes, Abutments, and Embankment Walls. The author professes to show a simple mode of describing geometrically the catenaria, and to deduce his theory principally from that line.

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The Iron Mask, or the Adventures of a Father and a Son; a romance, by the Rev. J. P. Hunt, 3 vols. 12mo. 15s.

A society of physicians in London has been engaged for some time past in collecting materials for a new work, to be entitled, the "Annual Medical Register." They propose to comprise in one volume a complete account of the Medical Literature of the preceding year, together with a historical sketch of the dicoveries and improvements in Medicine and the collateral Sciences; a report of the general state of Health and Disease in the metropolis; and a brief detail of such miscellaneous occurrences within the same period as may be deemed worthy of record. The volume for 1808 is now in the press, and will be published with all possible expedition.

Mr. Saunders, Surgeon of the London Infirmary for curing Diseases of the Eye, and Demonstrator of Anatomy at St. Thomas's Hospital, purposes, in the course of a few months, to publish a Tract on some select, practical points relating to Diseases of the Eye, and particularly on the nature of the Cateract in persons born blind, and the method which he has, for a long time, pursued with uniform success for the cure of such cases at the earliest periods, and even in infancy.

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A SYSTEM

OF

GENERAL GEOGRAPHY:

CONTAINING

A TOPOGRAPHICAL, STATISTICAL, AND DESCRIPTIVE

Survey of the Earth.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

A HISTORY OF THE EARTH

AS A PLANETARY BODY,

OF THE

SOLAR SYSTEM IN GENERAL,

AND OF

THE UNIVERSE.

IN TWO VOLUMES:

THE FIRST CONTAINING THE GEOGRAPHY OF AMERICA,

THE SECOND CONTAINING THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE EASTERN HEMISPHERE.

WITH MAPS.

BY CHARLES B. BROWN.

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PROSPECTUS.

ONE who proposes to present to the world a new system of geography may reasonably be asked, if the world be not already in possession of a sufficient number of such works. To this it may be answered, that an addition to their number can produce no inconvenience, since the works already extant on this subject will not be necessarily superseded or excluded from the library or closet by a new publication; and that some positive advantage will arise from multiplying the objects of our choice. The more candidates there are for public favour, the more beneficial is the choice that may be made among them.

Geographical systems are, in general, collections of miscellaneous knowledge, in which that particular branch of information will predominate, in which the writer is most conversant, or to which he is most addicted. As he thinks himself authorized to consider man under all the various aspects which his political and social condition, his history, language, literature, religion, dress, diet, and customs present him to view; to describe the earth as the receptacle of metals and minerals, of plants, birds, and fishes, as well as of mankind and the works of mankind; and as no human being is greatly or equally qualified to discuss all these subjects, works of this kind will always contain an over-proportion of one of these ingredients, not only in quantity but in value; and as readers are as much diversified in taste and knowledge as writers, one work will gratify the curiosity of some readers, and another work be best adapted to others. Every writer may therefore expect to be useful in a degree or manner different from any of his predecessors, and to receive his due portion of the harvest of popular approbation.

To the success of this claim, however, it is necessary that he should give the world something new. He who merely brings into one string a number of extracts and quotations from voyages and travels, has his merit and his usefulness, since he saves his reader the trouble and expence of examining the originals himself. He who merely repeats or translates the words of former compilers, though a sort of literary felon if he denies or disclaims the theft, may yet claim the intrinsic usefulness of the works he merely republishes. But this species of merit is not sufficient to recommend any work to judicious readers. At any rate, the book is far more meritorious which adds to the heap of

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existing knowledge. Even if this addition be of no great value in itself, something is gained on the score of its novelty and originality.

The writer who now offers himself to public notice feels the arduousness of his undertaking in the most lively manner. That he shall perform his task, with the skill it deserves, he may be forgiven for doubting; but he finds no difficulty in assuring the public, that what they will receive from his pen will be entirely his own. Facts, indeed, compose the substratum of every system, and in the importance and genuineness of its facts much of the value of a work like the present will consist; but in the selection of these facts, in the connection in which they are placed, and the observations to which they have given rise, the public will find the result of deeper inquiries and more elaborate reflection in the work now offered them, than in any hitherto published on the same subject. The vanity which arrogates this praise is in reality much smaller than most readers may at first imagine. Systems of geography have hitherto been little more than medleys of chronological abstracts, historical epitomes, samples of language, lists of great cities and great men, and meagre details of forms of government. Their usefulness is not small, even with all their imperfections; but whatever benefit arises from skill to select materials, taste to embellish them, and judgment to draw instruction from them, has hitherto, in general, been flagrantly wanting.

From this sentence it is just, however, to except a writer of our own country, Dr. Morse, whose labours have supplied an indispensible demand of American curiosity. He has fulfilled the first and most reasonable expectation of his countrymen, in giving them that knowledge of their country which they would seek in vain in any foreign publication. This end he has accomplished with diligence, candour, and judgment, highly honourable to his name.

With respect to a still later compiler on this subject, Pinkerton, the same praise is by no means due to him. He is, however, far superior to his British predecessors, inasmuch as he omits a score of trifling and ridiculous details, with which their volumes are burthened. The chasm, occasioned by these omissions, he has chiefly filled by sketches of mineralogy, botany, and zoology, which are highly interesting to a numerous class of readers, and which are liable to no objection but that of occupying the place of subjects interesting and instructive to a class of readers still more numerous.

The views of the writer who now claims the public attention can scarcely be expected to coincide exactly with those of any of his

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predecessors. What merit they possess will best be seen by an impartial explanation of them.

Geography is commonly and vaguely defined to be "*a description of the earth.*" The points of view in which the earth we inhabit presents itself to our observation are extremely various. If it be viewed collectively, as a great mass of matter, having certain motions, and obtaining light and heat, dryness and moisture, in portions and degrees, arising from these motions, and from its local relation to other distant masses of matter, we may be said to describe the earth, and therefore to discuss a necessary branch at least of geography. Geography will likewise confer her name upon our labours, if we consider the earth as composed of solid inert masses, of different colours, densities, gravities, and chemical properties. In like manner, if we describe the various ranks of organized beings, from man to moss, we describe the earth, and may therefore be considered as geographers. If we view the surface of the earth, as divided horizontally into land and water, and vertically into hill, valley, and plain, and exhibit the respective dimensions of length, breadth, and height of all the great features of land and water, we are geographers. If we consider man in his social, political, or physical condition, and the surface and products of the earth in relation to the works and subsistence of men; as divided among nations; as checkered by cities, villages, and fields; as ploughed, or pastured, or resigned to the reign of nature, we are still geographers. Thus the objects and views peculiar to each of the arts and sciences, inasmuch as they are branches of a description of the earth, may be comprehended under the appellation of geography, and accordingly all writers of general geography have thought it incumbent upon them to introduce discussions and statements, which, on other occasions, are the province of the astronomer, the historian, the political economist, the lawyer, the botanist, the zoologist, the chemist, the philologist, the orator, and the moralist. These statements are necessarily brief, in proportion as the scene described is large and the book small; and though these subjects may be touched with great force and usefulness, as well as with much brevity, yet, in general, from the limited faculties of individuals, these surveys are unsatisfactory and superficial. One branch of the subject may be skilfully handled, while the rest, being foreign to the compiler's favourite pursuits, are neglected. Thus, in Mr. Pinkerton's book, while we have copious botanical details, every other branch of the subject, and especially that connected with statistical science and political economy, is executed in the most inaccurate and negligent manner.

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A description of the surface of the earth, first, physically, as divided into land and water, hill, plain, and valley, with the influence of local circumstances on the climate and soil; secondly, politically, as divided among tribes and nations, seems to come more strictly under the proper definition of geography than any other view of the subject. This, therefore, is an essential part of a geographical work, but has generally been more cursorily and inaccurately treated than any other. It is capable of being embellished with many pleasing and useful illustrations. It is the ground work of all knowledge that deserves the name of geographical, and, therefore, on the double account of its utility and novelty, the present work will pay particular regard to this subject*.

When the surface of the earth is delineated as fully as the materials in our possession admit, we may make excursions, in almost any direction, over the world of man and nature. In these excursions, however, the present writer will confine his views entirely to that relation in which soils, minerals, plants, and the lower animals bear to the well-being and subsistence of men. With respect to mankind immediately, his inquiries will almost entirely resolve themselves into what may be called statistical. The population of every nation, as far as the best authorities go, will be ascertained; the variation in its population at different periods; the distribution of the people into classes and professions; their religious institutions; their general accommodations as to diet, clothing, and habitations; in the last of which will be considered the number, size, distribution, internal economy, and accommodation of their towns and cities; their modes of government, education, and agriculture; and, in fine, all those particulars, which fix the station of any people among civilized nations, will be drawn into such concise, comprehensive, and instructive views, as the judgment and industry of the writer put into his power.

Every reader must be aware that the merit of such a work will wholly lie in the skill with which it is executed. The writer, therefore, can say nothing which would avail to produce in his readers a favourable opinion of his qualifications for this work. He cannot appeal to former

* Of topographical description, the best model with which I am acquainted is the "England Delineated," by Dr. Aikin. Of statistical description, the best specimens are to be found in sir John Sinclair's "Statistical Account of Scotland." From the last of these sources I have endeavoured to imbibe the true geographical spirit, though I hope it will be breathed in a style somewhat more attractive and popular, and accompanied with a taste rather more philosophical, than animates most of the pieces in that collection.

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productions, because he has published nothing of which the plan is similar to that of his present undertaking. There is one claim to attention, however, which he may safely urge. There is no branch of knowledge in which the progress of new discoveries is more rapid and important than in geography. Every day new regions are explored; countries hitherto familiar to us are traversed by more candid and sagacious observers; the errors of former travellers are detected; new views are opened to us. The lapse of a single year is sufficient to make the most important additions to our knowledge, and to render existing geographical works in some measure obsolete.

This fact, true at all times, was never so remarkably true as at the present æra. Human curiosity was never before more active, more sagacious, directed by wiser maxims, and to more valuable objects. That curtain which conceals half of the world from the other half is continually lifted higher and higher, and wider as well as more accurate views are continually breaking in upon us. This is true even of Europe, which is traversed by a constant succession of book-making travellers, more and more exact and enlightened. It is more remarkably true of Africa and Asia, but the truth is still more memorable in relation to America. That veil which political jealousy has for centuries drawn over the southern portion of our continent has been nearly rent away in the present age, and the passing year has produced so much curious and authentic information, as alone to render indispensible a new geographical work. With respect to North America, the daily and rapid extension of our geographical knowledge is notorious, while the rapid progress of this portion of the world, in population and riches, continually calls for new pictures. No writer can hope to keep pace with this progress, and the most perfect work will be made essentially defective by the lapse of a very few years. Our cultivation extends, our towns enlarge, our political institutions and divisions vary and multiply from year to year, and the latest compilation will thus have no small title to regard and authority, merely because it is the latest.

Every geographical writer justly regards the description of his own country as of chief importance, and devotes to this subject a larger proportion of his work, than its importance, when viewed abstractedly and in relation to the extent and population of other states, may seem to justify. This circumstance, together with the inaccuracy of their information respecting America, has lessened the value of every European publication. Every American work of this kind has paid due attention to this circumstance, and given more ample details respecting

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our own than other states, for the same reason which induces the French or English compiler to enlarge beyond its relative proportion his account of his own country. We shall not fail to imitate so laudable an example, and shall therefore devote one volume, or the greater part of it, to America in general, and particularly to the United States.

It is usual to introduce works of this kind by a treatise on astronomy, in which the processes and operations for determining the figure, dimensions, and motions of the globe of earth, and for explaining the appearances in the heavens, are unfolded, with the proper accompaniments of tables and diagrams. The sciences of geometry and algebra, in their application to these objects, form the basis of these treatises. Essays of this kind are reducible, like most other modes of learning, within the terms of a description of the earth, and their presence, therefore, is not wholly incongruous with the common topics of a system of geography. If a writer confine his work to moderate limits, however, it will be necessary to sacrifice some of these branches for the sake of the stock. The history and condition of human society are themes sufficiently important and extensive to demand much larger space than is commonly allowed them on such occasions. We shall therefore bring all preliminary matter of this sort within a narrow compass, and shall partly or entirely omit what is strictly technical or geometrical.

There is, nevertheless, a point of view in which the globe of earth considered as a member of a system, and the universe at large, has never been satisfactorily exhibited. All due attention has hitherto been paid to the *means* by which the real state of this globe, relatively to other globes, and of the other globes themselves, has been ascertained; but the *results* of these discoveries or processes, the facts which compose the history of the heavenly bodies, have never been explained and illustrated, in a popular or instructive manner. These facts are generally reduced to the fewest possible heads, and arranged in meagre, uninviting tables, while all those illustrations, analogies, and inferences which tend to enlarge, enforce, and vivify our conceptions of the universe, are omitted*. This chasm deserves at length to be filled, and we have endeavoured, in this work, to exhibit the discoveries of modern astronomers, divested of all technical forms, and, as much as possible, of all technical language.

* This is the case in more than twenty works on physical astronomy, from Pemberton to Bonnycastle, though intended for popular use, with which the writer is acquainted. It is remarkable that the earliest expositors of Newton's system are more copious, perspicuous, and intelligible than the latest.

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We have endeavoured to familiarize to the imagination, as well as to explain to the judgment, all the important facts in the history of the earth, as a planetary body, and of the other heavenly bodies. By full details and copious illustrations, we have endeavoured to put into the power, even of the unlearned, a great number of facts recently discovered, and which still lay hid under a heap of geometry or algebra, in the works of learned societies or in foreign languages.

We have entered largely into the structure of the universe, its duration, distribution, and revolutions, and have followed to their practical conclusions all those lights afforded by the discoveries of Herschell and the calculations of La Place. Views of this kind, if regulated by sound knowledge, are qualified to enlarge and sublime the understanding more than any other, and to render them familiar requires very copious details and liberal illustrations. In this respect, the work now proposed to the public may at least claim the praise of absolute novelty, and the author would fain persuade himself, that what is new in his performance is like wise in a high degree interesting and important.

Among those preliminary views which are properly admitted into works of this nature, we have bestowed the greatest attention on those circumstances which influence the numbers and social happiness of mankind. Under this head, the new views respecting this subject, which have been given to the world by Malthus, Colquhoun, and other late writers, have been carefully abstracted, and given with such modifications as truth and reason require.

It is usual to insert, in geographical works, a series of maps, which are properly considered as necessary illustrations of every written description of the earth. We have considered this branch of our work of so much importance, and the want of a complete series of maps as so urgent, that it is designed to follow the publication of the present work with that of a complete and copious atlas, on an ample scale. A series of maps, on a large folio size, will be given with all the expedition which the arduous nature of such a work will allow. In order to render them more useful, and to make the present publication as complete as possible, the maps will be accompanied with sheets of letter press, one or more to each map, according to the importance of the subject and the abundance of materials, in which all topographical, political, and statistical facts, connected with the subject of the map, and reducible to a tabular or graphical form, will be inserted. This plan has never yet

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been executed in the English language*, and it is presumed will be deemed of particular advantage in the instruction of youth, as well as a valuable addition to every library. Meanwhile, that the present work may not be defective on this head, even taken separately from the atlas, we design to insert four or five maps, of a suitable size, and exhibiting the larger geographical divisions of the earth. These will be drawn and executed with the utmost care, and by the best artists.

* A very great work of this kind, by Le Sage, entitled, *Atlas Historique, Chronologique, Géographique, &c.*, has lately appeared at Paris. The details of this work form a very suitable model for the undertaking mentioned in the text, though they require much correction in relation to every country but France.

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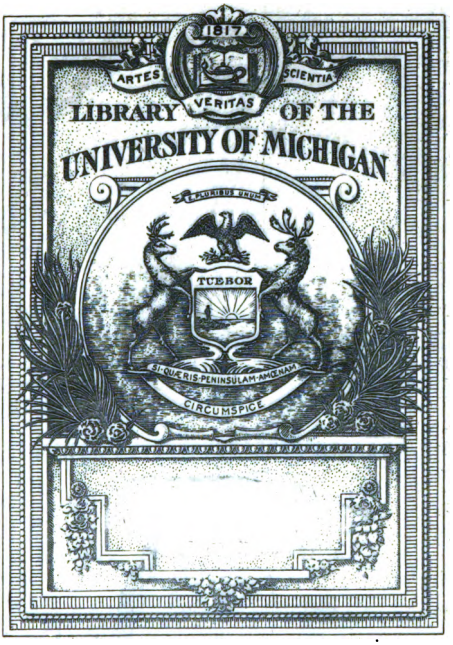

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